

# APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XII

AUGUST, 1908

NO. 2

## THE MOST PRACTICAL THING IN THE WORLD

HAS religion, the Christian religion, had its day in America? How many of your friends are church members? How many go to church? How many know their Bible—inside the covers? How many discuss religious subjects? We believe we shall not be far wrong if we answer for you: "Mighty few!"

---

You are quick to add that that is nothing against your friends. They are good people. They are like the old woman who said: "I may not be much of a Baptist, but I'm as good as most folks, and better'n some."

If anyone should accuse your friends of being pagans, you would resent it. Pagans, indeed! They are Christians, good citizens of the greatest Christian nation the sun ever shone upon! If anyone denied they were Christians, you would resent it in somewhat the spirit of the commercial traveler, who, when asked by an evangelist, if he were a Christian, replied: "Of course I am! What did you think I was—a Chinaman?"

---

It was an astonishing discovery to our grandfathers that some nonprofessing Christians lived more Christlike lives than some of the pillars of the church. That discovery is a truism to us. All of us know splendid men and women who do not open their Bibles, and who would as soon think of discussing the philosophy of Maimonides as religion. And

Copyright, 1908, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.

these same people are good husbands, wives, neighbors, and citizens. They may even display conspicuously all the Christian virtues.

If we deny they are Christians we admit by implication that Christianity is dying. If to be a Christian one must belong to a church, read the Bible, weigh and discuss religious matters, there are fewer Christians each year. If that is what Christianity is, Christianity is not only dying, but dying fast. Its complete extinction can be foretold by specialists almost as accurately as can the exhaustion of our forest and mine products by practical scientists.

In our great cities the churches are distributed inversely as the need for them. In the most congested districts, where poverty and crime most abound, are fewest churches. In fashionable residential sections are most churches. "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day" has been the motto of our city churches. The people haven't left the churches. The churches have left the people.

---

Church congregations, both in city and country, are not only small but of unpromising personnel. They are made up chiefly of elderly persons, largely elderly women, resting comfortably in the routine of their formal beliefs. Although there is probably not a more unselfish and courageous company of workers in the country than the clergymen, they are fighting a losing battle. Most of them know it. Many of them show it. They are wretchedly paid and ill recruited. There are many whose annual salaries range from three hundred to seven hundred dollars.

How can a man think great thoughts and do great work who must constantly agonize over the problem of keeping his family alive and clothed? To be sure, men of noble character can cheerfully undergo great hardships in great causes. But it is not easy for a man to feel that he is working in a great cause when his chief tangible duty is to preach on Sunday mornings to a handful of irreproachable persons who already agree with everything he says.

---

There is a kind of death-agony hysteria about some of our religious observances. A newspaper the other day displayed big first-page headlines: "Soda and Cigars at Church Services." It appears that some New Jersey clergymen are leading the way in "summer novelties for Sunday." The "nonchurched" are lured to outdoor services by "soft

drinks, served by professional bartenders." The services are advertised as "smokers' and automobilists' sunset services." The men are permitted to smoke and to keep their hats on if they choose. They need not stand for hymns and prayers if it is too much trouble. The sermon is clipped to a few minutes so as not to interfere with "Singing with cornet leadership and special quartet music."

---

If the Christian religion means believing certain doctrines, belonging to churches, listening to sermons, and singing hymns, its days are numbered. Fortunately, all these things are the least part of it, not unimportant in themselves, but the least part of true religion. We can have flowers without botany; stars without astronomy. So we can have Christians without theology; religion without churches.

We must draw a sharp distinction between religion and the efforts men have made to formulate it. Doctrines and dogmas represent man's groping attempts to formulate it. The churches represent his efforts to organize it.

---

The most vital fact in the universe is the idea of God and our relation to Him. Inseparably associated with this idea is our relation to our brother men. Upon these two dominant ideas rests our Christian religion, the only religion with which we are concerned in this country.

Stripped of all conventional language, of all the imagery and tradition which cluster about the word, religion is the divine life in the human soul. It manifests itself, as all life manifests itself, by the growth it brings forth, the flowers of the human heart, such as unselfishness, love, courage, patience, and service. Reduced to its simplest terms this is our religion.

"No man putteth new wine into old bottles, else the [new] wine doth burst the bottles." Our churches and their doctrines were the old bottles. Into them we poured the religious life of the present day. The bottles burst. The religious life flowed hither and yon. It became Christian Science, Mental Science, Spiritualism, and Christian Socialism. In its more emotional and fantastic forms, it became the Salvation Armies, the Holy Ghosters, and the Holy Jumpers.

---

Some churches became rich, grasping, and exclusive; others, poor and hopeless. Plutocracy and exclusiveness are at the opposite pole from Christianity. Hopelessness is

pagan, not Christian. Still others became laboratories for the study of the science of religion. The science of religion is a very different thing from religion. People don't "hunger and thirst" after the science of religion.

The churches suffer from a terrible blight, a blight they must absolutely cast off or die. That is the blight of Sunday religion. We try to put a fence round religion. We talk of secular and religious matters. There never was a more absurd or mischievous distinction. You can't be religious on Sunday and irreligious on Monday. You can't, any more than you can be a tall man on Tuesday and a short one on Wednesday. We talk of religious and irreligious men. There are no such classes of men any more than there are saints and sinners. Every man has in him a spark of the divine which he can either kindle into a living flame or neglect until it is all but extinguished.

---

We talk of religion as if it were a separate department of life. We label it and bottle it and prescribe it for use on certain occasions. We particularly recommend it to old ladies, children, and invalids. Religion is either good for everybody at all times or for nobody at any time.

A rich and powerful banker said to a clergyman the other day: "I never realized until I heard that sermon that religion had to do with living here in this world. I thought it was something about dying and going to hell or heaven."

---

Every tribe, race, and nation from time immemorial has had some religion. The religious instinct is fundamental to human nature. Exceptional individuals may be born without it, just as they may be born without sight or without palates. Such individuals are much rarer than commonly supposed. Men who repudiate churches and the science of religion are not necessarily irreligious.

Religion is not a cultivated taste. It is not a product of evolution and civilization. The Bushman in his South African deserts never heard of churches or creeds, but he has the need and instinct for religion just as has the Archbishop of Canterbury. We don't have to create the religious instinct in men. We have simply to feed and guide it.

---

The history of the world has shown that religion is the only adequate moral check. Philanthropy without religion is a feeble, fitful emotion. Old-fashioned evangelists tried to



feed men's souls while they let their bodies starve. Modern philanthropists too often feed their bodies and let their souls starve. A purely materialistic philanthropy is a sordid thing at best.

Ethics without religion is like a ship without sails. She may be a perfectly good boat, but she has no motive power. Religion is a spur to all that is best in life. A spur to those things without which life is not worth living. A democracy must have religion as a check on the one hand, and a spur on the other.

If the churches will lead, the people will follow. If the churches won't lead, the people will go elsewhere for leaders. Religion won't die. The churches will.

---

The eternal verities which Christ taught apply to us and our lives just as vitally as they did to the Jews of Jerusalem. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Is not that as true for the man of many stocks and bonds to-day as it was for the man of many flocks and herds in Palestine? Let us have some applied Christianity! Christianity applied to the life of America in the twentieth century.

The world cannot go into the churches. The greater cannot enter the smaller. The churches must go into the world. If they will not do this, the sooner they are dead the better.

To help the churches fulfill this great mission is your duty, whether you are a church member or not, whether you are a clergyman or a stock broker. It is your duty as a citizen of a great Christian nation.

---

So much for a suggestion. The question is really the most vital one in our life to-day. It is not a theoretical abstraction. It is the most practical thing in the world, and we have therefore asked Dr. Aked to discuss it. His first article will be found beginning on the next page.

# THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

## I. THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY

*BECAUSE APPLETON'S MAGAZINE is convinced that the most important and the most interesting of all subjects is religion, in the broad significance of the word, we have chosen to offer a noteworthy series of articles on that subject during the following months. The question is: Can Christianity be saved? or is it to die because we have ceased to use it in our daily lives? This does not mean a discussion of denominations, nor ecclesiastical differences, nor systems of church organization and government. It means a lifting not a lowering of standards. It means a serious, systematic intention to examine again the applications of essential religion in its relation to the practical, everyday life of each of us, now; to our business or trade or profession, our politics and our society, our contact with the world at our elbows. It means to scrutinize again the basis on which genuine religion rests, the standards of thought and life imposed by it upon us. And it means also to say whatever needs to be said, whether in restating or reaffirming details, with absolute frankness. The personality of the author, whose service has been enlisted in this undertaking, will be to every reader a guarantee that the subject will be approached bravely and reverently, with full realization of the importance of the task. The Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., throughout the twenty-two years of his ministry, has been recognized for his scholarship and his vigor as author and orator, no less than for his brave and effective advocacy of worthy causes, popular or unpopular. In England his pastorates included churches as widely different in conditions as those of a Leicestershire village and a great Liverpool congregation. For many years he had made annual preaching and lecturing tours in this country, and since April, 1907, he has been the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York City. From this pulpit he has made a distinct impress on the thinking metropolis, and on a wider audience of those who have watched his work and heard his utterances through the medium of the press. The series of articles, as Dr. Aked has planned it, is strikingly full of practicality, saturated with application to the problems of the day, and worthy the attention of every man and woman, those who reckon themselves religious, as well as those who do not. The articles, of which the following pages present the first, will continue monthly for the coming year.—THE EDITOR.*



ITHER Christianity is good for everything or it is good for nothing. If it is good for nothing it should be frankly abandoned. God Himself is at war with the obsolete, and an ascertained imposture deserves nothing better than to be trampled under the feet of men. But if it is good for everything, then it would seem that the time

has come for a fresh and strong endeavor to make this clear to the mind of the present generation, for there is every indication that without an attempt to apply religion to the whole round of human life, to every personal, domestic, commercial, political, and national question, the churches of this country will be deserted within a hundred years, and theological seminaries will be howling wildernesses.

It is more than thirty years since James

Anthony Froude discussed the condition and prospects of Protestantism. The outlook, as it presented itself to him, was gloomy in the extreme. He found little satisfaction to his soul in sensuous theories of man and of the universe. He hoped nothing from theologians of any school. They, indeed, seemed all given over to their own dreams, and they clung to them with a passion proportionate to the weakness of their arguments. And yet he found a gleam of hope that men and women, neither divines nor philosophers, might set themselves to solve the problems of religion and duty as they did at the Reformation. Religion, he thought, might be separated from speculation and brought back to life. Fixed opinions on questions beyond our reach might be exchanged for the certainties of human duty, and in the light of religion those deliverances of the dismal science against which, as a student of Carlyle, he naturally declaimed, might be repudiated with strong disdain. And then Mr. Froude used these significant words:

There may lie before us a future of moral progress which will rival or eclipse our material splendor; or that material splendor itself may be destined to perish in revolution. Which of these two fates lies now before us depends on the attitude of the English laity toward theological controversy in the present and the next generation.

To say that these sentences have more point to-day than when they were written would be to express it weakly. It would be difficult to point to one great happening, to a movement of men or of nations or of the time-spirit, to a discovery or to a development of thought, which has not emphasized the tremendous warning. In the eighteenth century in England Bishop Butler, "the sage of Englishmen," deplored the fact that it had come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity was not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it was at length discovered to be fictitious. They acted, he declared, as though that were an agreed point among all people of discernment. We have not drifted back to this position to-day. We are not within sight of it. On the contrary, the person of real discernment, the really educated man, the man who is abreast of modern think-

ing, is well aware that the negative attack on Christianity has spent its force, with the total net result that the foundation truths of religion were never safer, never surer, than they are to-day, and that the figure of its Founder stands out in clearer light, more majestic and kingly, diviner, and still human. But the curious thing is that while a vast majority of all the men and women who write books and all the men and women who read books know that this is true, the men and women who do neither will greet the statement with amazement, with incredulity, and with a smile in which pity and superiority are sweetly blended. They have not reasoned it out for themselves, but they have come to feel that religion can be ignored. In a fashion they think—if such loose notions constitute thought—that it ought to be ignored. The new knowledge has not won its way to the intelligence of the great mass of the people. The old appeals and sanctions no longer find them.

The subject of Prayer affords an illustration ready to hand. Professor James, of Harvard, says with regard to prayers for the sick that "if any medical fact can be considered to stand firm, it is that in certain environments prayer may contribute to recovery, and should be encouraged as a therapeutic measure." And as to prayer in general, he says: "The fundamental religious point is that in prayer, spiritual energy, which otherwise would slumber, does become active, and spiritual work of some kind is effected really." Sir Oliver Lodge has declared his belief that "when our spirits are attuned to the Spirit of Righteousness our hopes and aspirations exert an influence far beyond their conscious range, and in a true sense bring us into communion with our Heavenly Father"; and he adds: "Provided we ask in a right spirit, it is not necessary to be specially careful concerning the kind of things asked for; nor need we in all cases attempt to decide how far their attainment is possible or not. In such matters we may admit our ignorance." More remarkable still is the declaration of Dr. Murray Hyslop. Dr. Hyslop, it may be remarked, is physician-superintendent of the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem, in London, lecturer on psychological medicine at St. Mary's Hospital, and senior examiner of the Medico-Psychological As-

sociation. Apart from his recognized eminence as a physician to "the mind diseased," he is an enthusiastic artist. He has published a volume of poems, exhibited at the Royal Academy, and composed several orchestral works. It is comforting to know that such an all-round genius is human enough to play a good game of billiards. This man of medicine and man of the world is clearly not one whose opinions the ordinary person can despise. Here is his statement:

As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the human mind I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer. Let the child be taught to believe in an anthropomorphic God the Father, or in an all-pervading medium of guidance and control, or in the integrity of a cosmic whole, with its transmutations, evolutions, and indestructibility. It matters little, for they all lead in the same direction. Let there but be a habit of nightly communion, not as a mendicant, nor repeater of words more adapted to the tongue of a sage, but as a humble individual who submerges or asserts his individuality as an integral part of a greater whole. Such a habit does more to clean the spirit and strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other therapeutic agent known to me.

And the simple fact appears to be that prayer in its fullest, widest, deepest connotation has better reason on its side, better solid ground beneath its feet, and better arguments to sustain it than ever it had before. If our comprehension of God is finer and truer, if our interpretation of the universe approximates more nearly to the facts of things, and if our psychology is deeper—if, that is to say, we have come to understand something more of our complex mysterious self—then by all this advance has prayer grown more thinkable, more rational, and better adapted to serve the needs of men. Yet what is the proportion to population in America of capable and professional people who believe it? And what is the proportion to population of the men and women of our time whose belief car-

ries such realizing earnestness that they are willing and able to live in the strength of it? Why, the people in the churches do not believe it with a belief worthy of being called belief—witness the sickly prayer meeting, that doleful and grotesque survival of the piety of past generations, with its name to live while it is dead!

One swallow does not make a summer, but one fact may be typical of more. While the man in the pulpit is prepared to fling scorn on the suggestion that the religion of heroes and martyrs is not also a religion of fact and of reason, that it will not abide our questionings and attest itself true in human experience, the man on the cars has got it into his head that Christianity is played out, that churches are, in his own language, "a back number," and that like the curious person mentioned, though without commendation, by the most merciless of English satirists, he can now "drink on and defy the parson."

Yet the need of religion has never been greater in any age or country than in this country and in the day we live in. Carlyle, with all his deep disdain of lies and shoddies and shams, pierced to the heart of reality alike in his rebuke of the English preacher of that day and in his appreciation of the preacher's place and value. His words are striking:

The Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavor, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! . . . Could he but find the point again,—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is! Original Sin and such like are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he

has to fight; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours? That is a question for the world!

Well, the Speaking Man is boarded and lodged on the industry of modern America, and at bottom he is worth not only his keep, but worth higher honor than this country has been paying him lately. For he is finding the point again. He is finding the real Satan whom he has to fight. He is finding him and fighting him—and not before it is time. For we are feeling this soul-devouring, world-devouring Satan that now is at our own throat and the throat of the commonwealth. Churches exist and preachers are maintained to remind men and nations of the eternal laws they must obey and of the eternal love in which they may rest. And in this country they may yet be needed as the mainstay of social order as well as the inspiration of heroic life. Whether the nation is to be torn by the demon of anarchy or possessed by a spirit of sober self-control turns in the last resort not on the press nor on statecraft; it turns upon the strength and spirituality of the Church of God. This nation came to birth under compulsion of the Ideal. Its critics in the old world, envious and ignorant, see its material triumphs and think it materialistic. The man who is an American indeed knows that America is great by reason of the American spirit. But where there is no vision the people perish. And the work that lies before the Church of the twentieth century is nothing less than to keep the soul of the nation alive.

Vice is often an excess of virtue. The charming good nature of the American people has its dangers. The optimism of the person who believes the forecast of the weather bureau when it indicates sunshine, and says, "The weather man is always wrong," when he predicts rain, is not always a source of strength. The problem is grim enough in all conscience. When, for instance, Dr. Josiah Strong reports that:

If the gain of the churches on the population during the first half of the century is represented by eighty, during the last half it is represented by twenty, during the last twenty years it is represented by four, and during the last ten years it is represented by one;

when the Presbyterian General Assembly reports that:

The Board has been made aware that its solicitude over the present period of decline in the number and quality of candidates presenting themselves for the Gospel ministry is shared by the boards of education of other denominations. Word has come from the Episcopal, Methodist, and Lutheran bodies that the falling off, so noticeable a few years ago, is beginning to have its direct effect on the Church. Dissatisfaction is felt in many quarters over the inability of the churches to secure the highest type of consecrated manhood for the ministry. Pulpit vacancies for distressingly long periods are more and more noticeable, and complaints are heard from committees on pulpit supply as to their inability to fill satisfactorily the places of those who are dropping from the ranks of the ministry;

and when a prominent business man in New York City can be found informing the present writer that:

More than thirty years ago I left the Church on account of dogmatic and doctrinal differences to the solution of which the Church was indisposed to make any concession and which my own intellectual honesty would not permit me to overlook. Moreover, the teaching of the Church was not and has not been such as I felt was necessary for my needs, and my friends who have since then left the Church in large numbers assure me that their position is practically the same as mine. In a word, we do not care for historical or dogmatic discourses; we are not interested in the mystical utterances with which the majority of clergymen cloud their rather conventional system of thinking. We are profoundly interested in the application of some practical rules or morals to the problems with which we are struggling in our daily intercourse with man and nature, and it is because the Church does not respond to this longing that we have left it;

and when each of these statements is followed out to its far-reaching implications, it becomes clear that the Church has much to do in setting her house in order. The one and only hope of saving religion in the twentieth century lies in an assurance of the ability and willingness of the Church, in the first place of the pulpit and in the



second of the pew, to restate her dogmas, reshape her formularies, and reissue her message to the world in agreement with the progressive revelation in history and in science which God has given and which He still gives, and in reliance upon the ever active operations of the Holy Spirit. If the Church fail to do this through sloth and cowardice, the next generation must wander unguided through the dreariness of agnosticism, made only more dreary in contrast with the splendors of material achievement, while the soul of man reels back to the brute. But the Church will not fail. "God is not dumb that He should speak no more." As we believe in a God who lives and shall live, a God who sends His prophets into every age, whose manifestation of Himself is not confined to the blurred and blotted pages of antiquity, so shall we believe that He has a word to speak to our present age, a revelation for to-day and for the world's to-morrow which shall light up the darkness of the problems that confront us and turn our deepest fears into rejoicing. His revelation comes to us in many ways and through many minds. It grows in definiteness and beauty with every year of the opening century.

It is the object of these articles to appropriate as much of this revelation as is yet understood, and find its definite application to conduct the real business of life.

The time has come for frank speech. It is well that the Church should be at once cautious and bold—cautious in ascertaining the truth, bold in preaching it when once it is grasped. While there was uncertainty, an argument carried on in the tortuous phraseology of the schools may have been permissible. Anyway, it was not dangerous. To-day the very gravest themes with which the mind of man may grapple may be discussed in "language understood of the people." Dr. Lyman Abbott has justly said: "There is danger in skepticism, but there is greater danger in shams." God is not a lie that He needs to be defended by diplomacy.

It is hoped that in subsequent articles something that partakes of the nature of suggestion may be outlined. Beyond this modest hope the writer scarcely ventures. It is for the whole Church, enlightened and alert, to learn and teach the Gospel for the Day. One can foresee that when

it does, it will have to bring out of the treasury of God things new as well as old. The keepers of the ark will be sure to tremble, and in approved fashion begin to gather stones. But the pioneers will find a path, and men of commanding spirit will set in battle array the forces of a reformed theology and a social Gospel—or if not, the churches are doomed.

On a broad survey of the facts and forces in this country with which religion has to do, certain facts emerge, clear cut and distinct.

We are living in a period of transition. We have lost standing ground in the old. We have not found adequate basis in the new. The physical sciences have given us a new universe. There is a new geology, a new astronomy, a new chemistry, a new biology. There is a new knowledge of all things in the universe and out of it. The Church has in large measure failed to assimilate the results of the new knowledge. This does not constitute too severe a reproach, for in the nature of things a preacher of the Gospel cannot be an expert in the sciences; but it is a reproach that the pulpit has too often assumed an attitude of hostility. Too often the cultivated, the aspiring, the brilliant among our young men and young women are turned away from the Church by the foolish and ignorant fulminations of the preacher. The mere suspicion that Christianity burkes inquiry, dreads the light, and is out of harmony with the revelations of modern science is fatal to their faith.

The physical sciences are not the only ones in question. Historical and literary criticism of the Bible has produced the same result. Whoso fears truth does not believe in God. Criticism—searching, daring, strong—has given us a new Bible, or rather it has made the old Bible live again. It has given us a Bible more real, more fruitful, more inspiring. But as long as the pulpit treats the Bible as a book of oracles we must expect people outside the pulpit to regard it as a book of fables.

The old motives and sanctions and prohibitions have lost their hold: the new are not sufficiently grasped by preachers, nor understood by the people. The theology of the past was largely heliocentric. It centered round the idea of hell, and Christianity was often proclaimed as a means of



escape from the wrath to come and as a method of winning heaven. The mediæval saint carried in her hands a vase of water and a brazier of burning coals. With the water she proposed to quench the fires of hell, with the fire to burn up heaven, in order that the world might serve God for love alone. She has not succeeded in her designs, but the promise of a fantastic heaven and the threat of an impossible hell have lost their hold on the thought of this generation. Yet the real heaven, which is to be won, and the real hell, which we ought to dread, with all the sanctions and prohibitions and motives which gather round the thought of them, wait the larger prophecy, more spiritual vision, and virile preaching of the coming days.

There is a new social and ethical impulse, and the churches are only just beginning to relate themselves to it. What William Watson said in his magnificent ode to Greece, when, a few years ago, she flung down the gauntlet to Turkey, is supremely true of our world and of our day:

Fiercely sweet as stormy Springs,  
Mighty hopes are blowing wide,  
Passionate prefigurings  
Of a world revived,  
Dawning thoughts, that ere they set,  
Shall possess the ages yet!

The Spirit of the Living God moves upon the nations, and it has to be confessed that only in part have the churches yielded themselves to the divine impulse, instruments in time for the working out of this eternal purpose.

Even saying so much as this conjures up visions of loss and dismay before the mind of timorous yet earnest believers in the religion of Jesus. Such men look upon these facts, and see that they are facts, and grieve over them. They do not like to admit that methods and beliefs and theories and ideas and aspirations, which they believe to be indissolubly associated with the religion they love, are passing away. To them it seems that the very foundations of Christianity are being undermined, and that the men who are doing the destructive work are rejoicing in their mischief. With all their listening for the voice of God they have failed to hear the mighty word of Him who sitteth on the throne: "Behold,

I make all things new." They have to learn that nothing essential is touched. For Evangelicalism is not a system, but a spirit; not a formula, but a faith; not a creed, but an enthusiasm and a passion. Evangelicalism ever incarnates itself afresh, embodies itself in new movements, speaks with a new language, employs new methods, and sets itself to the accomplishment of new purposes, ever reaching out from the ignorant present into the fullness of a life which is to be.

In the early centuries of the Christian faith the form which religion assumed was that of an irrepressible missionary enthusiasm and missionary endeavor. Christianity entered the arena against the gods and the legions of imperial Rome. Apostolic Christianity gave place to the Christianity of the Greek churches and to the subtleties of the schools, when the supreme distinction of its noblest spirits was that they could split a hair clean down the middle and weigh the two halves with perfect balance. Then came mediæval Christianity, a strange and wonderful thing, baneful and beautiful, superstitious and cultured, savage and refined. Later, Martin Luther's battle voice pealed over half a continent, and the conscience of the nations stood up and answered that what this man said was true. In Europe the Protestant Reformation assumed a certain form, passing in England into Puritanism. Of Puritanism New England was born and the liberty of this country. In the godless eighteenth century in England a prophet arose who saved the land from hell—John Wesley. His spirit has influenced the thought and life of this country, and it lives on yet. The Christianity of John Wesley was not the Christianity of Puritanism, it was not the Christianity of the Greek schools, it was not the Christianity of the apostolic age, but it was Christianity none the less. Evangelicalism, in that Incarnation, has endured for one hundred and fifty years—one hundred years of far-shining triumph, fifty years of gradually approaching weakness and decay—and now the world waits for a new incarnation of the same spirit and the same faith, one which shall lack nothing of the sturdy confidence which was in the older faith, but which shall nerve us and our children for such endurances and endeavors as made our fathers great.

This is the Call of the century to us, and the Gospel for the Day is our answer to the Call. Let us note some of its suggestions:

*First.* The Gospel for the Day will demand a wiser and more reverent handling of the Bible, and a recognition of the human element in the divine revelation.

To that combination of historical knowledge, with deep analytical insight and high religious feeling of which modern scholarship justly boasts, we owe the rediscovery of the Bible. From its pages, rich with the history of God's dealings with men—a history very true and very real, even in the fierce light of modern analysis—the Puritan of England, the Covenanter of Scotland, and our own great Pilgrims drew their mighty confidence in the Lord of Hosts. Yet to our shame be it said, for many a modern man and woman it has lost its charm. Let us study the Bible and we shall love it. Fogs of deadly dullness which hang about it in the gloomy sanctuaries of Bibliolatry will be swept away, and it will live again. It will stand, not only as the glowing record of the revelation of God to a peculiar and notable people, but as, when all is said and done, the freshest, newest, truest book in all the world. We shall be sure that its messages are inspired, not because past ages have told us so, but because they inspire us, because they find us, find us in the deepest depths of our being, and reveal Christ to men.

*Second.* The Gospel for the Day will afford a truer conception of history, with a recognition of the divine element in human actions.

God spoke to men of old: He speaks to men to-day. The history of Israel is sacred; the history of America and Great Britain is sacred, too. God spoke to Abraham, and to Samuel, and to Isaiah. He has spoken to Henry Ward Beecher, to Tennyson, and to Ruskin. God had a word for Moses, bidding him lead the people of Jehovah from Egypt to the promised land. He had a word for Oliver Cromwell, bidding him place his foot upon the neck of a dastard king and set a nation free. The exodus from Egypt was prompted by God, and so was the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Aaron and Miriam and Joshua were servants of the Most High; so, also, were Brewster, and Carver, and John Robinson, and the Fathers of New England. If the

cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night were the instruments of His protecting care, not less so were the Atlantic waves which bore in safety the men who went to build a Church without a bishop and a State without a king. God was in Jerusalem and Bethany in the first century; He is in New York and Washington in the twentieth. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were not less His messengers than Joshua and David. If the missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul were mapped out for him by Divine omniscience, so, too, were those of Carey and Comber, of Paton and Hannington. The records of the disciples of Jesus in the "great forty years" are Holy Writ, and the heroism of the Salvation Army has added a fresh chapter to the Acts of the Apostles. That God who has been a help in ages past is our hope for years to come.

*Third.* The Gospel for the Day will present a tenderer and more lucid statement of Christian doctrine.

It will find in the Atonement, not the effort of a half-despairing Christ to restrain the anger of an enraged Deity, but an outpouring of the life of God in the immortal utterance of divine self-sacrifice which never saw a woe that it did not seek to share. "Justification by faith" will never be degraded into "salvation by belief"; faith will be recognized as the answer of the loyal soul to God, the response of the kindly human heart to the pleadings of the divine, the capacity of the mind, born again by the operations of the Holy Spirit, to hold on to the invisible and eternal. And salvation will be found to be, not an instantaneous act whereby the sinner is assured of deliverance from hell and enjoyment of heaven, but a lifelong process, the continued elimination of ancestral vices, the suppression of brutal instincts, the development of the son of Adam into a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

*Fourth.* The Gospel for the Day will insist with sternest and most imperious accents upon the application of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the whole of the world's life.

In the helpful ministry of loving deeds, which outlive all the forms and dresses of human thought, as the everlasting hills outlive the mists in the morning, the Christian

Church incarnates the spirit of her Risen Lord. It has become so clear that not the dullest can miss it, that the Church which has nothing to say to social problems has in our day no claim to existence. Soon, if it be not laughed off the face of the earth, it will remain only as the house founded on the sand, the refuge of the idler, the self-seeker, and the coward, but a refuge which will fail them when the storms that are gathering break upon it. We may be profoundly thankful for the promise of many mansions in the sky, but the Gospel for the Day demands better homes below and better men and women in them. We may contemplate with poetical rapture the pearly gates and golden streets, but they must not so fill our minds that we have no thought for the tenement district and those that dwell therein. The sight of the River of Life flowing pure as crystal from the

throne of God and of the Lamb may bring to us moments of spiritual ecstasy, but the Gospel for the Day will compel us to remember the River of Death flowing black as hell from the brewery, the distillery, and the saloon. Religion is not a thing of the stars, but of the streets. The sin of doing nothing is the deadliest of the seven deadly sins. We are here to save men. Man cannot be saved alone. The saved man must save men. The City must be saved. The State must be saved. The Nation must be saved. We are here to claim the world of politics as Christ's world, cleanse political life of its practical atheism and corruption, and change our human society into the Kingdom of Heaven. Christianity must build the City of God, must build the City of God on the basis of brotherhood. And the Gospel for the Day is a Gospel of Social Redemption.

*Readers of the foregoing article by Dr. Aked, and those which will follow month by month in the series he is to contribute, are invited to address APPLETON'S MAGAZINE with whatever comment they think justified by the importance of the subject. The Editor will be glad to publish extracts from such letters as may prove available.*

## EMBERS

By LOTTA EULALIA THOMAS

THERE is only the ghost of an ember left  
Where the flame of our love burned high,  
And only its ashes float slowly by,  
Burying deeper with every sigh  
The pale little ghost that is left.

I wonder if we were to kneel quite low  
And should strive with the greatest care  
To rescue that spark in the ashes there,  
Would it glow again with its beauty rare—  
If we were to kneel quite low?

## "MARY ANNE"

BY MYRA KELLY



"Y dear," said General Fitzgerald to his gentle consort, as they stood upon the steps of Avonmere, in the fitful sunshine of an Irish May morning; "my dear Mary, I feel that I am, upon the whole, to be congratulated."

"I am glad," she made soft answer. "I always thought they would be very nice, but of course it was, as you always said, a great risk. And now it is over; you have seen them, and you thought they looked delightful at dinner last night, and you are satisfied, I hope."

"Hardly that, hardly that," he corrected. "There are several things which I could wish to have altered. For instance: Gerald's unbearable French manner and speech. Burn my body, the fop speaks English with a foreign accent."

"He has spent all his life in Paris," the mother pointed out. "We must make allowances, dear Desmond."

"Then there's Lawrence's lamentable likeness to your Uncle Peter, my love. Fortunately he is the only one of them who shows it, and we could hardly expect a face like your Uncle Peter's—the very image of a horse—to pass away and leave no trace upon the succeeding generation. I should not have been surprised to find his jaw and his narrow forehead running through all the children. You remember how I prepared you for some such disappointment, my love?"

Lady Mary nodded. She did, indeed, remember how, throughout the long, long voyage home from India, her husband had systematically discouraged all the high hopes with which she had looked forward to reunion with her children. Forty years—all her married life—she had spent in

India, holding with a gentle but unwavering strength her promise that, forsaking all others, she should keep her only unto her husband so long as they both should live. As the years passed, and his duty or his ambition held him still in India, she had parted one by one with all her children, consigning them, when they reached the age of five or six, after which a white child cannot thrive in India, to the care of some relative living at home.

And now the separations were over. The General, full of years and honors, had retired, had taken one of the most beautiful estates in the beautiful County Wicklow, had issued an invitation disguised as a command, or a command disguised as an invitation, to his children, and Lady Mary, in a flutter of happiness, was presiding over a household or a house party of her five children, four sons and one daughter.

It was of that daughter she next spoke.

"I hope you are pleased with Shiela," she began. "You liked her so much last night, when you first saw her. Indeed, we all fell in love with her. And Desmond? And Owen? I was quite overcome to find my little sons grown to such fine young men."

"Mother dear," cried a young voice within the big hall behind them. "O mother, will you come down to the South Gate with me? They tell me the copper beeches there are wonderful."

"Indeed, I shall, Owen, very gladly," Lady Mary answered. "And you, dear," she added to the man who had always been the chief object of her care and love, "you will be all right for half an hour or so? It is all so perfect. You, safe from bullets and fever and all those dangers which were always frightening me. And then the children. And this dear old place. Every-

thing perfect, everything peaceful! And you won't be alone. I see Gerald coming across the lawn."

There advanced upon them a resplendent creature, with waving hair, floating whisks, low, rolling collar, and loosely tied scarf. For Gerald Fitzgerald, having been intrusted to the care of an uncle who lived in Paris, a scholar, a member of the Legion of Honor, and a diplomat, had, with the adaptability of his race, acquired all the mannerisms, the affectations, of that gay city's gayest set. His languor, as he approached the little group upon the wide steps, could not have been more overwhelming if he had been born in the Faubourg St. Germain. The General snorted and Lady Mary gasped.

"I've been searching for you everywhere," the young *precieuse* drawled. "There was no one about when I came down, and so, *faute de mieux*, I went out for a stroll through the gardens."

The General's eyeglass clanked against his shirt stud, and Lady Mary gasped. For the General spoke no language but his own—save Hindustani—and held that the Queen's English pure and undefiled was good enough for any man or nation. Too good for many, he would have said. In a flutter of conciliation Lady Mary repeated her former remark: "It is all so beautiful and peaceful! It seems hardly real, sometimes." Again the voice of her youngest born summoned her, and with a wistful little smile she vanished into the hall.

"Peaceful!" commented Gerald with a shrug. "You must have been at a lively station, sir, if my mother calls this peace. Those blackguards of 'Land Leaguers,' or 'Young Irishmen,' or whatever they call themselves, murdered another landlord last night. Several of the men in your position have appealed for police protection, and never stir out without a pair of constables."

"Cowards!" cried the General. "And look here, sir, you're to say nothing of all this to your mother. She enjoys peace, and she's entitled to it. And, by gad, sir, she'll have it if I have to shoot every devil of a peasant for miles around."

"You'll hardly secure it in any other way," said Gerald, with a yawn. "You can count on my assistance, if that would be of any use to you."

The General's face seemed to express considerable doubt upon that point as he smoked long, black cheroots and cast baffled, annoyed glances at the supercilious young man beside him. In a morning costume of tan, so light as to be almost cream color, and bound with a wide, black braid, the appearance of Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald was, to say the least, unusual. A life spent in the stereotyped uniforms prescribed by the Queen does not prepare the mind of elderly generals to welcome such variants from the ordinary as a shirt of soft green silk, with a low, rolling collar, and a loosely knotted tie of the same material. In the eyes of artistic Paris the innovation might have denoted originality, taste, independence of mind. In the eyes of General Fitzgerald it meant license, almost anarchy.

The General's own costume was a triumph of the conventional. His tailor, a long-suffering person in London, had assured him that everyone in that spring of 1880 was wearing shepherds' plaids. And so, with a wistful memory of the red and gold in which he had sweltered under tropical suns, the General had arrayed himself in a checkered costume of the most vivid black and white, a pair of white spats, and a white beaver hat, which haberdashery his tailor had described as the proper costume for a summer's morning in the country.

After a few perfunctory inquiries about his brother in Paris, the General desisted from all attempts at conversation, and it was Gerald who drawled:

"Awfully clever idea, this of yours. Having us here all together. And you've found a beautiful setting for your comedy."

His father's blue-veined gill grew more red than Indian suns and a choleric nature had made it.

"Comedy?" he repeated, not pleasantly.

"Yes, comedy. But the cast is incomplete. You'll have to get a few more girls. The leading lady is capital, but she's not enough. Desmond monopolizes Shiela, and no one can blame him. She is delightful, but where did she get that manner? So gracious, so calm! Such an air of the *je ne sais quoi* that—"

"Stop, sir," stormed the General, suddenly flaring up. "I'll not allow you to talk like that about your sister. I won't allow you to talk to me upon any subject if you can't express yourself in the Queen's



English. If it's good enough for me and for thousands—yes, millions—of men like me, it's good enough for you. And if you can't open your mouth without making unintelligible and objectionable remarks——"

"Objectionable?" repeated Gerald.

"Yes—objectionable. I object to them. I object to whatever I don't understand."

Gerald looked at him. The General could not have understood the look for he furiously objected to it.

"And I won't," he stormed on, "allow you to address your sister except in English. What do I know of you, sir, and of your life that I should allow you to communicate secretly with my daughter. I shall not allow you to address my sweet child in the tongue of the polluted country in which my brother has chosen to live."

"Shiela speaks French perfectly," Gerald submitted. "She——"

"Then her Aunt Patricia ought to be ashamed of herself. And if I hear you saying one more indelicate word in my house I shall put you out of it, sir."

Again he met that uncomprehended look in his son's eyes and again he stormed on:

"And if you say one word of that unclean language in your mother's hearing I shall court-martial you, sir," said General Fitzgerald. "I'll have you blown from the cannon's mouth. I'm master of my house, sir, and nothing shall go on in it that I don't understand and approve of, sir."

"Don't you think," suggested Gerald, "that this sort of thing is bad for your liver? This excitement, I mean. I should take medical advice if I were you," and he sauntered into the house, leaving the General purple-faced and profane upon the gravel.

The charming Lady Mary strove gallantly to bring about an understanding between Gerald and his father, and Shiela cleverly seconded her efforts. But the General's dislike and distrust of all things Gallic was not easy to eradicate. In fact none of his ideas was open to change, and none of his convictions was founded upon or influenced by reason. Years ago he had known a Frenchman. The Frenchman had turned out badly, and General Fitzgerald had thereupon decided that all Frenchmen were sure to turn out badly.

He could be, upon occasions, agreeable with his other sons; he was always agree-

able with his daughter, but with Gerald he was uniformly overbearing and contemptuous. And Gerald, in the pleasant companionship of Shiela and Lady Mary, troubled himself not at all as to the attitude of his father. He adopted as his own two rooms at the extreme eastern end of the house. They looked pleasantly out upon the terrace, and he soon reduced them to a state which scandalized Lady Mary and the housekeeper. And there, surrounded by casts and old armor, obsolete weapons, and half-finished sketches, he dabbled, much as though he had been still in Paris, with paint or clay or pencil. His proficiency astonished his mother and disgusted his father. When Lady Mary discovered that he could also play a little, sing a little, fiddle a little, and that a little comedy of his had seen the footlights she was delighted with her paragon. And when she began to play long-forgotten duets with him, when his skillful accompaniments supported her tender voice through quaint old songs, when her laugh rang gayly with his, and when he caught the sweet pure line of her profile in a sketch of such fidelity that no one could fail to recognize it as her portrait, and of such beauty that no one could fail to see the touch of genius in it, then the General grew restive. He was not proud of his son; he was jealous of him. And he made no pretense. He had been frankly disagreeable, distrustful, sneering.

Things were at this uncomfortable pass when, one afternoon, Tim O'Connell, the eccentric footman whom the General daily discharged and Lady Mary daily reëngaged, granting a higher wage as a salve to injured feelings, thumped loudly into Shiela's presence and announced:

"Miss Shiela, you're wanted below in the hall."

"Who is it, Tim?" she asked.

"Well, I didn't rightly catch their names, miss, but these is their tickets," and he presented three cards, one bearing a ducal coronet and one not over clean. Under the coronet she read: Christopher Georges Aimé Philippe, Duc de Brideau. The soiled card was inscribed: Gaston de Tournelles, and the third announced: Marie Anne Joseph Desroches.

"Did they ask for me?" Shiela questioned.

"Not in so many words, miss, but that's





*Drawn by Harrison Fisher.*

*"But having seen Mademoiselle they no longer feared."*



their meanin'—if they have any at all. 'Tis some outlandish sort of ould talk they have. It'd take Rooshan to make thim out, bedad. Everyone is out but yourself. Will ye come and see can ye find what they're lookin' for?"

The girl hurried to the hall, and as her muslin and ribbons began to flutter and float down the dark old stairs three figures started into wonderful bows and gesticulations of pleasure. Shiela advanced upon them with her frank air of cordiality, but before she found opportunity to avow her knowledge of the language, she had received many opinions in fervent French upon the potency of her charms. She made the strangers welcome, and threw them into fresh transports by the softness of her accent and the pretty stiltedness of her phraseology. They had dared to intrude, they informed her, on account of their "cher Gerald," whose absence they could no longer endure nor understand. They distrusted this so "turvey turtle" country. But having seen Mademoiselle they no longer feared. Oh! no. All was now understood. The so beautiful city of his adoption would see him no more. They were heart-pierced—desolated—but they understood. It was not the turvey turtle that held him prisoner. They understood. But, yes, they even envied. Their leader and spokesman ducked, clicked his high heels together, pressed his little hat and his curled walking stick to his florid waistcoat, kissed his yellow-gloved hand to Shiela, and bowed until the buttons on the back of his coat twinkled brightly at her. And might he now, he begged, present himself to the so charming sister of his so dear friend? He was Gaston de Tournelles. If Mademoiselle had been to Paris—Shiela shook her head—Ah! it was a thousand pities. But when she should visit Paris with the brave Gerald she should find the name not quite unknown there. Oh! no, not quite. There was a certain picture shop where she could assure herself of that. And his two companions bowing in the background and wafting ecstatic kisses toward the ceiling were too loyal or too much impressed to hint that almost any pawnshop in the Quartier Latin would serve quite as well.

These comrades he next presented. The Duc de Brideau whose greatest talent was for friendship, and Marie Anne Joseph Des-

roches, whose plays were at that very moment shaking the Academy to its foundations. Corneille was dead. Racine was no more. Molière was but a name. Yes—yes! So the world thought. But the world was wrong—as always—Corneille, Racine, Molière, power, knowledge, wit, were all reincarnate in the mind of Marie Anne Joseph. Yes, there the dramatic genius of all France—past, present, and future—was concealed.

Shiela smiled her delight at these tidings and reflected that the concealment was perfect. The wisest explorer would never have guessed that the long, fair hair, the blue eye, the pinched waist, and the high heels before her clothed the dramatic genius of all France. His clothes were even more wonderful than Gerald's, his manner more elaborate than M. de Tournelles's, his hat and boots more polished, his gloves and boots more tight than those of the talented duke. Shiela led them to the drawing-room, and sent Tim, who had been mutely transfixed upon the stairs, in search of Gerald. He was presently descried, returning with not only that much-loved exile but with the General as well. He had found them together on the avenue, and to them he had made the breathless announcement:

"You're wanted up at the house. There's three strange men in it, and Miss Shiela sent me to call you. Lady Mary's out."

Gerald and his father dashed to the rescue, and the General for all his years outdistanced his less athletic son and reached Shiela's side while Gerald was still upon the stairs. With fierce eyeglass, quick step, and soldierly bearing he advanced upon the group, and as he neared it the voice of his "sweet child" fell upon his ear in words which he did not understand. The men with her laughed and Shiela turned to him smiling. Actually smiling.

"Papa," she began, and immediately three faces vanished, and the neatly brushed crowns of three pomaded heads were presented to his view.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded, and immediately the faces reappeared and six yellow-gloved hands, three shining hats, and three curly walking sticks were stretched forth to embrace him: He was very near the edge of apoplexy when Gerald entered, and the welcoming

battery was turned to him. The Duc rushed forward and took Gerald to his bosom, playing triumphant tattoos the while with hat and stick upon his back. The Dramatic Genius of France and Gaston de Tournelles followed suit and Gerald was no less demonstrative. They embraced one another, pressing cheek to cheek and kissing ear or hair or whisker as chance would have it. "Cross" Fitzgerald watched them for a moment, then turned to Shiela.

"Come with me, madam," he commanded in the voice with which he had twice turned a broken regiment back to the front. She obeyed, surprised, and in the hall he spoke again.

"Go to your room, miss," said he in the same tone of badly suppressed fury. But this was no panic-stricken rout of men accustomed and trained to obedience. This was a girl with cool eyes and a cool voice in which she now made answer:

"Thank you, I can't. I shall be wanted to assist in entertaining these friends of Gerald's. What a pity it is that you don't speak French, papa." And with these amazing words she returned to the drawing-room vouchsafing as she vanished:

"They will stay to dinner, but they have an appointment in Dublin later in the evening."

To the guests and the servants that dinner was much as other dinners. No one looking at the General would know that he was yearning for the days of the Borgias when the art of poisoning guests was in its prime. The conversation was as general as the circumstances allowed, and "Cross" Fitzgerald, under the benign influence of Burgundy, unbent sufficiently to give M. Desroches a lesson in English pronunciation:

"We say miss—not mees," he boomed. "Miss Fitzgerald, so: Miss Shiela Fitzgerald."

The genius tried and failed. It was not possible, that name, he explained with shrugging shoulders. But the face of Mademoiselle, the so beautiful visage.

"Teach him mamma's name," Shiela interrupted, fearing that some inkling of his pupil's meaning might reach her father.

"My wife's name," the General informed the eager learner, "is Mary, Lady Mary Fitzgerald. Mary—Ma-ry—can you say that?"

"Oh, Ma-ry!" cried the eager learner, all smiles and triumph. "*Mon nom c'est Mairy*," and he, with much emphasis and gesticulation, forced the General to understand his meaning. "*Mon nom c'est Marie Anne Joseph Desroches*."

If he had announced himself in the enjoyment of smallpox or the plague or leprosy, he could not have produced a greater effect. The General turned a purple face upon him, noted the fair hair, the small hands, the pinched waist. He might have guessed it, he fumed. He had heard enough of the manners of France to have been prepared. And the creature had spoken to Shiela, to his peerless Shiela; was even now speaking to her in the polluted language of that polluted land; was sitting at his table; had kissed his wife's hand! The purple flush which was his normal complexion grew so much darker that Lady Mary half rose to go to him, but he favored her with a glare which had always meant: "Invent some excuse for leaving the room, and go at once," and with a new and fiercer glare, which the poor, flustered lady interpreted to mean: "And take your daughter with you."

She obeyed with some murmured apology about a headache and with a very real gratitude for Shiela's proffered ministrations. The General stood at the door as they passed out, and then beckoned to Gerald with a sharp movement of the head. The proceeding lost some of its strangeness because the meal was nearly over, and the Frenchmen wandered to the windows, while Gerald joined his father in the hall.

"I want a word with you, sir," said the General, when Tim O'Connell had closed the door. "Come to the gun room."

Once in that safe retreat, he cast restraint to the winds. He would have throttled Gerald if the consideration of their relative heights had not controlled him. But no blow could have been more offensive than his way of commanding:

"Remove those—persons instantly from my house."

Gerald flushed hotly, but he forced himself to say nothing until his father should have finished. And the General had only just begun:

"Is it not enough that I should put up with your clothes, your airs, your jargon, all the marks of the life you have been lead-

ing? Is it not enough that I should submit the ladies of my household to the contamination of your presence? I have borne your insulting manners, your lazy, good-for-nothing ways, your constant presence in my house. All these things I have put up with for your mother's sake. She has an idea that you have brains under that ridiculous hair of yours. But I will *not* put up," bellowed the General, who had stamped up and down the room during the delivery of this tirade, "burn my body, sir, I will *not* put up with a man named Mary Anne!"

Gerald had been lounging on an ottoman in the center of the room, but the last words drew him to his feet in simple, unaffected wonder. Then he did the worst thing possible under the circumstances. He dropped limply back upon his ottoman and laughed long and loud. The more he thought of the ridiculous objection and of the fun he could make of it when he returned to Paris, the more he laughed, and the more he laughed the more the General raged.

"Remove them at once, you scoundrel. How dare you bring such people into my house, into your mother's drawing-room?"

"Now, look here," cried Gerald, towering over the General and speaking without a trace of languor or affectation, but with honest indignation, "it's my turn. I've put up with your temper, your criticisms, your intolerable manners, and your bombast. You asked me to come to your house. I neither wanted to come here nor to stay here, but I did both on account of Shiela and my mother. But I'm not going to stay any longer. I'm going back to Paris, where men think instead of talk, where what a man wants to be is counted as a part of what he is, and where that little, unfinished sketch of my mother I've been doing will be more valued than your long list of naked niggers murdered. As to this silly objection you've hit upon about young Desroches, it only betokens your ignorance of every custom beyond the narrow limits of your experience. I shall leave Avonmere when my friends do. But if you dare to give my mother any discreditable explanation of my going I shall come back and make you eat your words. I shan't disturb her to-night with any fuss and talking. You'd better tell her, at first, that I am only going

to show Dublin to these young fellows, and, as I do not care to submit them to any more of your insulting hospitality, I shall take them to my rooms while I am collecting my traps."

On his way to the door he turned and addressed his well-nigh speechless parent:

"And when you bore my mother, as you will," for she is a clever woman and a charming woman and you are a tiresome man, send her to me. I know how to keep her happy and amused. She wants admiration, attention, appreciation, and she's had them during the last month. Instead of fluttering about in obedience to your whims and whines, she has had four of us to jump to obey hers. She has had a little court of her own, and you were too bad tempered and too selfish to be one of her courtiers."

"You lie," snarled the General. "She is much too sensible a woman to care for your fripperies and your affectations of regard."

"Then look at her," challenged his son. "She looks half the age she did. She wears the colors I've prescribed; she reads the books that Desmond gives her. She has promised to visit me in Paris, and," he paused at the door to watch the effect of his last shot, "Shiela and I have been teaching her French. She has read a play by Desroches, and knows all about him." And as the General stormed out upon the terrace, Gerald went to tell his unsuspecting friends the glorious tidings that they were to be shown the sights of Dublin under his enlightened guidance.

The packing, in which they all took part, was of a most extraordinary nature, and the equipment which the young foreigners thought necessary to a visit to Dublin would have been equally adapted to a tour of the African jungle. They had read such accounts of the unrest, the lawlessness, that they were strongly in favor of chain armor and a battle ax or two, and were greatly disgusted when Gerald insisted that a wicked-looking revolver would meet all his requirements.

"But to think," urged Marie Anne, as he stood beside the open trunk with a pair of rapiers in his hand, "to think of leaving these! A dispute arises; you have no sword! What, then, will you do?"

"Use my fists," responded Gerald, who

was reverting to the original type, "or a shillalah, a club, you know."

"A club, *mon Dieu*," shuddered Marie Anne, turning to replace the foils in their place near the window. Gerald chanced to be watching him, saw that his attention was arrested by something outside the window, saw him drop one foil, and then vault out to the terrace with the other now gleaming in his hand.

Gaston de Tournelles and the Duc gathered in the window to watch their friend. They saw him hurrying noiselessly toward that point in the twilight where the red tip of a cigar and an oblong of white shirt front showed that General Fitzgerald was still strolling and smoking, seeking, Gerald imagined, for self-control and calmness in the tender, lingering dusk.

Somewhat short of the lonely figure, it seemed, lonely and small out there in the dying light, Marie Anne veered still noiselessly toward a big clump of rhododendron, which promptly broke into flame and screeching profanity as the long rapier, in the hand of an expert and an enthusiast, did its work. And then two men skimmed over the lawn and vanished in the friendly darkness of trees, while the divided household, forgetting its division, gathered about the stone bench upon which the successor of Molière and Racine was calmly sitting.

There was no need for explanations, and yet everyone insisted upon explaining. This was where the General stood; he was walking in this direction. This was where the assassins were waiting for him. This was how M. Desroches had crept up to them. They had fired wildly, hitting no one, and running away in this direction. But not before M. Desroches had given them a memento of his visit. There was blood on his sword even now.

And through all the uproar M. Desroches sat very quietly upon his marble bench, with his fair hair in slight disarray, and a quiet little smile on his lips, while the blood trickled quietly, very quietly, from his rapier to the ground. With unflinching

courtesy, he bent his head in acknowledgment of the encomiums showered upon him by Gerald, by the almost hysterical Duc, by the frankly weeping Gaston, by the amazed men servants, and the timorous maids. But when Shiela and Lady Mary appeared, tremulous, shaken, and full of questions, M. Desroches arose punctiliously, clicked his high heels together, and, with a deprecating smile, fainted, very quietly, dead away in the General's arms.

The General was well used to the handling of wounded men, and he held the slender body with the gentleness of long practice. "A bullet through the shoulder," was his diagnosis; "nothing alarming. Very painful, though. Tim, go for the surgeon. Mary, my dear, will you give the necessary orders? I shall keep this young gentleman in my dressing room, where Cagney and I can take care of him. Gerald, my boy, you'd better come with us. I am, unfortunately, unable to speak French."

And so, when Marie Anne reëntered the great hall at Avonmere, the golden head was pillowed upon General Fitzgerald's shoulder, and the eyes were shaded by their long lashes. At a pause in the climbing of the stairs the patient turned in the General's arms, and, turning, winced.

"Gently, boy, gently now," crooned the war-cracked voice of Desmond Fitzgerald, K.C.B., F.R.G.S., D.O.S., etc., etc. Knowing that familiar phrases are best for soothing, he added: "*Ici ong parlay Fransay. Parlay voos Fransay, monsoo?*"

The accent was enough to wake the dead, but it seemed to quiet Marie Anne, and at intervals during the night, after the surgeon had come and gone, and the stranger lay, half feverish, half asleep, General Fitzgerald would steal to the bedside and chirp his panacea:

"*Ici ong parlay Fransay. Parlay voos Fransay, monsoo?*"

And always the boy would move his uninjured hand toward the General as he answered: "*Oh! oui, monsieur. Vous le parlez parfaitement; mais parfaitement, je vous assure.*"



# THE AWKWARD AGE

BY G. STANLEY HALL



EVERY boy passes through an awkward age, although it is far more pronounced for some than for others. He is awkward in form, movements, mind, feelings, and morals. Awkwardness is perhaps the very best designation of the traits of the early teens in both body and soul. He is very unlike what he has been or will be; he is neither boy nor man, nor an amalgam of the two, but an altogether anomalous being. He is very rarely understood, and understands himself still less, and is often the despair of his parents. He can no longer be treated as a child, and should not yet be treated like an adult. It is very strange that, while the history of the race explains much in the history of other stages of the lives of individuals, it sheds almost no light on this. Only within recent years have we begun to comprehend what it really means, and this precious budget of new knowledge is something every parent and teacher should acquire, for its practical application is of the most vital import for the boy's future, for never is human nature quite so plastic as during these very few critical years.

First of all there is a veritable outburst of physical growth. From eight to twelve the boy has steadily grown, but at a slow rate; but at fourteen he is increasing each year two or three inches in height, and from ten to thirteen pounds in weight. A few years later this rate will decline again, so that by the age of eighteen most boys have within half an inch reached the tallest stature they will ever attain. Some children, of course, grow very much faster even than this average rate. The boy who has achieved the ordinary growth of some nine inches in four years, ending at fifteen and a

half, has been feeling tall and conspicuous, and is sometimes so conscious of his height that he is prone to stoop from sheer modesty, for he finds it a little hard to stand at his full height and look grown-ups in the face, or to overtop his mother. The reduction in general energy due to this rapid growth also inclines to stooping. The boy's head and face are thrust up to the level of complete manhood, and yet he feels perhaps rather acutely the contrast between his size and his maturity.

In the four years ending at the age of sixteen and a half, he has increased some forty-four pounds in weight, and so feels heavy and logy; he is not fully used to so much of himself, and is a little embarrassed by his dimensions, dimly sensing the contrast between his size and his wisdom and experience. Those who judge him by his size perhaps overestimate his age; others treat him as a man, and yet his own family's idea of him has by no means kept pace with his mental growth, for they deem him yet a boy. So there is sometimes quite a contrast between his treatment at home and abroad.

Much of his growth has been in arms and legs, shoulders and hips, and his movements are for a time less agile and rapid. He has grown stronger, but is less deft. He often seems maladroit, clumsy, handles things roughly, hits and often smashes dishes or bric-a-brac, bumps against furniture and even persons, is unhandy in his efforts to help, bungles, botches, blunders in his work. His manners are therefore less fine and seem to deteriorate a little, merely because the proportions of his body and the harmony of the development of the form and function of limbs and trunk are for a time upset.

Growth at this age is never proportion-

ate, but its increment focuses on parts and processes, one after another. The large muscles and joints and their functions develop first, and the finer terminal organs, such as fingers and lips, and also the power of accurate adjustment and control, have not yet come, and this is one reason of his apparent loutishness and perhaps boorishness. It is simply psycho-physic oafishness.

Everything about the boy at this age is soft, spongy, and in the gristle. Much of the tissue is new, often the long bones grow too fast for the muscles and stretch them unduly, causing the dull "growing pains." Or, conversely, muscles may grow fastest and become flabby because their normal tension is relaxed. The heart often grows too fast for the arteries, and their caliber expands too slowly, so that there is increased cardiac tension; or vice versa, the blood vessels grow faster, and the heart lags so that arterial pressure is reduced. Thus slight heart disturbances, palpitations, and irritability are quite common for a season till harmony is restored. At any rate, the column of blood is eight or ten inches higher, so that the heart works under increased pressure, and this requires time to adjust. The stomach and digestive apparatus must feed a quarter or even a third more tissue by weight than before, and the rate of increase of capacity to meet this demand may lag, so that the appetite is often freaky and irregular.

Thus during three or four years of reconstruction, there is some temporary loss of balance that may cause many an evanescent but rarely serious symptom. All these defects are greatly increased if the growth epoch is unusually sudden or precocious. During all this period the brain that grew so rapidly during the first very few years of life hardly increases at all in weight, but has reached very nearly its adult size by the age of ten or twelve, although the skull and face change much now, and will continue to do so. Some glands and most rudimentary organs actually diminish in size as the body grows, while other organs, like the liver and heart, may continue to grow till the age of fifty, or even seventy. Thus man's body is made up of organs of different rates and periods of growth; that is, at any moment in a man's life his organs are of very different ages, and whenever

death may come, some are already decrepit and others young, vigorous, and growing. Hence he is a moving equilibrium, and this disparity is greatest at pubescence.

From all the countless, special studies that have led to the conclusions of which the above are the chief, one practical precept stands forth in the boldest relief and before all others for parents and teachers—it is the admonition to stand aside and let Lord Nature do his magnificent work and to avoid all "interference education," which overstresses some and underexercises other parts and functions. Body and soul are inseparable constituents of one unitary whole. There is a fixed amount of total energy for each person for each day; if the mind overdraws its account, there is just so much less for the body; if the nervous system is overtaxed, whether by study or anxiety, the physical suffers; if the muscles are overworked or underexercised, if sex absorbs more than its share of energy, or if malnutrition or invalidism of any sort supervenes, then the natural supply of energy is reduced, and excess here or defect there mars nature's harmony so that something is stunted and dwarfed.

Girls in one respect are far more prone to suffer from this cause than boys. Hips, chest, and the reproductive system, and the instincts that go with them, constitute a far larger proportion of the girl's whole system in weight and function than is the case with boys. Thus the power to do and endure which is available for other functions is now far more reduced, so that for at least four or five years girls should be more exempt from other activities. Otherwise, mammary, uterine, and pelvic development is arrested.

It is a strange but portentous fact that just these most vital of womanly functions surrender more readily than do any others the energy that they need. The psycho-physic vitality in this department of the woman's system is normally very great but also very easily drawn upon so that it may be depleted and give no sign, and before her parents suspect it the girl is condemned to go through life struggling with defect or abnormality. At the very dawn of this age or a little before it, she needs special regimen, so that, in both study and life, girls should draw a little apart from boys, that they may round out to the full the

sphere of their womanhood. Girls are now so susceptible to outer influences and guidance that it may be hard to detect the way which Nature herself points out. Especially now, when, after ages of seclusion, woman has suddenly emerged into a larger life than her heredity has prepared for, it is important that her education during the early and middle teens should be physiological and hygienic rather than special, and that the purely intellectual in the sense of the schools should be held back. The psychology of the *Backfisch* in detail is yet to be written.

But to return to boys. In this slightly benumbed and muddled age of psychic as well as of physical gaucherie and ungainliness, which our tongue dubs the hobbledehoy stage, because everything hobbles and nothing proceeds with a certain and regular gait; when no one can tell what the stripling will do, say, or want; in this age which the Greeks called ephebic or pubic, and which every savage race has recognized and marked by initiations which are the ethnic or evolutionary beginnings of education, which develop up and down the age scale from this point somewhat in proportion as civilization evolved—at this age another cardinal principle emerges, namely, that the severity and accuracy of drill work, which is best fitted for boys before this age, should now be progressively relaxed, and more appeal made to freedom and to spontaneous interests. Precision, accuracy, and formal correctness are the pedagogue's fetish in the interest of which the best things of the intellect are now wantonly sacrificed.

Socrates was a famous teacher of youth of this age when the first faint traces of beard began to appear, and to Greek men at the highest period of Hellenic culture this stage of youth had a wondrous charm. But in all Socrates's talk with boys there is never a single trace of any examination knowledge or method. He talked, told, allured, and evoked mental activity, and despised mere information or memory. All his work was by dialogue, and there was no trace of anything bookish about it. He drew out the crude, spontaneous thoughts of his fledgling hearers, and then improved, enriched, and broadened them with all the wealth that was in his soul, so that they left him every day permanently changed

and enlarged in life and mind in some important respect.

Again, before the early teens, boys are interested mainly in each other, and are almost oblivious of grown-ups, who belong to another world. Now this is often very suddenly and radically changed. Interest in the world in which adults live and move and have their being bourgeois forth. The lad begins to stretch and tiptoe up to man's estate. Nothing in the world so shapes and molds his very soul and character as quiet, confidential talks with grown men about the things they live for and amidst. By such talks he is flattered, stimulated, aroused to do, be, think, feel his very best.

Now it is in just this moral fatherhood that the world, and especially America, is most deficient and practically sterile to-day. The parent who will, at some opportune time, talk to his boy alone about his most intimate views and sentiments concerning men, morals, affairs, life, plans, and all without arousing the ever-present, haunting thought that he is talking down, or for effect, or with reserves, will be simply amazed at the appetite and assimilative power of youth, and at the influence that he can exert, even though he be not educated in the schools, by simply sharing the lessons that the school of life and men has taught him. There is a practical wisdom and insight that nothing but years, age, and experience can give, and this is what the boy fairly craves and digests with amazing rapidity, and in so doing grows by leaps and bounds. The father who has never discussed such things with his son knows not what the true, higher parenthood is or means, and so is himself arrested in his development, and is arresting that of his boy.

It is not enough to induct the boy betimes into the father's business methods, but he should also share, point by point, the parental views of religion, public affairs, human nature, regimen, the arts of keeping well, personal indulgences, views about spending time and money, duties to the community, to charities, ideas of education, reform, public men, current events, and to some extent the boy should share his views and experience concerning women, marriage, domestic life, and parenthood. He should even see his father's limitations and realize his regrets that he had not done more and better in life, and thus come to

feel the obligation to profit by and make good the shortcomings of his heredity, for to do this he needs to realize fully every handicap which he may inherit. All this should be discussed with a frankness and even abandon which grows with years, so that there should come to be a real mental, moral, and physical continuity between the generations as they succeed each other, that wisdom may accumulate. Only thus can the child be completely the heir of his progenitors and receive the sum total of all that is due him from the "instinct of bequest."

The boy in the awkward age wants nothing systematic, and thoroughness is never so hard or unnatural. He wants hints, suggestions in every direction, but nothing must be too long continued or detailed. His mind comes back later inevitably to all that makes a real appeal. His receptivity is at its very apex, and his productivity is at low ebb. Thus he can profit by others' examples vicariously and get experience by proxy better now than ever before or later. He lacks confidence in his own power to achieve. His curiosity is most intense concerning things adults are most reluctant to talk about. He abhors method and system, but is greedy for subject matter, or, as one of them said, "Any old way that gets there suits me." There is almost nothing in the whole sphere of mind, life, or culture that he does not want to sample. He is a cultural vagrant, always making little voyages of discovery, but not sailing far in any direction. He is especially eclectic, orientating and circumnavigating as a fast-growing vine swings round and round to find a proper support. The boy is never so inquisitive, unreliable, troublesome, unpredictable, shifty, and shirky. He wants a long tether, but is always getting entangled in it. He is never so uncoercible by direct but never so docile to indirect and tactful control. He is insistently forming new plans and reconstructing old ones. He is uneasy because he is always wanting, though not knowing at all what he wants. He is a victim of caprice and whims galore, often fantastic, often preternaturally and owlishly sage. Now he surprises the observant and long-suffering parent by follies that seem almost infantilisms, and anon by foreglimpses of a wisdom far beyond his years. He has many of the extravagances of

genius, although he may show no trace of the latter, and yet many if not most boys come nearer to being geniuses, though perhaps for a brief, fleeting moment, at this age than at any other. He is at once naïve and sophisticated, childish and almost senescent, but all only in spots. His moods are fluctuating, and he oscillates between a degree of self-confidence that may become almost insolence and a self-distrust that may be almost paralyzing. He is serious and sad, perhaps almost melancholy, and then gay and hilarious to the point of abandon. He is often impulsive and instinctive, but with spells of thoughtful reasoning. So that all these things make his life a tissue of contradictions and inconsistencies, and, therefore, of possibilities of many sorts. To deal with him aright is the touchstone of parental and also of pedagogic talent.

In nothing is the lad now more awkward than in the use of language. Even his handwriting degenerates a little. He feels too old to pay attention to mere penmanship, and often learns to dash off his lines in precipitate haste; or, if he takes pains, for instance, in writing to his sweetheart, which he rarely does, his chirography is heavy, labored, or possibly affected. Sometimes, though far less often than in the case of girls, he affects some rather striking individuality of style, and, if he does so, it is often overdone, perhaps almost to the point of caricature. His power of muscular coordination is relaxed; he could handle a bat, racket, oar, or dumb-bells better than the pen, and with far more gusto. Drawing irks him still more. He would love to be able to dash off a clever caricature or any kind of taking skit, and can be trained to do respectable if often a little blotchy mechanical drawing with rule and calipers; but to do a good bit of simple art with taste, sentiment, and harmony, is usually quite beyond his power.

The vernacular of this period is "slanguage," which exactly fits and mirrors his psychic processes. Slang is the most condensed form of verbal utterance and most lacking in power of discrimination, for it vents masses of meaning in chunks and bolts. It is amazing how the boy remembers every striking new phrase of this kind and rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue, and how he loathes the ponderous, latinized sentences of Macaulay, Burke,

Addison, DeQuincey, and Milton, whom his teachers make the standard in English for him to pattern his own by, and how inevitably and immediately he reacts, when school is over, to his own vernacular. With this tool he can hit off the crude feelings and thoughtlets at his disposal, and may become a very clever artist in so doing. He balks and flunks at the superfine elegancies of speech, and the "Purity, Precision, and Propriety" which loom so large in the textbooks on English and rhetoric. His age has its own *lingua franca* and a right degree of its use strengthens the very impulse of expression which is back of all language work, and which the school English too often tends to repress. Thus the boy really has two languages—one that of the authorities and one which is his own. The latter he has always had, from ancient Greece and Rome down. He emerges into the grammatical and logical stage gradually and late. He now comes nearer to linguistic inventiveness and originality than at any other age. I believe that if we ever really know the evolutionary history of speech, we shall find that this callow, pin-feather stage has made very many contributions to every virile mother tongue. Bookish correctness may impede his intellect, like Saul's armor on David. Pedagogues simply have not yet learned to utilize the lush, crude speech impulses of this age, and must make it a theme of laborious and special study before they can do so.

Then there are awkward impulses, crass and rank as they are. The floodgates of many new emotions are open, and tides from the prehistoric past inundate the boy's soul. It is crowded with strange and usually dumb secret fears. There are lurking apprehensions that something is lacking, and that he will not be adequate to act a man's part in the world. Boys incessantly compare themselves with each other to see how they measure up. There are religious fears, fears of diseases, sex fears, and many normal phenomena are interpreted as symptoms. Many boys have suffered by spells for years with grave apprehension that their heart was wrong, and even that they might drop dead at any moment. Others think their reproductive organs are abnormal, some that the world may come to an end at any time, or the lightning may strike them. The boy's bravado and dare-

deviltry is his bluff way of concealing and fighting down his real terrors, so that he is far braver than anyone knows. Any confession of fear would be cowardice. A very few now become morbid blushers, and more are bashful in ways that make them suffer tortures in the presence of impressive persons or the other sex, for the vascular system is irritable and unstable during its processes of reconstruction.

Then there are new and strong likes and dislikes. Friendships and enmities are on a new and stronger basis. There are pals and cronies, gangs and boy "mashes," and all are more or less lasting and heartfelt. A boy often closes his heart to those nearest him, and gives almost no sign that he has done so, for he feels that his personality now demands a domain of its own. He may be violently, secretly, and sometimes outrageously hostile to those he believes his foes. Thus, his social impressionability and suggestibility are extreme. He worships his heroes, and a single good or bad companion may do him incalculable good or harm. His character is in the gristle, and his morality is plasticity itself. Some who remember, as most do not, the seething ferment of their own soul at this age have declared that there was no crime they might not have committed, and no height of virtue which they did not at times feel able to scale. Longfellow's *Excelsior* depicts the aspiration and ideality of this age, while a few oft-quoted criminoids or perverts have at this age resolved to commit every crime there was. Thus, too, it goes that this is the age at which the normally priggish, Sunday-school-book prodigies of juvenile piety blossom out. Here, too, the types of utter moral abandonment and insanity, without any trace of what may be called conscience, are recruited. The moral nature, which is the noblest attribute of man, is also the last to be developed, and at this age is in swaddling cloths.

In the last few years I have received several hundred letters from parents and friends, who do not understand how tardy the development of the ethical nature is prone to be in boys. The burden of these is: "My boy is well grown, is a good student in school, is healthful, but is an incorrigible liar. He denies every fault point-blank, even when he knows he is detected, and with brazen effrontery. He has been



reasoned with or flogged. All his relatives are honest and respectable." Another boy is all right, but obstinate or profane; another loathes school, and is an incoercible truant; another sneaks out after pretending to be abed, and remains away half the night, probably in bad company; one pilfers, steals, was arrested, and found to be in league with others in a series of petty larcenies, and brought disgrace to his parents; one was a chronic runaway; others developed intense aversions to school topics—Mathematics, Latin—or to individual teachers, or to school in general; one seems to be congenitally "tough," and has been for years the terror of his teacher.

The question in all these letters is, "What to do?" The parents or relatives are at their wits' end, and ready for almost any desperate remedy. One well-to-do father decided, after two humiliating experiences, to let the law take its course with his fourteen-year-old boy, who served thirty days for stealing, and seemed cured. One connived with the doctor to give his young hopeful a good scare that would sober him to virtue. Another took the rather drastic step of locking a young prowler out for the night. Some are packed off to reformatories or to the country. One mild father soundly thrashed his only son and heir, despite his mother's tears; an experience the young Royster Doyster had never had before. If you say these are pathological cases, I reply that this is the age when many bright and intrinsically good young blades are morally *non compos mentis*, and that such ostensive instances are only outcrops of tendencies which come far nearer the surface in most boys than most parents expect.

This hoodlum age is the period when the mother should expressly turn her son over to his father, and tell him that it is now his turn to take the boy in charge.

My studies have years ago convinced me that never has even the American boy been quite so wild as now, and never in the world have so many young cubs been so half-orphaned and left to female guidance in school, home, and church. It may seem to some a slight thing that city gangs defy and outwit the police, or commit petty depredations, break into a store to steal fruit or cigarettes, collect pistols, half of them toy ones, in cellars, sheds, or other lairs; plan

petty rogueries in dark alleys, scare or insult schoolgirls, play tricks on passers by, swagger and bully each other; but these are nurseries where the criminals of the future are being reared.

Is not part of this "revolt of pubescents," as a French pamphleteer calls it, due to the natural revolution of the young male just beginning to sense his virility against the prim pedagogue propriety of petticoat control to which he has been too much committed? "Where are the fathers?" this author asks. Some of these boys are only morally awkward; some of the best are the natural and indeed inevitable product of the abdication of fathers from the throne of their authority. It has been said that a good juvenile court judge, and the difference between the good and the bad here is immense, is born, not made. Such a one is only a good father, who at this stage should exemplify to his own son all the just qualities of a good judge in the juvenile court, ready to hold sessions at any time and place when occasion arises. Here again it is the father who is most awkward.

So in religion: is it the boy or his religious teacher that is awkward, or are both? However it is with the latter, in the soul of the former religion and virtue are never so closely connected. Not only do most conversions occur in the middle teens, but the heart is then more open to religious truth than at any other age, for this is the stage of initiations and confirmations the world over, and at all periods of history and stages of civilization. The sense of physical and psychic purity and impurity is never so keen as now, and the young candidate for manhood ponders in secret more than we realize the problems of death, success, failure, and even heredity, and feels the reality of things transcendent. Because he cannot realize himself or the world, the mysteries of life in the present, the problems of a future existence press hard upon his very soul; and he is now most prone to capitulate to the claims of religion. This is, then, the great opportunity of the religious teacher, if he but knew how to utilize it for the best. Wrong persons and mistaken methods of approaching the boy repel, but to the right influence he yields himself almost with abandon.

The acutest sting of sin lies for him in his sexual nature. Here all the litany of



guilt and pollution seems to apply to him. He already begins to realize estrangement from the ideal. His awkwardness of soul makes him prone to immensely overestimate the heinousness and the danger of his errors. The moment he reaches the point when he feels himself beyond his own control, even modern psychology cannot better describe his state than as a sense of being lost, of having fallen into the powers of malign forces which are independent of and stronger than man himself. His salvation and atonement must also be vicarious, because his sin is interpreted as captivity to an inimical force. It is, then, just at this point that he becomes as plastic as clay in the hands of his spiritual or now often medical or athletic guide. His mental sphere is so small that he objectifies what takes place in it, and this predisposes him to believe in both divine and diabolic agencies. He is more prone to be superstitious because his psychic processes are so intense that they are projected and perhaps personified as outside beings. Hence his disposition to think of the deepest things in his own nature in transcendental terms. But I must not lapse into psychological shop talk.

Awkwardness of body, intellect, will, and heart is a matter of what Professor Crampton has taught us to call "physiological age." The date of the pubescent ferment varies three or four years, and school grades interfere with those of nature. Those who are passing and have passed the pubic crisis should associate with each other rather than with those of the same age who have not yet entered these rapids in the stream of life. The moral needs of the two stages are very different, for morals are three fourths of life, even where proficiency in school studies is the same. This physiological segregation is, therefore, chiefly needed outside the class room, and hence its supervision belongs chiefly to parents. Before this age boys are normally innocent, unformed, inside the walls of the paradise of childhood; after their expulsion the gate should not be kept too wide open, and still less should the walls be razed; otherwise, all the grave evils of precocity are invited. This storm and stress node in our life line now comes later than it did to our primitive forbears, who were pubescent earlier than we. Indeed, at eight, if not six years of age, there are symptoms that suggest the ripple marks of an

ancient pubic beach. The crisis tends to fall later and later as civilization advances. Yet, as opposed to this tendency to postpone, comes the influence of modern life in the city, which is a veritable hothouse, ripening everything before its time, and so far undoing one of the most precious results of progress. Just before, from eleven to thirteen, everything that retards broadens, sanifies, and makes for ultimate virility and perhaps longevity: but here begins another chapter.

Finally, the awkward age with girls is a baffling and confounding mystery. It is still more tumultuous and also more subterranean than with boys. It is said that no man knows the soul of woman, and that she herself knows it still less. Such partial revelations as Ellen Key, Marie Bashkirtseff, Mary Maclane, and the Freud School of Hysteriologists give us only glimpses into a vast new world. Women shudder at these disclosures and abhor such writers as betrayers of the mystic secrets of their sex, and protest that everything in these pages is wrong and distorted. Thus, too, men once drew back at the confessions of Rousseau and Amiel, as they had done before at those of Augustine. But women more than men want reserves behind doors marked "No admittance" where the prying expert must not penetrate. They love to be thought naïve *ingénues*. Sections of their inner life tend to split off and sink to unconscious depths, so that their very personality is prone to become dual or multiple. But the Backfisch is the real traitor. Many of her psychoses are open as the day, so that the trained observer here finds writ large psychic processes that will later become the most secret mysteries of the sex, when convention has spun them over with her web.

How the girl's awkward soul yearns to know if she is good-looking, attractive, engaging! How she hungers for admiration, service, and tokens of respect, loves to triumph over rivals, and bring adorers to her feet! How her heart hunger is appeased by a "peace that passeth understanding" by flowers, ices, confectionery, incense, ornament, dress, rank, flattering compliment, theaters, parties, hops, weddings, yachts, automobiles, and Paris! How large a proportion of the talk of girls of this age is of "him," "his," "he," of signs of attachment, advances and repulses, likes and dis-

likes toward the other sex! How voracious is the appetite for compliment which can hardly be too extravagant! How full her very reveries and dreams are of things that focus in the bridal ceremony! How completely one swain after another absorbs and dominates the girl's mind, and yet how utterly and honestly sincere are her declarations that she cares nothing for young men in general, and still less for anyone in particular. This is because her consciousness is a mere shadow playing over deep tides whose ebb and flow bears her along. Every serious act, thought, and feeling looks toward courtship and proposal, and yet she believes she is indifferent, and would be astonished if they came, and very likely to spurn offers in a sudden panic lest she should be suspected of inviting them by anything that looked like betrayals of her liking. How sensitive she is to slight and insult! How sure that other girls deceive and lie, while she is spotless in this regard! How profoundly she is affected by the curl, cowlick, necktie, eyes, smile, gesture, gait, attire, voice of the knight of her heart! And how she may dote upon any one of these love fetiches and hardly know it! How she would like to be carried off by some fairy

prince to his castle halls and break completely with her old life! How hot her resentment would flame forth, if her beau ideal should presume at some opportune moment to snatch an innocent kiss, which would be met with a slap and followed by a good cry, half rapture, half anguish! The idea of being a mother herself seems horrid, and babies a nuisance. She will never, never marry. Her language is all superlatives, and a dozen adjectives constitute half her vocabulary, nearly everything and everybody being either "nice" or "splendid," or else "horrid" or "disgusting." She cares perhaps a good deal for school, but chiefly as an institution where more or less study between times is a necessary condition to enjoy the raptures of social intercourse. If she is segregated from the other sex, she is likely to be "mashed" or "crushed" on some older girl with masculine traits.

But, as the poet said of the flower in the crannied wall, to know the budding girl, who is the mystery of all mysteries in the world, would be to know nature and God and all things. Before this mighty theme, the most adept student of life and mind becomes himself abashed and awkward.

## IN PERFECT LOVE

### A RONDEAU

By ARMIN TREBOR

AND shall I write for even your eyes  
Of that dear love which warmly lies  
Upon the silence of my heart?  
Alas! too feeble is my art  
To echo forth such harmonies.

Silent I watched our love's uprise  
From subtler deeps than moonlit skies  
Where souls, as planets, swing apart:  
And shall I write?

'Tis but a shallow grief that cries,  
And sorrow oft transcendeth sighs;  
When suns are high no shadows start,  
From moons at full the stars depart,  
In perfect love all longing dies:—  
And shall I write?

# CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

*Author of "Cap'n Eri," etc.*

## CHAPTER VII

### CAPTAIN CY PROVES DELINQUENT



WEEK isn't a very long time even in Bayport. True, there was once a drummer for a Boston "notion" house who sprained his ankle on the icy sidewalk in front of Simmons's, and was therefore obliged to remain in the front bedroom of the perfect boarding house for seven whole days. He is quoted as saying that next time he hoped he might break his neck.

"Brother," asked the shocked Rev. Mr. Daniels, who was calling upon the stranger, "are you prepared to face eternity?"

"What?" was the energetic reply. "After a week in this town? and in this bedroom? Look here, Mister, if you want to scare me about the future you just hint that they'll put me on a straw tick in an ice chest. Anything hot and lively 'll only be tempting after this."

But to us, who live here throughout the year, a week soon passes. And the end of the week following Emily Thomas's arrival at the Cy Whittaker place found the little girl still there and apparently no nearer being shipped to Indiana than when she came. Not so near, if Mr. Tidditt's opinion counts for anything.

"Gone?" he repeated scoffingly in reply to Bailey Bangs's question. "'Course she ain't gone! And, what's more, she ain't goin' to go. Whit's got so already that he wouldn't part with her no more'n he'd cut off his hand."

"But he keeps *sayin'* she's got to go. Only yesterday he was tellin' how Betsy'd

feel when the girl landed on her with his letter in her pocket."

"Sayin' don't count for nothin'. Sylvanus Cahoon keeps *sayin'* he's goin' to stop drinkin', but he only stops long enough to catch his breath. Cy's tellin' himself fairy yarns and he hopes he believes 'em. Man alive! can't you *see*? Ain't he gettin' more foolish over the young one every day? Don't she boss him round like the overseer on a cranberry swamp? Don't he look more contented than he has sence he got off the cars? I tell you, Bailey, that child fills a place in Whit's life that's been runnin' to seed and needed weedin'. Nothin' could fill it better—unless 'twas a nice wife."

"*Wife!* Oh, *do* be still! I believe you're woman-struck and at an age when it hadn't ought to be catchin' no more'n whoopin' cough."

Mr. Bangs and the town clerk were the only ones, except Captain Cy, who knew the whole truth concerning the little girl. Not that the child's arrival wasn't noted and vigorously discussed by a large portion of the townspeople. Emily had not been in the Whittaker house two days before Angeline Phinney called, hot on the trail of gossip and sensation. But, persistent as Angeline was, she departed knowing not quite as much as when she came. The interview between Miss Phinney and the captain must have been interesting, judging by the lady's account of it.

"I never see such a man in my born days," declared Angie, disgustedly. "You couldn't get nothin' out of him. Not that he wa'n't pleasant and sociable; land sakes! he acted as glad to see me as if I was his rich aunt come on a visit. And he was willin' to talk, too. That's the trouble; he done *all* the talkin'. I happened to men-

tion, just as a sort of starter, you know, somethin' about the cranb'ry crop this fall; and after that all he could say was 'cranb'ries, cranb'ries, cranb'ries!' 'Hear you've got comp'ny,' says I. 'Did you?' says he. 'Now ain't it strange how things 'll get spread around? Only yesterday I heard that Joe Dimick's swamp was just loaded down with "early blacks." And yet when I went over to look at it there didn't seem to be so many. There ain't much better cranb'ries anywhere than our early blacks,' he says. 'You take 'em—' And so on, and so on, and so on. I didn't care nothin' about the dratted early blacks, but he didn't seem to care for nothin' else. He talked cranb'ries steady for an hour and a half and I left that house with my mouth all puckered up; it's tasted sour ever sence. I never see such a man!"

When Captain Cy was questioned by Asaph concerning the acid conversation, he grinned.

"I didn't know you was so interested in cranb'ries," observed Tidditt.

"I ain't," was the reply; "but I'm more interested in 'em than I am in Angie. I see she was sufferin' from a rush of curiosity to the head and I cured her by homeopath doses. Every time she opened her mouth I dropped an 'early black' into it. It's a good receipt; you tell Bailey to try it on Ketury some time."

To his chums the captain was emphatic in his orders that secrecy be preserved. No one was to be told who the child was or where she came from. "What they don't know won't hurt 'em any," declared Captain Cy. And Emily's answer to inquiring souls who would fain have delved into her past was to the effect that "Uncle Cyrus" didn't like to have her talk about herself.

"I don't know's I'm ashamed of anything I've done so far," said the captain; "but I ain't braggin' either. Time enough to talk when I send her back to Betsy."

That time, apparently, was not in the near future. The girl stayed on at the Whittaker place and grew to be more and more a part of it. At the end of the second week Captain Cy began calling her "Bos'n."

"A bos'n's a mighty handy man aboard ship," he explained, "and you're so handy here that it fits in first rate. And, besides,

it sounds so natural. My dad called me 'Bos'n' when I was little."

Emily accepted the title complacently. She was quite contented to be called almost anything, so long as she was permitted to stay with her new friend. Already the bos'n had taken charge of the deck and the rest of the ship's company: Captain Cy and "Lonesome," the cat, obeyed her orders.

On the second Sunday morning after her arrival "Bos'n" suggested that she and Captain Cy go to church.

"Mother and I always went at home," she said. "And Auntie Oliver used to say meeting was a good thing for those that needed it."

"Think I need it, do you?" asked the captain who, in shirt sleeves and slippers, had prepared for a quiet forenoon with his pipe and the *Boston Transcript*.

"I don't know, sir. I heard what you said when Lonesome ate up the steak, and I thought maybe you hadn't been for a long time. I guess churches are different in South America."

So they went to church and sat in the old Whittaker pew. The captain had been there once before, when he first returned to Bayport, but the sermon was more somnolent than edifying and he hadn't repeated the experiment. The pair attracted much attention. Fragments of a conversation, heard by Captain Cy as they emerged into the vestibule, had momentous consequences.

"Kind of a pretty child, ain't she?" commented Mrs. Eben Salters, patting her false front into place under the eaves of her Sunday bonnet.

"Pretty enough in the face," sniffed Mrs. "Tad" Simpson, who was wearing her black silk for the first time since its third making-over. "Pretty enough that way, I s'pose. But, my land! look at the way she's rigged. Old dress, darned and patched up and all outgrown! If I had Cy Whittaker's money I'd be ashamed to have a relation of mine come to meetin' that way. Even if her folks was poorer'n Job's off ox I'd spend a little on my own account and trust to getting it back some time. I'd have more care for my own self-respect. Look at Alicia Atkins. See how nice she looks. Them feathers on her hat must have cost somethin', I bet you. Howdy do, 'Licia, dear? When's your pa comin' home?"



*"I should say that was a real stylish rig-out."*

The Honorable Heman had left town on a business trip to the South. Alicia was accompanied by the Atkins housekeeper and, as usual, was garbed regardless of expense.

Mrs. Salters smiled sweetly upon the Atkins heir and then added, in a church whisper: "Don't she look sweet? I agree with you, Sarah; it is strange how Captain Whittaker lets his little niece go. And him rich!"

"Niece?" repeated Mrs. Simpson, eagerly. "Who said 'twas his niece? I heard 'twas a child he'd adopted out of a home. There's all sorts of queer yarns about. I— Oh, good mornin', Cap'n Cyrus! How do you do?"

The captain grunted an answer to the effect that he was bearing up pretty well, considering. There was a scowl on his face and he spoke little as, holding Emily by the hand, he led the way home. That

evening he dropped in at the perfect boarding house and begged to know if Mrs. Bangs had any "fashion books" around that she didn't want.

"I mean—er—er—magazines with pictures of women's duds in 'em," he stammered, in explanation. "Bos'n likes to look at 'em. She's great on fashion books, Bos'n is."

Keturah got together a half dozen numbers of the *Home Dressmaker* and other periodicals of a similar nature. The captain took them under his arm and departed, whispering to Mr. Tidditt, as he passed the latter in the hall:

"Come up by and by, Ase. I want to talk to you. Bring Bailey along, if you can do it without startin' divorce proceedings."

Later, when the trio gathered in the Whittaker sitting room, Captain Cy produced the "fashion books" and spoke concerning them.



"You see," he said, "I—I've been thinkin' that Bos'n—Emily, that is, wa'n't rigged exactly the way she ought to be. Have you fellers noticed it?"

His friends seemed surprised. Neither was ready with an immediate answer, so the captain went on.

"Course I don't mean she ain't got canvas enough to cover her spars," he explained; "but what she has got has seen consider'ble weather, and it seemed to me 'twas pretty nigh time to haul her into dry dock and refit. That's why I borrowed these magazines of Ketury. I've been lookin' them over and there seems to be plenty of riggin' for small craft; the only thing is I don't know what's the right cut of her build. Bailey, you're a married man; you ought to know somethin' about women's clothes. What do you think of this, now?"

He opened one of the magazines and pointed to the picture of a young girl, with a waspy waist and Lilliputian feet, who, arrayed in flounces and furbelows, was toddling gingerly down a flight of marble steps. She carried a parasol in one hand, and the other held the end of a chain to which a long-haired dog was attached.

The town clerk and his companion inspected the young lady with deliberation and interest.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Captain Cy.

"I don't care much for them kind of dogs," observed Asaph, thoughtfully.

"Good land! you don't s'pose they heave the dog in with the clothes, for good measure, do you? Bailey, what's your opinion?"

Mr. Bangs looked wise.

"I should say—" he said, "yes, sir, I should say that was a real stylish rig-out. Only thing is, that girl is consider'ble less fleshy than Emily. This one looks to me as if she was breakin' in two amidships. Still, I s'pose likely the duds don't come ready made, so they could be let out some, to fit. What's the price of a suit like that, Whit?"

The captain looked at the printed number beneath the fashion plate and then turned to the description in the text.

"'Afternoon gown for miss of sixteen,' he read. "Humph! that settles that, first crack. Bos'n ain't but half of sixteen."

"Anyway," put in Asaph, "you need somethin' she could wear forenoons, if she wanted to. What's this one? She looks young enough."

The "one" referred to turned out to be a "coat for child of four." It was therefore scornfully rejected. One after another the different magazines were examined and the pictures discussed. At length a "costume for miss of eight years" was pronounced to be pretty nearly the thing.

"Godfrey scissors!" exclaimed the admiring Mr. Tidditt. "That's mighty swell, ain't it? What's the stuff goes into that, Cy?"

"Material, batiste, trimmed with embroidered batiste.' What in time is batiste?"

"I don't know. Do you, Bailey?"

"No; never heard of it. Ketury never had nothin' like that, I'm sure. French, I shouldn't wonder. Well, Ketury's down on the French ever sence she read about Napoleon leavin' his fust wife to take up with another woman. Does it say any more?"

"Let's see. 'Makes a beautiful gown for evening or summer wear.' Summer! Why, by the big dipper, we're aground again! Bos'n don't want summer clothes. It's comin' on winter."

He threw the magazine on the floor, rubbed his forehead, and then burst into a laugh.

"For goodness sake don't tell anybody about this business, boys!" he said. "I guess I must be havin' an early spring of second childhood. But when I heard those women at the meetin' house goin' on about how pretty 'Licia Atkins was got up and how mean and shabby Bos'n looked, it made me bile. And, by the big dipper, I will show 'em somethin' afore I get through, too! Only, dressin' little girls is some off my usual course. Bailey, does Ketury make her own duds?"

"Why, no! 'Course she helps and stands by for orders, but Effie Taylor comes and takes the wheel while the riggin's goin' on. Effie's a dressmaker and——"

"There! See, Ase? It is some good to have a married man aboard, after all. A dressmaker's what we want. I'll hunt up Effie to-morrow."

And hunt her up he did, with the result

that Miss Taylor came to the Whittaker place each day during the following week and Emily was, as the captain said, "rigged out fresh from main truck to keelson." In this "rigging" Captain Cy and his two partners—Josiah Dimick had already christened the pair "The Board of Strategy"—took a marked interest. They were on hand when each new garment was tried on, and they approved or criticised as seemed to them best.

"Ain't that kind of sober lookin' for a young one like Bos'n?" asked the captain, referring to one of the new gowns. "I don't want her to look as if she was dressed cheap."

"Land sakes!" mumbled Miss Taylor, her mouth full of pins, "there ain't anything cheap about it, and you'll find it out when you get the bill. That's a nice, rich, sensible suit."

"I know, but it's so everlastin' quiet! Don't you think a little yellow and black or some red strung along the yards would sort of liven it up? Why! you ought to see them Greaser girls down in South America of a Sunday afternoon. Color! and go! Jerushy! they'd pretty nigh knock your eye out."

The dressmaker sniffed disdain.

"Cap'n Whittaker," she retorted, "if you want this child to look like an Indian squaw or a barber's pole you'll have to get somebody else to do it. I'm used to dressing Christians, not yeller and black heathen women. Red strung along a skirt like that! I never did!"

"There, there, Effie! Don't get the barometer fallin'. I was only suggestin', you know. What do you think, Bos'n?"

"Why, Uncle Cyrus, I don't believe I should like red very much; nor the other colors either. I like this just as it is."

"So? Well, you're the doctor. Maybe you're right. I wouldn't want you to look like a barber's pole. Don't love Tad Simpson enough to want to advertise his business."

Miss Taylor's coming had other results besides the refitting of "Bos'n." She found much fault with the captain's housekeeping. It developed that her sister Georgianna, who had been working in a Brockton shoe shop, was now at home and might be engaged to attend to the household duties at the Whittaker establishment, provided

she was allowed to "go home nights." Georgianna was engaged, on trial, and did well. So that problem was solved.

School in Bayport opens the first week in October. Of late, there has been a movement, headed by some of the townspeople who think city ways are best, to have the term begin in September. But this idea has little chance of success as long as cranberry picking continues to be our leading industry. So many of the children help out the family means by picking cranberries in the fall that school, until the picking season is over, would be slimly attended.

The last week in September found us all discussing the coming of the new downstairs teacher, Miss Phoebe Dawes. Since it was definitely settled that she was to come, the opposition had died down and was less openly expressed; but it was there, all the same, beneath the surface. Congressman Atkins had accepted the surprising defiance of his wish with calm dignity and the philosophy of the truly great who are not troubled by trifles. His lieutenant, Tad Simpson, quoted him as saying that, of course, the will of the school committee was paramount, and he, as all good citizens should, bowed to their verdict. "Far be it from me," so the great man proclaimed, "to desire that my opinion should carry more weight than that of the humblest of my friends and neighbors. Speaking as one whose knowledge of the world was, perhaps—er—more extensive than—er—others, I favored the Normal School candidate. But the persons chosen to select thought—or appeared to think otherwise. I therefore say nothing and await developments."

This attitude was considered by most of us to reflect credit upon Mr. Atkins. There were a few scoffers, however. When the proclamation was repeated to Captain Cy he smiled.

"Alpheus," he said to Mr. Smalley, his informant, "you didn't use to know Deacon Zeb Clark, who lived up by the salt works in my granddad's time, hey? No, course you didn't! Well, the deacon was a great believer in his own judgment. One time, it bein' Saturday, his wife wanted him to pump the washtub full and take a bath. He said, no; said the cistern was awful low and 'twould use up all the

water. She said no such thing; there was water a-plenty. To prove she was wrong he went and pried the cistern cover off to look, and fell in. Mrs. Clark peeked down and saw him there, standin' up to his neck.

"'Tabby,' says he, 'you would have your way and I'm takin' the bath. But you can see for yourself that we'll have to cart water from now on. However, I ain't responsible; throw me down the soap and towel.'"

"Humph!" grunted Smalley, "I don't see what that's got to do with it. Heman ain't takin' no bath."

"I don't know's it's got anything to do with it. But he kind of made me think of Zeb, all the same."

The first day of school was, of course, a Monday. On Sunday afternoon Captain Cy and Bos'n went for a walk. These walks had become a regular part of the Sabbath programme, the weather, of course, permitting. After church the pair came home for dinner. The meal being eaten, the captain would light a cigar—a pipe was now hardly "dressed-up" enough for Sunday—and, taking his small partner by the hand, would lead the way across the fields, through the pines and down by the meadow "short cut" to the cemetery. The cemetery is a favorite Sabbath resort for the natives of Bayport, who usually speak of it as the graveyard. It is a pleasant, shady spot, and to visit it is considered quite respectable and in keeping with the day and a due regard for decorum. The ungodly, meaning the summer boarders and the village no-accounts, seem to prefer the beach and the fish houses, but the cemetery attracts the churchgoers. One may gossip concerning the probable cost of a new tombstone and still remain faithful to the most rigid creed.

Captain Cy was not, strictly speaking, a religious man, according to Bayport standards. Between his attendance to churchly duties and that of the Honorable Heman Atkins there was a great gulf fixed. But he rather liked to visit the graveyard on Sunday afternoons. His mother had been used to stroll there with him, in his boyhood, and it pleased him to follow in her footsteps.

So he and Bos'n walked along the grass-covered paths, between the iron-fenced "lots" of the well-to-do and the humble

mounds and simple slabs where the poor were sleeping; past the sumptuous granite shaft of the Atkins lot and the tilted mossy stone which told how "Edwin Simpson, our only son," had been "accidentally shot in the West Indies"; out through the back gate and up the hill to the pine grove overlooking the bay. Here, on a scented carpet of pine needles, they sat them down to rest and chat.

Emily, her small knees drawn up and encircled by her arms, looked out across the flats, now half covered with the rising tide. It was a mild day, more like August than October, and there was almost no wind. The sun was shining on the shallow water, and the sand beneath it showed yellow, checkered and marbled with dark green streaks and patches where the weed-bordered channels wound tortuously. On the horizon the sand hills of Wellmouth notched the blue sky. The girl drew a long breath.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Isn't this just lovely! I do like the sea an awful lot."

"That's natural enough," replied her companion. "There's a big streak of salt water in your blood on your ma's side. It pulls, that kind of a streak does. There's days when I feel uneasy every minute and hanker for a deck underneath me. The settin' room floor stays altogether too quiet on a day like that; I'd like to feel it heavin' over a ground swell."

"Say, Bos'n," he said, a few minutes later; "I've been thinkin' about you. You've been to school, haven't you?"

"'Course I have," was the rather indignant answer. "I went two years in Concord. Mamma used to help me nights, too. I can read almost all the little words. Don't I help you read your paper most every night?"

"Sartin you do! Yes, yes! Well, our school opens to-morrow and I've been thinkin' that maybe you'd better go. There's a new teacher comin', and I hear she's pretty good."

"Don't you know? Why, Mr. Tidditt said you was the one that got her to come here!"

"Yes; well, Asaph says most everything but his prayers. Still, he ain't fur off this time; I cal'late I was some responsible for her bein' voted in. Yet I don't really know anything about her. You see, I—well,



"*'Scat! Go home!' ordered the lady.*"

never mind. What do you think? Want to go?"

Bos'n looked troubled.

"I'd like to," she said. "'Course I want to learn how to read the big words, too. But I like to stay at home with you more."

"You do, hey? Sho, sho! Well, I guess I can get along between times. Georgi-anna's there to keep me straight and she'll see to the dust and the dishes. I guess you'd better go to-morrer mornin' and see how you like it, anyhow."

The child thought for a moment.

"I think you're awful good," she said.

"I like you next to mamma; even better than Auntie Oliver. I printed a letter to her the other day. I told her you were better than we expected and I had decided to live with you always."

Captain Cy was startled. Considering that, only the day before, he had repeated to Bailey the declaration that the arrangement was but temporary, and that Betsy Howes was escaping responsibility only for a month or so, he scarcely knew what to say.

"Humph!" he grunted. "You've decided it, have you? Well, we'll see. Now you trot around and have a good time. I'm goin' to have another smoke. I'll be here when you get back."

Bos'n wandered off in search of late golden-rod. The captain smoked and meditated. By and by the puffs were less frequent and the cigar went out. It fell from his fingers. With his back against a pine tree Captain Cy dozed peacefully.

He awoke with a jump. Something had awakened him, but he did not know what. He blinked and gazed about him. Then he heard a faint scream.

"Uncle!" screamed Bos'n. "O—o—o—h! Uncle Cyrus, help me! Come quick!"

The next moment the captain was plunging through the scrub of huckleberry and bayberry bushes, bumping into pines and smashing the branches aside as he ran in the direction of the call.

Back of the pine grove was a big inclosed pasture nearly a quarter of a mile long. Its rear boundary was the iron fence of the cemetery. The other three sides were marked by rail fences and a stone wall. As the captain floundered from the grove and vaulted the rail fence he swore aloud.

"By the big dipper," he groaned, "it's that cussed heifer! I forgot her. Keep dodgin', Bos'n girl! I'm comin'."

The pasture was tenanted by a red and white cow belonging to Sylvanus Cahoon.

Whether or not the animal had, during her calfhood days, been injured by a woman is not known; possibly her behavior was due merely to innate depravity. At any rate, she cherished a mortal hatred toward human beings of her own sex. With men and boys she was meek enough, but no person wearing skirts, and alone, might venture in that field without being chased by that cow. What would happen if the pursued one was caught could only be surmised, for, so far, no female had permitted herself to be caught. Few would come even so near as the other side of the pasture walls.

Bos'n had forgotten the cow. She had gone from one golden-rod clump to another until she had traversed nearly the length of the field. Then the vicious creature had appeared from behind a knoll in the pasture and, head down and bellowing wickedly, had rushed upon her. When the captain reached the far-off fence the little girl was dodging from one dwarf pine to the next, with the cow in pursuit. The pines were few and Bos'n was nearly at the end of her defenses.

"Help!" she screamed. "Oh, uncle, where are you? What shall I do?"

Captain Cy roared in answer.

"Keep it up!" he yelled. "I'm a-comin'! Shoo! you everlastin' critter! I'll break your back for you!"

The cow didn't understand English it seemed, even such vigorous English as the captain was using. Emily dodged to the last pine. The animal was close upon her. Her rescuer was still far away.

And then the cemetery gate opened and another person entered the pasture. A small person—a woman. She said nothing, but picking up her skirts, ran straight toward the cow, heedless of the latter's reputation and vicious appearance. One hand clutched the gathered skirts. In the other she held a book.

"Don't be scared, dear," she called reassuringly. Then to the cow: "Stop it! Go away, you wicked thing!"

The animal heard the voice and turned. Seeing that the newcomer was only a woman, she lowered her head and pawed the ground.

"Run for the gate, little girl," commanded the rescuer. "Run quick!" Bos'n obeyed. She made a desperate dash from her pine across the open space, and in an-

other moment was safe inside the cemetery fence.

"Scat! Go home!" ordered the lady, advancing toward the cow and shaking the book at her, as if the volume was some sort of deadly weapon. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself! Go away! You needn't growl at me! I'm not a bit afraid of you."

The "growling" was the muttered bel-low with which the cow was wont to terrorize her feminine victims. But this victim refused to be terrorized. Instead of screaming and running she continued to advance, brandishing the book and repeating her orders that the creature "go home" at once. The cow did not know what to make of it. Before she could decide whether to charge or retreat, a good-sized stick descended upon her back with a "whack" that settled the question. Captain Cy had reached the scene of battle.

Then the rescuer's courage seemed to desert her, for she ran back to the cemetery even faster than she had run from it. When the indignant captain, having pursued and chastised the cow until the stick was but a splintered remnant, reached the haven behind the iron fence, he found her soothing the frightened Bos'n who was sobbing and hysterical.

Emily saw her "Uncle Cyrus" coming and rushed into his arms. He picked her up and, holding her with a grip which testified to the nerve strain he had been under, stepped forward to meet the stranger, whose coming had been so opportune.

And she *was* a stranger. The captain knew most of Bayport's inhabitants by this time, or thought he did, but he did not know her. She was a small woman, quietly dressed, and her hair, under a neat black and white hat, was brown. The hat was now a trifle on one side and the hair was the least bit disarranged, an effect not at all unbecoming. She was tucking in the stray wisps as the captain, with Bos'n in his arms, came up.

"Well, ma'am!" puffed Captain Cy. "Well, ma'am! I must say that was the slickest, pluckiest thing ever I saw anywhere. I don't know what would—I—I declare I don't know how to thank you."

The lady looked at him a moment before replying. Then she began to laugh, a jolly laugh that was pleasant to hear.



"Don't try, please," she said, chokingly. "It wasn't anything. Oh, mercy me! I'm all out of breath. You see, I had been warned about that cow when I started to walk this afternoon. So when I saw her chasing your poor little girl here I knew right away what was the matter. It must have been foolish enough to look at. I'm used to dogs and cats, but I haven't had many pet cows. I told her to 'go home' and to 'scat' and all sorts of things. Wonder I didn't tell her to lie down! And the way I shook that ridiculous book at her was——"

She laughed again and the captain and Bos'n joined in the laugh, in spite of the fright they both had experienced.

"That book was dry enough to frighten almost anything," continued the lady. "It was one I took from the table before I left the place where I'm staying, and a duller collection of sermons I never saw. Oh, dear! . . . there! Is my hat any more respectable now?"

"Yes'm. It's about on an even keel, I should say. But I must tell you, ma'am, you done simply great and——"

"Seems to me the people who own that cow must be a poor set to let her make such a nuisance of herself. Did your daughter run away from you?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, she ain't really my daughter. Bos'n here—that's my nickname for her, ma'am—she and I was out walkin'. I set down in the pines and I guess I must have dozed off. Anyhow, when I woke up she was gone, and the first thing I knew of this scrape was hearin' her hail."

The little woman's manner changed. Her gray eyes flashed indignantly.

"You dozed off?" she repeated. "With a little girl in your charge, and in the very next lot to that cow? Didn't you know the creature chased women and girls?"

"Why, yes; I'd heard of it, but——"

"It wasn't Uncle Cyrus's fault," put in Bos'n, eagerly. "It was mine. I went away by myself."

Beyond shifting her gaze to the child the lady paid no attention to this remark.

It was Emily's best gown, the finest of the new "rig-out" prepared by Miss Taylor. The girl and Captain Cy gazed ruefully at the rents and pitch stains made by the vines and pine trees.

"What do you think her mother 'll say when she sees that dress?" she asked.

"Well, you see," replied the abashed captain, "the fact is, she ain't got any mother."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, and hers, too, poor dear. Hum! Well, if I were you I shouldn't go to sleep next time I took her walking. Good afternoon."

She turned and calmly walked down the path. At the bend she spoke again.

"I should be gentle with her, if I were you," she said. "Her nerves are pretty well upset. Besides, if you'll excuse my saying so, I don't think she is the one that needs scolding."

They thought she had gone, but she turned once more to add a final suggestion.

"I think that dress could be fixed," she said, "if you took it to someone who knows about such things."

She disappeared amidst the graveyard shrubbery. Captain Cy and Bos'n slowly followed her. From the pasture the red and white cow sent after them a broken-spirited "Moo!"

Bos'n was highly indignant. During the homeward walk she sputtered like a damp firecracker.

"The idea of her talking so to you, Uncle Cyrus!" she exclaimed. "It wasn't your fault at all."

The captain smiled one-sidedly.

"I don't know about that, shipmate," he said. "I wouldn't wonder if she was more than half right. But say! she was all business and no frills, wasn't she! Ha, ha! How she did spunk up to that heifer! Who in the dickens do you cal'late she is?"

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE "COW LADY"

THAT question was answered the very next day. Bos'n carefully dressed by Georgianna, under the captain's supervision, and weighted down with advice and counsel from the latter, started for the schoolhouse at a quarter to nine. Only a sense of shame kept Captain Cy from walking to school with her. He spent a miserable forenoon. They were quite the longest three hours in his varied experience. The house was dreadfully lonely. He wandered from kitchen to sitting room, worried

Georgianna, woke up the cat, and made a complete nuisance of himself. Twelve o'clock found him leaning over the gate and looking eagerly in the direction of the schoolhouse.

Bos'n ran all the way home. She was in a high state of excitement.

"What do you think, Uncle Cyrus?" she cried. "What *do* you think? I've found out who the cow lady is!"

"The cow lady? Oh! yes, yes! Have you? Who is she?"

"She's teacher, that's who she is!"

The captain was astonished.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Phœbe Dawes? You don't say so! Well, well!"

"Yes, sir. When I went into school and found her sitting there I was so surprised I didn't know what to do. She knew me, too, and said good morning and was I all right again and was my dress really as bad as it looked to be? I told her that Georgianna thought she could fix it, and if she couldn't, her sister could. She said that was nice, and then 'twas time for school to begin."

"Did she say anything about me?" inquired Captain Cy, when they were seated at the dinner table.

"Oh, yes! I forgot. She must have found out who you are, 'cause she said she was surprised that a man who had made his money out of hides should have been so careless about the creatures that wore 'em."

"Humph! How'd she get along with the young ones in school?"

It appeared that she had gotten along very well with them. Some of the bigger boys in the back seats, cherishing pleasant memories of the "fun" they had had under Miss Seabury's easy-going rule, attempted to repeat their performances of the previous term. But the very first "spitball" which spattered upon the blackboard proved a disastrous missile for its thrower.

"She made him clean the board," proclaimed Bos'n, big-eyed and awe-struck, "and then he had to stand in the corner. He was Bennie Edwards, and he's most thirteen. Miss Seabury, they said, couldn't do anything with him, but teacher said 'Go,' as quiet as could be and just looked at him, and he went. And he's most as tall as she is. He did look so silly!"

The Edwards youth was not the only one who was made to "look silly" by little

Miss Dawes, during the first days of her stay in Bayport. She dealt with the unruly members of her classes as bravely as she had faced the Cahoon cow, and the results were just as satisfactory. She was strict, but she was impartial, and Alicia Atkins found, to her great surprise, that the daughter of a Congressman was expected to study as faithfully and behave herself as well as freckled-faced Noah Hamlin, whose father peddled fish and whose every-day costume was a checkered "jumper" and patched overalls.

The school committee—that is, the majority of it—was delighted with the new teacher. Lemuel Myrick boasted loudly of his good judgment in voting for her. But Tad Simpson and Darius Ellis and others of the Atkins following still scoffed and hinted at trouble in the future.

"A new broom sweeps fine," quoted Mr. Simpson. "She's doin' all right now, maybe. Anyway, the young ones are behavin' themselves, but discipline ain't the whole thing. Heman told me that the teacher he wanted could talk the French language and play music and all kinds of accomplishments. Phœbe—not findin' any fault with her, you understand—don't know no more about music than a hen; my wife says she don't even sing in church loud enough for anybody to hear her. And as for French! why everybody knows she uses the commonest sort of United States, just as easy to understand as what I'm sayin' now."

Miss Dawes boarded at the perfect boarding house. There opinion was divided concerning her. Bailey and Mr. Tid-ditt liked her, but the feminine boarders were not so favorably impressed.

"I think she's altogether too pert about what don't concern her," commented Angeline Phinney. "Sarah Emma Simpson dropped in t'other day to dinner, and we church folks got to talkin' about the minister's preachin' such 'advanced' sermons. And Sarah Emma told how'd she heard he said he'd known some real moral Universalists in his time, or some such unreligious foolishness. And I said I wondered he didn't get a new tail coat; the one he preached in Sundays was old as the hills and so outgrown it wouldn't scarcely button across him. 'A man bein' paid nine hundred a year,' I says, 'ought to dress decent, anyhow.' And that Phœbe Dawes

speaks up, without bein' asked, and says for her part she'd rather hear a broad man in a narrer coat than t'other way about. 'Twas a regular slap in the face for me, and Sarah Emma and I ain't got over it yet."

Captain Cy heard the gossip concerning the new teacher and it rather pleased him.

quick to learn. She was not a saint, however, and occasionally misbehaved in school and was punished for it. One afternoon she did not return at her usual hour. Captain Cy was waiting at the gate when Asaph Tidditt happened along. Bailey, too, was with him.



"I don't think we need to say any more. Good day."

She appeared to be independent, and he liked independence. He met her once or twice on the street, but she merely bowed and passed on. Once he tried to thank her again for her part in the cow episode, but she would not listen to him.

Bos'n was making good progress with her studies. She was naturally a bright child—not the marvel the captain and the "Board of Strategy" considered her, but

"Waitin' for Bos'n, was you?" asked the town clerk. "Well, you'll have to wait quite a spell, I cal'late. She's been kept after school."

"Yes; and she's got to write fifty lines of copy," added Bailey.

Captain Cy was highly indignant.

"Get out!" he cried. "She ain't neither."

"Yes, she has, too. One of the Salters

young ones told me. I knew you'd be mad, though I s'pose folks that didn't know her's well's we do would say she's no different from other children."

This was close to heresy, according to the captain's opinion.

"She ain't!" he cried. "I'd like to know why not! If she ain't twice as smart as the run of young ones 'round here then—Humph! And she's kept after school! Well, now; I won't have it! There's enough time for studyin' without wearin' out her brains after hours. Oh, I guess you're mistaken."

"No, we ain't. I tell you, Whit, if I was you I'd make a fuss about this. She's a smart child, Bos'n is; I never see a smarter. And she ain't any too strong."

"That's so, she ain't." The idea that Emily's health was "delicate" had become a fixed fact in the minds of the captain and the "Board." It made a good excuse for the systematic process of "spoiling" the girl, which the indulgent three were doing their best to carry on.

"I wouldn't let her be kept, Cy," urged Bailey. "Why don't you go right off and see Phœbe and settle this thing? You've got a right to talk to her. She wouldn't be teacher if it wasn't for you."

Asaph added his arguments to those of Mr. Bangs. Captain Cy, carried away by his firm belief that Bos'n was a paragon of all that was brilliant and good, finally yielded.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "Come on! That poor little thing shan't be put upon by nobody."

The trio marched majestically down the hill. As they neared the schoolhouse Bailey's courage began to fail. Miss Dawes was a boarder at his house, and he feared consequences should Keturah learn of his interference.

"I—I guess you don't need me," he stammered. "The three of us 'll scare that teacher woman most to death. And she's so little and meek, you know. If I should lose my temper and rear up I might say somethin' that would hurt her feelin's. I'll set on the fence and wait for you and Ase, Whit."

Mr. Tidditt's scornful comments concerning "white feathers" and "backsliders" had no effect. Mr. Bangs perched himself on the fence.

"Give it to her, fellers!" he called after them. "Talk Dutch to her! Let her know that there's one child she can't abuse."

At the foot of the steps Asaph paused.

"Say, Cy," he whispered, "don't you think I better not go in? It ain't really my business, you know, and—and— Well, I'm on the s'lectmen and she might be frightened if she see me pouncin' down on her. 'Tain't as if I was just a common man. I'll go and set along of Bailey and you go in and talk quiet to her. She'd feel so sort of ashamed if there was anyone else to hear the rakin' over—hey?"

"Now, see here, Ase!" expostulated the captain; "I don't like to do this all by myself. Besides, 'twas you chaps put me up to it. You ain't goin' to pull out of the race and leave me to go over the course alone, are you? Come on! what are you afraid of?"

His companion hotly denied that he was "afraid" of anything. He had all sorts of arguments to back his decision. At last Captain Cy lost patience.

"Well, *be* a skulk, if you want to!" he declared. "I've set out to see this thing through, and I'm goin' to do it. Only," he muttered, as he entered the downstairs vestibule, "I wish I didn't feel quite so much as if I was stealin' hen's eggs."

Miss Dawes herself opened the door in response to his knock.

"Oh, it's you, Cap'n Whittaker," she said. "Come in, please."

Captain Cy entered the schoolroom. It was empty, save for the teacher and himself and one little girl, who, seated at a desk, was writing busily. She looked up and blushed a vivid red. The little girl was Bos'n.

"Sit down, Cap'n," said Miss Phœbe, indicating the visitor's chair. "What was it you wanted to see me about?"

The captain accepted the invitation to be seated, but he did not immediately reply to Miss Dawes's question. He dropped his hat on the floor, crossed his legs, uncrossed them, and then observed that it was pretty summery weather for so late in the fall. The teacher admitted the truth of his assertion and waited for him to continue.

"I—I s'pose school's pretty full, now that cranb'ryin' 's over," said Captain Cy.

"Yes, pretty full."



*"Look here, you two! how would I look on the school committee?"*

"Gettin' along first rate with the scholars, I hear."

"Yes."

This was a most unpromising beginning, really no beginning at all. The captain cleared his throat, set his teeth, and, without looking at his companion, dove headlong into the business which had brought him there.

"Miss Dawes," he said, "I—I s'pose you know that Bos'n—I mean Emily there—is livin' at my house and that I'm takin' care of her for—for the present."

The lady smiled.

"Yes," she said. "I gathered as much from what you said when we first met."

She herself had said one or two things on that occasion, Captain Cy remembered them distinctly.

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily. "Well, my doin's that time wasn't exactly the best sample of the care, I will say. Wa'n't even a fair sample, maybe. I try to do my best with the child, long as she stays with me,

and—er—and—er—I'm pretty particular about her health."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Yes. Now, Miss Phœbe, I appreciate what you did for Bos'n and me that Sunday, and I'm thankful for it. I've tried to thank——"

"I know. Please don't say any more about it. I imagine there is something else you want to say, isn't there?"

"Why, yes, there is. I—I heard that Emmie had been kept after school. I didn't believe it, of course, but I thought I'd run up and see what——"

He hesitated. The teacher finished the sentence for him.

"To see if it was true?" she said. "It is. I told her to stay and write fifty lines."

"You did? Well, now that's what I wanted to speak to you about. 'Course I ain't interferin' in your affairs, you know, but I just wanted to explain about Bos'n—Emmie I mean. She ain't a common child; she's got too much head for the rest of her,



If you'd lived with her same as I have you'd appreciate it. Her health's delicate."

"Is it? She seems strong enough to me. I haven't noticed any symptoms."

"Course not, else you wouldn't have kept her in. But I know, and I think it's my duty to tell you. Never mind if she can't do quite so much writin'. I'd rather she wouldn't; she might bust a blood vessel or somethin'. Such things *have* happened to extry smart young ones. You just let her trot along home with me now and——"

"Cap'n Whittaker," Miss Dawes had risen to her feet with a determined expression on her face.

"Yes, ma'am," said the captain, rising also.

"Cap'n Whittaker," repeated the teacher. "I'm very glad that you called. I've been rather expecting you might, because of certain things I have heard."

"You heard? What was it you heard—if you don't mind my askin'?"

"No, I don't, because I think we must have an understanding about Emily. I have heard that you allow her to do as she pleases at home; in other words, that you are spoiling her, and——"

"*Spoilin'* her! I spoilin' her? Who told you such an unlikely yarn as that? I ain't the kind to spoil anybody. Why, I'm so strict that I'm ashamed of myself sometimes."

He honestly believed he was. Miss Phœbe calmly continued.

"Of course, what you do at home is none of my business. I shouldn't mention it anyhow, if you hadn't called, because I pay very little attention to town talk, having lived in this county all my life and knowing what gossip amounts to. I like Emily; she's a pretty good little girl and well behaved, as children go. But this you must understand. She can't be spoiled here. She whispered this afternoon, twice. She has been warned often, and knows the rule. I kept her after school because she broke that rule, and if she breaks it again, she will be punished again. I kept the Edwards boy two hours yesterday and——"

"Edwards boy! Do you mean to compare that—that young rip of a Ben Edwards with a girl like Bos'n? I never heard——"

"I'm not comparing anybody. I'm trying to be fair to every scholar in this room.

And, so long as Emily behaves herself, she shall be treated accordingly. When she doesn't she shall be punished. You must understand that."

"But Ben Edwards! Why, he's a wooden-head, same as his dad was afore him! And Emmie's the smartest scholar in this town."

"Oh, no, she isn't! She's a good scholar, but there are others just as good and even quicker to learn."

This was piling one insult upon another. Other children as brilliant as Bos'n! Captain Cy was bursting with righteous indignation.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Well! for a teacher that we've called to——"

"And that's another thing," broke in Miss Dawes, quickly. "I've been told that you, Cap'n Whittaker, are the one directly responsible for my being chosen for this place. I don't say that you are presuming on that, but——"

"I ain't! I never thought of such a thing!"

"But if you are you mustn't, that's all. I didn't ask for the position and, now that I've got it, I shall try to fill it without regard to one person more than another. Emily stays here until her lines are written. I don't think we need to say any more. Good day."

She opened the door. Captain Cy picked up his hat, swallowed hard, and stepped across the threshold. Then Miss Phœbe added one more remark.

"Cap'n," she said, "when you were in command of a ship did you allow outsiders to tell you how to treat the fo'mast sailors?"

The captain opened his mouth to reply. He wanted to reply very much, but somehow he couldn't find a satisfying answer to that question.

"Ma'am," he said, "all I can say is that if you'd been in South America, same as I have, and seen the way them half-breed young ones act, you'd——"

The teacher smiled, in spite of an apparent effort not to.

"Perhaps so," she said, "but this is Massachusetts. And—well, Emily isn't a half-breed."

Captain Cy strode through the vestibule. Just before the door closed behind him he heard a stifled sob from poor Bos'n.



"So get every vote you can. Never mind how; just get 'em."

The Board of Strategy was waiting at the end of the yard. Its members were filled with curiosity.

"Did you give it to her good?" demanded Asaph. "Did you let her understand we wouldn't put up with such cruelizin'?"

"Where's Bos'n?" asked Mr. Bangs.

Their friend's answers were brief and tantalizingly incomplete. He walked homeward at a gait which caused plump little Bailey to puff in his efforts to keep up, and he would say almost nothing about the interview in the schoolroom.

"Well," said Mr. Tidditt, when they reached the Whittaker gate, "I guess she knows her place now; hey, Cy? I cal'late she'll be careful who she keeps after school from now on."

"Didn't use no profane language, did you, Cy?" asked Bailey. "I hope not, 'cause she might have you took up just out of spite. Did she ask your pardon for her actions?"

"No!" roared the captain, savagely. Then, banging the gate behind him, he strode up the yard and into the house.

Bos'n came home a half hour later. Captain Cy was alone in the sitting room, seated in his favorite rocker and moodily staring at nothing in particular. The girl gazed at him for a moment and then climbed into his lap.

"I wrote my fifty lines, Uncle Cyrus," she said. "Teacher said I'd done them very nicely, too."

The captain grunted.

"Uncle Cy," whispered Bos'n, putting her arms around his neck, "I'm awful sorry I was so bad."

"Bad? Who—you? You couldn't be bad if you wanted to. Don't talk that way or I'll say somethin' I hadn't ought to."

"Yes, I could be bad, too. I was bad. I whispered."

"Whispered! What of it? That ain't nothin'. When I was a young one in school I used to whis— Hum! Well, anyhow, don't you think any more about it. 'Tain't worth while."

They rocked quietly for a time. Then Bos'n said:

"Uncle Cyrus, don't you like teacher?"

"Hey? Like her? Well, if that ain't a question? Yes, I like her about as well as Lonesome likes Eben Salter's dog."

"I'm sorry. I like her ever so much."

"You *do*? Go 'long! After the way she treated you, poor little thing!"

"She didn't treat me any worse than she does the other girls and boys when they're naughty. And I did know the rule about whispering."

"Well, that's different. Comparin' you with that Bennie Edwards—the idea! And then makin' you cry!"

"She didn't make me cry."

"Did, too. I heard you."

The child looked up at him and then hid her face in his waistcoat.

"I wasn't crying about her," she whispered. "It was you."

"*Me!*" The captain gasped. "Good land!" he muttered. "It's just as I expected. She's studied too hard and it's touchin' her brain."

"No, sir, it isn't. It isn't truly. I did cry about you because I didn't like to hear you talk so. And I was so sorry to have you come there."

"You *was!*"

"Yes, sir. Other children's folks don't come when they're bad. And I kept feeling so sort of ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of *me*?"

Bos'n nodded vigorously.

"Yes, sir. Everything teacher said sounded so right and what you said didn't. And I like to have you always right."

"Do, hey? Hum!" Captain Cy didn't speak again for some few minutes, but he held the little girl very tight in his arms. At length he drew a long breath.

"By the big dipper, Bos'n!" he exclaimed, "you're a wonder, you are. I wouldn't be surprised if you grew up to be a mind reader, like that feller in the show we went to at the townhall a spell ago. To tell you the honest Lord's truth, I've been ashamed of myself ever since I come out of that schoolhouse door. When that teacher woman sprung that on me about my fo'mast hands aboard ship I was set back about forty fathom. I never wanted to answer anybody so bad in *my* life, and I couldn't 'cause there wasn't anything to say. I cal'late I've made a fool of myself."

Bos'n nodded again.

"We won't do so any more, will we?" she said.

"You bet we won't! I won't, anyhow. You haven't done anything."

"And you'll like teacher?"

The captain stamped his foot.

"No, *sir!*" he declared. "She may be all right in her way—I s'pose she is; but it's too Massachusettsy a way for me. No, sir! I don't like her and I *won't* like her. No, sir-ee, never! She—she ain't my kind of a woman," he added, stubbornly. "That's what's the matter! She ain't my kind of a woman."

## CHAPTER IX

### POLITICS AND BIRTHDAYS

"Town meeting" was called for the twenty-first of November.

With the summer boarders gone, the cranberry picking finished, state election over, school begun and under way, and real winter not yet upon us, Bayport, in the late fall, distinctly needs something to enliven it. The Shakespeare Reading Society and the sewing circle continue, of course, to interest the "women folks," there is the usual every evening gathering at Simmons's, and the young people are looking forward to the "Grand Ball" on Thanksgiving eve. But for the men, on week days, there is little to do except to "putter" about the house, banking its foundations with dry seaweed as a precaution against searching no'theasters, whitewashing the barns and outbuildings, or fixing things in the vegetable cellar where the sticks of smoked herring hang in rows above the barrels of cabbages, potatoes, and turnips. The fish weirs, most of them, are taken up, lest the ice, which will be driven into the bay later on, tear the nets to pieces. Even the hens grow lazy and lay less frequently. Therefore, away back in the "airly days," some far-sighted board of selectmen arranged that "town meeting" should be held during this lackadaisical season. A town meeting—and particularly a Bayport town meeting, where everything from personal affairs to religion is likely to be discussed—can stir up excitement when nothing else can.

This year there were several questions to be talked over and settled at town meeting.

Two selectmen, whose terms expired, were candidates for reelection. Lem Myrick had resigned from the school committee, not waiting until spring, as he had announced that he should do. Then there was the usual sentiment in favor of better roads and the usual opposition to it. Also there was the ever-present hope of the government appropriation for harbor improvement.

Mr. Tidditt was one of the selectmen whose term expired. In his dual capacity as selectman and town clerk Asaph felt himself to be a very important personage. To elect some one else in his place would be, he was certain, a calamity which would stagger the township. Therefore he was a busy man and made many calls upon his fellow citizens, not to influence their votes—he was careful to explain that—but just, as he said, “to see how they was gettin’ along,” and because he “thought consider’ble of ’em” and “took a real personal interest, you understand,” in their affairs.

To Captain Cy he came, naturally, for encouragement and help, being—as, was his habit at such times—in a state of gloom and hopeless despair.

“No use, Whit,” he groaned. “Tain’t no use at all. I’m licked. I’m gettin’ old and they don’t want me no more. I guess I’d better get right up afore the votin’ begins and tell ’em my health ain’t strong enough to be town clerk no longer. It’s better to do that than to be licked. Don’t you think so?”

“Sure thing!” replied his friend, with sarcasm. “If I was you I’d be toted in on a bed so they can see you’re all ready for the funeral. Might have the doctor walkin’ ahead, wipin’ his eyes, and the joyful undertaker trottin’ along astern. What’s the particular disease that’s got you by the collar just now—facial paralysis?”

“No. What made you think of that?”

“Oh, nothin’! Only I heard you stopped in at ten houses up to the west end of the town yesterday, and talked three quarters of an hour steady at every one. That would fit me for the scrap heap inside of a week, and you’ve been goin’ it ever since September nearly. What does ail you—anyway?”

“Why, no; nothin’ special that way. Only there don’t seem to be any enthusiasm for me, somehow. I just hint at my bein’

a candidate and folks say ‘Yes, indeed. Looks like rain, don’t it?’ and that’s about all.”

“Well, that hadn’t ought to surprise you. If anybody came to me and says, ‘The sun’s goin’ to rise to-morrer mornin’,’ I shouldn’t dance on my hat and crow hal-lujahs. Enthusiasm! Why, Ase, you’ve been a candidate every two years since Noah got the Ark off the ways, or along there. And there ain’t been any opposition to you yet, except that time when Uncle ’Bial Stickney woke up in the wrong place and hollered ‘No,’ out of principle, thinkin’ he was to home with his wife. If I was you I’d go and take a nap. You’ll read the minutes at selectmen’s meetings for another fifty year, more or less; take my word for it. As for the school committee, that’s different. I ain’t made up my mind about that.”

There had been much discussion concerning the school committee. Who should be chosen to replace Mr. Myrick on the board was the gravest question to come before the meeting. Many names had been proposed at Simmons’s and elsewhere, but some of those named had refused to run, and others had not, after further consideration, seemed the proper persons for the office. In the absence of Mr. Atkins, Tad Simpson was our leader in the political arena. But Tad, so far, had been mute.

“Wait a while,” he said. “There’s some weeks afore town-meetin’ day. This is a serious business. We can’t have no more—I mean no unsuitable man to fill such an important place as that. The welfare of our posterity,” he added, and we all recognized the quotation, “depends upon the choice that’s to be made.”

A choice was made, however, on the very next day but one after this declaration. A candidate announced himself. Asaph and Bailey hurried to the Cy Whittaker place with the news. Captain Cy was in the woodshed, building a doll house for Bos’n. “Just for my own amusement,” he hastily explained. “Somethin’ for her to take along when she goes out West to Betsy.”

Mr. Tidditt was all smiles.

“What do you think, Cy?” he cried. “The new school committee man’s as good as elected. ’Lonzo Snow’s goin’ to take it.”

The captain laid down his plane.

"'Lonzo Snow!" he repeated. "You don't say! Humph! Well, well!"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Bailey. "He's come forward and says it's his duty to do so. He——"

"Humph! His duty, hey? I wonder who pointed it out to him?"

"Well, I don't know. But even Tad Simpson's glad; he says that he knows Heman will be pleased with *that* kind of a candidate and so he won't have to do any more huntin'. He thinks 'Lonzo's comin' out by himself this way is a kind of special Providence."

"Yes, yes! I shouldn't wonder. Did you ever notice how dead sure Tad and his kind are that Providence is workin' with 'em? Seems to me 'twould be more satisfactory if we could get a sight of the other partner's signature to the deed."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Asaph. "You ain't findin' fault with 'Lonzo, are you? Ain't he a good man?"

"Good! Sure thing he's good! Nobody can say he isn't and tell the truth."

No one could truthfully speak ill of Alonzo Snow, that was a fact. He lived at the lower end of the village, was well to do, a leading cranberry grower, and very prominent in the church. A mild, easy-going person was Mr. Snow, with an almost too keen fear of doing the wrong thing and therefore prone to be guided by the opinion of others. He was distinctly not a politician.

"Then what ails you?" asked Asaph, hotly.

"Why, nothin', maybe. Only I'm always suspicious when Tad pats Providence on the back. I generally figure that I can see through a doughnut when there's a light behind the hole. Who is 'Lonzo's best friend in this town? Who does he chum with most of anybody?"

"Why, Darius Ellis, I guess. You know it."

"Um—hum. And Darius is on the committee—why?"

"Well, I s'pose 'cause Heman Atkins thought he'd be a good feller to have there. But——"

"Yes, and 'Lonzo's pew in church is right under the Atkins memorial window. The light from it makes a kind of halo round his bald head every Sunday."

"Well, what of it? Heman, nor nobody else, could buy 'Lonzo Snow."

"Buy him? Indeed they couldn't. But there are some things you get without buyin'—the measles, for instance. And the one that's catchin' 'em don't know he's in danger till the speckles break out. Fellers, this committee voted in Phœbe Dawes by just two votes to one, and one of the two was Lem Myrick. Darius was against her. Now with Tad and his 'Providence' puttin' in 'Lonzo Snow, and Heman Atkins settin' behind the screen workin' his Normal School music box so's they can hear the tune—well, Phœbe *may* stay this term out, but how about next?"

"Hey? Why, I don't know. Anyhow, you're down on Phœbe as a thousand of brick. I don't see why you worry about *her*. After the way she treated poor Bos'n and all."

Captain Cy stirred uneasily and kicked a chip across the floor.

"Well," he said, "well, I—I don't know's that's— That is, right's right and wrong's wrong. I've seen bullfights down yonder—" jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the vague direction of Buenos Ayres, "and every time my sympathy's been with the bull. Not that I loved the critter for his own sake, but because all Greaserdom was out to down him. From what I hear, this Phœbe Dawes—for all her pesky down-East stubbornness—is teachin' pretty well, and anyhow she's one little woman against Tad Simpson and Heman Atkins and—and Tad's special brand of Providence. She deserves a fair shake and, by the big dipper, she's goin' to have it! Look here, you two! how would I look on the school committee?"

"You?" repeated the pair in concert. "You?"

"Yes, me. I ain't a Solomon for wisdom, but I cal'late I'd be as near the top of the barrel as Darius Ellis, and only one or two layers under Eben Salters or 'Lonzo Snow. I'm a candidate—see?"

"But—but, Whit," gasped the town clerk, "are you popular enough? Could you get elected?"

"I don't know, but I can find out. You and Bailey 'll vote for me, won't you?"

"'Course we will, but——"

"All right. There's two votes. A hundred and odd more 'll put me in. Here



goes for politics and popularity. I may be president yet; you can't tell. And say! this town meetin' won't be *dull*, which ever way the cat jumps."

This last was a safe prophecy. All dullness disappeared from Bayport the moment it became known that Captain Cyrus Whittaker was "out" for the school committee. The captain began his electioneering at once. That very afternoon he called upon three people, Eben Salters, Josiah Dimick, and Lemuel Myrick.

Captain Salters was chairman of the selectmen as well as chairman of the committee. He was a hard-headed old salt, who had made money in the Australian packet service. He had common sense, independence, and considerable influence in the town. Next to Congressman Atkins he was, perhaps, our leading citizen. And, more than all, he was not afraid, when he thought it necessary, to oppose the great Heman.

"Well," he said reflectively, after listening to Captain Cy's brief statement of his candidacy, "I cal'late I'll stand in with you, Cy. I ain't got anything against 'Lonzo, but—but—well, consarn it! maybe that's the trouble. Maybe he's so darned good it makes me jealous. Anyhow, I'll do what I can for you."

Joe Dimick laughed aloud. He was an iconoclast, seldom went to church, and was entirely lacking in reverence. Also he really liked the captain.

"Ho, ho!" he crowed. "Whit, do you realize that you're underminin' this town's constitution? Oh, sartin, I'm with you, if it's only to see the fur fly! I do love a scrap."

With Lem Myrick Captain Cy's policy was different. He gently reminded that gentleman of the painting contract, intimated that other favors might be forthcoming, and then, as a clincher, spoke of Tad Simpson's comment when Mr. Myrick voted for Phoebe Dawes.

"Of course," he added, "if you think Tad's got a right to boss all hands and the cook, why I ain't complainin'. Only, if I was a painter doin' a good, high-class trade, and a one-hoss barber tried to dictate to me, I shouldn't bow down and tell him to kick easy as he could. Seems to me I'd kick first. But *I'm* no boss; I mustn't influence you."

Lemuel was indignant.

"No barber runs me," he declared. "You stand up for me when that town-hall paintin's to be done and I'll work hard for you now, Cap'n Whittaker. 'Lonzo Snow's an elder and all that, but I can't help it. Anyway, his place was all fixed up a year ago and I didn't get the job. A feller has to look after himself these days."

With these division commanders to lead their forces into the enemy's country and with Asaph and Bailey doing what they could to help, Captain Cy's campaign soon became worthy of respectful consideration. For a while Tad Simpson scoffed at the opposition; then he began to work openly for Mr. Snow. Later he marshaled his trusted officers around the pool table in the back room of the barber shop and confided to them that it was anybody's fight and that he was worried.

"It's past bein' a joke," he said. "It's mighty serious. We've got to hustle, we have. Heman trusted me in this job, and if I fall down it 'll be bad for me and for you fellers, too. I wish he was home to run things himself, but he's got business down South there—some property he owns or somethin'—and says he can't leave. But we must win! By mighty! we've *got* to. So get every vote you can. Never mind how; just get 'em, that's all."

Captain Cy was thoroughly enjoying himself. The struggle suited him to perfection. He was young, in spite of his fifty-five years, and this tussle against odds, reminding him of other tussles during his first seasons in business, aroused his energies and, as he expressed it, "stirred up his vitals and made him hop round like a dose of 'pain killer.'"

He did not, however, forget Bos'n. He and she had their walks and their pleasant evenings together in spite of politics. He took the child into his confidence and told her of the daily gain, or loss, in votes, as if she were his own age. She understood a little of all this, and tried hard to understand the rest, preaching between times to Georgianna how "the bad men were trying to beat Uncle Cyrus because he was gooder than they, but they couldn't, 'cause everybody loved him so." Georgianna had some doubts, but she kept them to herself.

Among the things in Bos'n's "box" was a long envelope, sealed with wax and with

a lawyer's name printed in one corner. The captain opened it, at Emily's suggestion, and was astonished to find that the inclosure was a will, dated some years back, in which Mrs. Mary Thomas, the child's mother, left to her daughter all her personal property and also the land in Orham, Massachusetts, which had been willed to her by her own mother. There was a note with the will in which Mrs. Thomas stated that no one save herself had known of this land, not even her husband. She had not told him because she feared that, like everything else, it would be sold and the money wasted in dissipation. "He suspected something of the sort," she added, "but he did not find out the secret, although he—" She had evidently scratched out what followed, but Captain Cy mentally filled in the blank with details of abuse and cruelty. "If anything happens to me," concluded the widow, "I want the land sold and the money used for Emily's maintenance as long as it lasts."

The captain went over to Orham and looked up the land. It was a strip along the shore, almost worthless, and unsalable at present. The taxes had been regularly paid each year by Mary Thomas, who had sent money orders from Concord. The self-denial represented by these orders was not a little.

"Never mind, Bos'n," said Captain Cy, when he returned from the Orham trip. "Your ancestral estates ain't much now but a sand-flea menagerie. However, if this section ever does get to be the big summer resort folks are prophesying for it, you may sell out to some millionaire and you and me 'll go to Europe. Meantime, we'll try to keep afloat, if the Harniss Bank don't spring a leak."

On the day following this conversation he took a flying trip to Ostable, the county seat, returning the same evening, and saying nothing to anyone about his reasons for going nor what he had done while there.

Bos'n's birthday was the eighteenth of November. The captain, in spite of the warmth of his struggle for committee honors, determined to have a small celebration on the afternoon and evening of that day. It was to be a surprise for Emily, and, after school was over, some of her particular friends among the scholars were to come in, there was to be a cake with eight candles

on it, and a supper at which ice cream—lemon and vanilla, prepared by Mrs. Cahoon—was to be the principal feature. Also there would be games and all sorts of fun.

Captain Cy was tremendously interested in the party. He spent hours with Georgianna and the Board of Strategy, preparing the list of guests. His cunning in ascertaining, from the unsuspecting child who, among her schoolmates, she would like to invite, was deep and guileful.

"Now, Bos'n," he would say, "suppose you was goin' to clear out and leave this town for a spell, who—"

"But, Uncle Cyrus—" Bos'n's eyes grew frightened and moist in a moment, "I ain't going, am I? I don't want to go."

"No, no! 'Course you ain't goin'—that is, not for a long while, anyhow," with a sidelong look at the members of the "Board," then present. "But just suppose you and me was startin' on that Europe trip. Who'd you want to say good-by to most of all?"

Each name given by the child was surreptitiously penciled by Bailey on a scrap of paper. The list was a long one and, when the great afternoon came, the Whitaker house was crowded.

The supper was a brilliant success. So was the cake, brought in with candles ablaze, by the grinning Georgianna. Beside the children there were some older people present, Bailey and Asaph, of course, and the "regulars" from the perfect boarding house, who had been invited because it was fairly certain that Mr. Bangs wouldn't be allowed to attend if his wife did not. Miss Dawes had also been asked, at Bos'n's well-understood partiality, but she had declined.

Toward the end of the meal, when the hilarity at the long table was at its height, an unexpected guest made his appearance. There was a knock at the dining-room door, and Georgianna, opening it, was petrified to behold, standing upon the step, no less a personage than the Honorable Heman Atkins, supposed by most of us to be then somewhere in that wide stretch of territory vaguely termed "the South."

"Good evening all," said the illustrious one, removing his silk hat, and stepping into the room. "What a charming scene! I trust I do not intrude."

Georgianna was still speechless, in which

unwonted condition she was not alone, Messrs. Bangs and Tidditt being also stricken dumb. But Captain Cy rose to the occasion grandly.

"Intrude?" he repeated. "Not a mite of it! Mighty glad to see you, Heman. Here, give us your hat. Pull up to the table. When did you get back? Thought you was in the orange groves somewheres."

"Ahem! I was. Yes, I was in that neighborhood. But it is hard to stay away from dear old Bayport. Home ties, you know, home ties. I came down on the morning train, but I stopped over at Harniss on business and drove across. Ahem! Yes. The housekeeper informed me that my daughter was here, and, seeing the lights and hearing the laughter, I couldn't resist making this impromptu call. I'm sure as an old friend and neighbor, Cyrus, you will pardon me. Alicia, darling, come and kiss papa."

Darling Alicia accepted the invitation with a rustle of silk and an ecstatic squeal of delight. During this affecting scene Asaph whispered to Bailey that he "cal'lated" Heman had had a hurry-up distress signal from Simpson; to which sage observation Mr. Bangs replied with a vigorous nod, showing that Captain Cy's example had had its effect, in that they no longer stood in such awe of their representative at Washington.

However true Asaph's calculation might have been, Mr. Atkins made no mention of politics. He was urbanity itself. He drew up to the table, partook of the ice cream and cake, and greeted his friends and neighbors with charming benignity.

"Wa'n't it sweet of him to come?" whispered Miss Phinney to Keturah. "And him so nice and everyday and sociable. And when Cap'n Whittaker's runnin' against his friend, as you might say."

Keturah replied with a dubious shake of the head.

"I think Captain Cyrus is goin' to get into trouble," she said. "I've preached to Bailey more 'n a little about keepin' clear, but he won't."

"Games in t'other room now," ordered Captain Cy. But Mr. Atkins held up his hand.

"Pardon me, just a moment, Cyrus, if you please," he said. "I feel that on this happy occasion, it is my duty and pleasure

to propose a toast." He held his lemonade glass aloft. "Permit me," he proclaimed, "to wish many happy birthdays and long life to Miss— I beg pardon, Cyrus, but what is your little friend's name?"

"Emily Richards Thayer," replied the captain, carried away by enthusiasm and off his guard for once.

"To Em—" began Heman. Then he paused and for the first time in his public life seemed at a loss for words. "What?" he asked, and his hand shook. "I fear I didn't catch the name."

"No wonder," laughed Mr. Tidditt. "Cy's so crazy to-night he'd forget his own name. Know what you said, Cy? You said she was Emily Richards *Thayer*! Haw! haw! She ain't a Thayer, Heman; her last name's Thomas. She's Emily Richards Thayer's granddaughter though. Her granddad was John Thayer, over to Orham. Good land! I forgot. Well, what of it, Cy? 'Twould have to be known some time."

Everyone looked at Captain Cy then. No one observed Mr. Atkins for the moment. When they did turn their gaze upon the great man he had sunk back in his chair, the glass of lemonade was upset upon the cloth before him, and he, with a very white face, was staring at Emily Richards Thomas.

"What's the matter, Heman?" asked the captain, anxiously. "Ain't sick, are you?"

The Congressman started.

"Oh, no!" he said, hurriedly. "Oh, no! but I'm afraid I've soiled your cloth. It was awkward of me. I—I really, I apologize—I—"

He wiped his face with his handkerchief. Captain Cy laughed.

"Oh, never mind the tablecloth," he said. "I cal'late it's too soiled already to be hurt by a bath, even a lemon one. Well, you've all heard the toast. Full glasses now. Here's to you, Bos'n! Drink hearty, all hands, and give the ship a good name."

If the heartiness with which they drank is a criterion the good name of the ship was established. Then the assembly adjourned to the sitting room and—yes, even the front parlor. Not since the days when that sacred apartment had been desecrated by the irreverent city boarders, during the Howes régime, had its walls echoed to such whoops

and shouts of laughter. The children played "Post Office" and "Copenhagen" and "Clap in, Clap out," while the grown folks looked on.

"Ain't they havin' a fine time, Cap?" gushed Miss Phinney. "Don't it make you wish you was young again?"

"Angie," replied Captain Cy, solemnly, "don't tempt me; don't! If they keep on playin' that Copenhagen and you stand right alongside of me, there's no tellin' what 'll happen."

Angeline declared that he was "turrible," but she faced the threatened danger nevertheless, and bravely remained where she was.

Mr. Atkins went home early in the evening, taking Alicia with him. He explained that his long railroad journey had—er—somewhat fatigued him and, though he hated to leave such a—er—delightful gathering, he really felt that, under the circumstances, his departure would be forgiven. Captain Cy opened the door for him and stood watching as, holding his daughter by the hand, he marched majestically down the path.

"Hum!" mused the captain, aloud, "I guess he has been travelin' nights. Thought he ought to be here quick, I shouldn't wonder. He does look tired, that's a fact, and kind of pale, seemed to me."

"Well, there now!" exclaimed Mrs. Tripp, who was looking over his shoulder. "Did you see that?"

"No; what was it?"

"Why, when he went to open his gate, one of them arbor vity bushes he set out this spring knocked his hat off. And he never seemed to notice, but went right on. If 'Licia hadn't picked it up, that nice new hat would have been layin' there yet. That's the most undignified thing ever I see Heman Atkins do. He *must* be tired out, poor man!"

## CHAPTER X

### A LETTER AND A VISITOR

"WHIT," asked Asaph next day, "wa'n't you surprised to see Heman last night?"

Captain Cy nodded. He was once more busy with the doll house, the construction of which had progressed slowly of late,

owing to the demands which the party and politics made upon its builder's time.

"Yup," he said, "I sartinly was. Pretty good sign, I shouldn't wonder. Looks as if friend Tad had found the tide settin' too strong against him and had whistled for a tug. All right; the more scared the other side gets, the better for us."

"But what in the world made Heman come over and have supper? He never so much as stepped foot in the house afore, did he? That's the biggest conundrum of all."

"Well, I guess I've got the answer. Strikes me that Heman's sociableness is the best sign yet. Heman's a slick article, and when he sees there's danger of losin' the frostin' on the cake he takes care to scrape the burnt part off the bottom. I may be school committeeman after town meetin'. He'll move all creation to stop me, of course—in his quiet, round-the-corner way—but, if I do win out, he wants to be in a position to take me one side and tell me that he's glad of it; he felt all along I was the right feller for the job, and if there's anything he can do to make things easier for me just call on him. That's the way I size it up, anyhow."

"Cy, I never see anybody like you. You're dead set against Heman, and have been right along. And he's never done anything to you, fur's I see. He's given a lot to the town, and he's always been the most looked-up-to man we've got. Joe Dimick and two or three more chronic growlers have been the only ones to sling out hints against him, till you come. 'Course I'm working for you, tooth and nail, and I will say that you seem to be gettin' the votes some way or other. But if Heman *should* step right out and say: 'Feller citizens, I'm behind Tad Simpson in this fight, and as a favor to me and 'cause I think it's right and best, I want 'Lonzo Snow elected'—well, I don't believe you'd have more'n one jack and a ten spot to count for game."

"Probably not, Ase; I presume likely not. But you take a day off some time and see if you can remember that Heman *ever* stepped right out and said things. Blame it! that's just it. As for *why* he riles me up and makes me stubborn as a balky mule, I don't know exactly. All I'm sure is that he does. Maybe it's 'cause I don't like the way he wears his whiskers. Maybe it's because

he's so top-lofty and condescendin'. A feller can whistle to me and say: 'Come on, Bill,' and I'll trot at his heels all day. But when he pats me on the head and says: 'There! there! nice doggie. Go under the bed and lay down,' my back bristles up and I commence to growl right off. There's consider'ble Whittaker in me, as I've told you before."

The town clerk pondered over this rather unsatisfactory line of reasoning for some minutes. His companion fitted a wooden chimney on the doll house, found it a trifle out of plumb, and proceeded to whittle a shaving off the lower edge. Then Asaph sighed, as one who gives up a perplexing riddle, put his hand in his pocket, and produced a bundle of papers.

"I made out a list of fellers down to the east'ard that I'm goin' to see this afternoon," he said. "Some of 'em I guess 'll vote for you, but most of 'em are pretty sartin' for 'Lonzo. However, I— Where is that list? I had it somewhere's. And—well, I swan! I come pretty near forgettin' it myself. I'm 'most as bad as Bailey."

From the bundle of papers he produced a crumpled envelope.

"That Bailey," he observed, "must be in love, I cal'late, though I don't know who with. Ketury, I s'pose, 'cordin' to law and order, but— Well, anyhow, he's gettin' more absent-minded all the time. Here's a letter for you, Cy, that he got at the post office a week ago Monday. 'Twas the night of the church sociable, and he had on his Sunday cutaway, and he ain't worn it sence, till the party yesterday. When he took off the coat, goin' to bed, the letter fell out of it. I guess he was ashamed to fetch it round himself, so he asked me to do it. Better late than never, hey? Here's that list at last."

He produced the list and handed it to the captain for inspection. The latter looked it over, made a few comments and suggestions, and told his friend to heave ahead and land as many of the listed as possible. This Mr. Tidditt promised to do, and, replacing the papers in his pocket, started for the gate.

"Oh! Say, Ase!"

The town clerk, his hand on the gate-latch, turned.

"Well, what is it?" he asked. "Don't

keep me no longer'n you can help. I got work to do, I have."

"All right, I won't stop you. Only fallin' in love is kind of epidemic down at the boardin' house, I guess. Who is it that's got you in tow—Matildy?"

"What are you talkin' about? Didn't I tell you to quit namin' me with Matildy Tripp? I like a joke as well as most folks, but when it's wore into the ground I—"

"Sho, sho! Don't get mad. It's your own fault. You said that absent-mindedness was a love symptom, so I just got to thinkin', that's all. That letter that Bailey forgot—you haven't given it to me yet."

Asaph turned red and hastily snatched the papers from his pocket. He strode back to the door of the woodshed, handed his friend the crumpled envelope, and stalked off without another word. The captain chuckled, laid the letter on the bench beside him and went on with his work. It was perhaps ten minutes later when, happening to glance at the postmark on the envelope, he saw that it was "Concord, N. H."

Asaph's vote-gathering trip "to the east'ard" made a full day for him. He returned to the perfect boarding house just at supper time. During the meal he realized that Mr. Bangs seemed to be trying to attract his attention. Whenever he glanced in that gentleman's direction his glance was met by winks and mystifying shakes of the head. Losing patience at last, he demanded to know what was the matter.

"Want to say somethin' to me, do you?" he inquired, briskly. "If you do, out with it! Don't set there workin' your face as if 'twas wound up, like a clockwork image."

This remark had the effect of turning all the other faces toward Bailey's. He was very much upset.

"No, no!" he stammered. "No, no! I don't want you for nothin'. Was I makin' my face go? I—I didn't know it. I've been washin' carriages and cleanin' up the barn all day and I cal'late I've overdone. I'm gettin' old, and hard work's likely to bring on shakin' palsy to old folks."

His wife tartly observed that, if *work* was the cause of it, she guessed he was safe from palsy for quite a spell yet. At any rate, a marked recovery set in and he sig-



naled no more during the meal. But when it was over, and his task as dish-wiper completed, he hurried out of doors and found Mr. Tidditt, shivering in the November wind, on the front porch.

"Now what is it?" asked Asaph, sharply. "I know there's somethin' and I've froze to death by sections waitin' to hear it."

"Have you seen Cy?" whispered Bailey, glancing fearfully over his shoulder at the lighted windows of the house.

"No, not sence mornin'. Why?"

"Well, there's somethin' the matter with him. Somethin' serious. I was swabbin' decks in the barn about eleven o'clock, when he come postin' in, white and shaky, and so nervous he couldn't stand still. Looked as if he had had a stroke almost. I——"

"Godfrey scissors! You don't s'pose Heman's comin' back has knocked out his chances for the committee, do you?"

"No, sir-ee! 'twa'n't that. Cy's anxious to be elected and all, but you know his politics are more of a joke with him than anything else. And any rap Heman or Tad could give him would only make him fight harder. And he wouldn't talk politics at all; didn't seem to give a darn about 'em, one way or t'other. No, 'twas somethin' about that letter, the one I forgot so long. He wanted to know why in time I hadn't given it to him when it fust come. He was real ugly about it, for him, and kept pacin' up and down the barn floor and layin' into me, till I begun to think he was crazy. I guess he see my feelin's were hurt, 'cause, just afore he left, he held out his hand and said I mustn't mind his talk; he'd been knocked on his beam ends, he said, and wa'n't really responsible."

"Wouldn't he say what had knocked him?"

"No, couldn't get nothin' out of him. And when he quit he went off toward home, slappin' his fists together and actin' as if he didn't see the road across his bows. Now you know how cool and easy goin' Whit generally is. I swan to man, Ase! he made me so sorry for him I didn't know what to do."

"Ain't you been up to see him sence?"

"No, Ketury was sot on havin' the barn cleaned, and she stood over me with a rope's end, as you might say. I couldn't

get away a minute, though I made up more'n a dozen errands at Simmons's and the like of that. You hold on till I sneak into the entry and get my cap and we'll put for there now. I won't be but a jiffy. I'm worried."

They entered the yard of the Cy Whit-taker place together and approached the side door. As they stood on the steps Asaph touched his chum on the arm and pointed to the window beside them. The shade was half drawn and beneath it they had a clear view of the interior of the sitting room. Captain Cy was in the rocker before the stove, holding Bos'n in his arms. The child was sound asleep, her yellow braid hanging over the captain's broad shoulder. He was gazing down into her face with a look which was so full of yearning and love that it brought a choke into the throats of the pair who saw it.

They entered the dining room. The captain sprang from his chair and, still holding the little girl close against his breast, met them at the sitting-room door. When he saw who the visitors were, he caught his breath, almost with a sob, and seemed relieved.

"S-s-h-h!" he whispered, warningly. "She's asleep."

The members of the Board of Strategy nodded understandingly and sat down upon the sofa. Captain Cy tiptoed to the bedroom, turned back the bedclothes with one hand and laid Bos'n down. They saw him tuck her carefully in and then stoop and kiss her. He returned to the sitting room and closed the door behind him.

"We see she was asleep afore we come in," explained Asaph. "We see you and her through the window."

The captain looked hurriedly at the window indicated. Then he stepped over and pulled the shade down to the sill, doing the same with the curtains of the other two windows.

"What's the matter?" inquired Bailey, trying to be facetious. "'Fraid of 'Lonzo's crowd spyin' on us?"

Captain Cy did not reply. He did not even sit down, but remained standing, his back to the stove.

"Well?" he asked, shortly. "Did you fellers want to see me for anything 'special?"

"Wanted to see what had struck you

all to once," replied Mr. Tidditt. "Bailey says you scared him half to death this forenoon. And you look now as if somebody's ghost had riz and hollered 'Boo!' at you. For the land sakes, Whit, what is it?"

The captain drew his hand across his forehead.

"Ghost?" he repeated, absently. "No, I haven't *seen* a ghost. There! there! don't mind me. I ain't real well to-day, I guess." He smiled crookedly.

"Don't you want to hear about my vote-grabbin' cruise?" asked Tidditt. "I was flatterin' myself you'd be tickled to hear I'd done so well. Why, even Marcellus Parker says he may vote for you—if he makes up his mind that way."

Marcellus was a next-door neighbor of Alonzo Snow's. But Captain Cy didn't seem to care.

"Hey?" he murmured. "Yes. Well?"

"Well! Is that all you've got to say? Are you really sick, Cy? Or is Bos'n sick?"

"No!" was the answer, almost fierce in its utterance. "She isn't sick. Don't be a fool."

"What's foolish about that? I didn't know but she might be. There's mumps in town and——"

"She's all right; so shut up, will you! There, Ase!" he added, "I'm the fool myself. Don't mind my barkin'; I don't mean it. I am about sick, I cal'late. Be better to-morrer, maybe."

"What's got into you? Was that letter of Bailey's——"

"Hush!" The captain held up his hand. "I thought I heard a team."

"Depot wagon, most likely," said Bailey. "About time for it! Humph! seems to be stoppin', don't it? Was you exceptin' anybody? Shall I go and——"

"No! Set still."

The pair on the sofa sat still. Captain Cy stood like a statue in the middle of the floor. He squared his shoulders and jammed his clenched fists into his pockets. Steps crunched the gravel of the walk. There came a knock at the door of the dining room.

Walking steadily, but with a face set as the figurehead on one of his own ships, the captain went to answer the knock. They heard the door open, and then a man's voice asked:

"Is this Cap'n Whittaker?"

"Yes," was the short answer.

"Well, Cap, I guess you don't know me, though maybe you know some of my family. Ha, ha! Don't understand that, hey? Well, you let me in and I'll explain the joke."

The captain's reply was calm and deliberate.

"I shouldn't wonder if I understood it," he said. "Come in. Don't——" The remainder of the sentence was whispered and the listeners on the sofa could not hear it. A moment later Captain Cy entered the sitting room followed by his caller.

The latter was a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered man of medium height, with a yellowish mustache and brown hair. He was dressed in rather shabby clothes, without an overcoat, and he had a soft felt hat in his hand. The most noticeable thing about him was a slight hesitancy in his walk. He was not lame, he did not limp, yet his left foot seemed to halt for an instant as he brought it forward in the step. They learned afterward that it had been hurt in a mine cave-in. He carried himself with a swagger, and, after his entrance, there was a perceptible aroma of alcohol in the room.

He stared at the Board of Strategy and the stare was returned in full measure. Bailey and Asaph were wildly curious. They, of course, connected the stranger's arrival with the mysterious letter and the captain's perturbation of the day.

But their curiosity was not to be satisfied, at least not then.

"How are you, gents?" hailed the newcomer, cheerfully. "Like the looks of me, do you?"

Captain Cy cut off further conversation.

"Ase," he said, "this—er—gentleman and I have got some business to talk over. I know you're good enough friends of mine not to mind if I ask you to clear out. You'll understand. You *will* understand, boys, won't you?" he added, almost entreatingly.

"Sartin sure!" replied Mr. Tidditt, rising hurriedly. "Don't say another word, Whit." And the mystified Bangs concurred with a "Yes, yes! Why, of course! Didn't have nothin' that amounts

to nothin' to stay for, anyhow. See yer to-morrer, Cy."

Outside and at the gate they stopped and looked at each other.

"Well!" exclaimed Asaph, "if that ain't the strangest thing! Who was that feller? Where'd he come from? Did you notice how Cy acted? Seemed to be holdin' himself in by main strength."

"Did you smell the rum on him?" returned Bailey. "On that t'other chap, I mean? Didn't he look like a reg'lar no-account to you? And say, Ase, didn't he remind you of somebody you'd seen somewheres—kind of, in a way?"

They walked home in a dazed state, asking unanswerable questions and making

profitless guesses. But Asaph's final remark seemed to sum up the situation.

"There's trouble comin' of this, Bailey," he declared. "And it's trouble for Cy Whittaker, I'm afraid. Poor old Cy! Well, *we'll* stand by him, anyhow. I don't b'lieve he'll sleep much to-night. Didn't look as though he would, did he? Who is that feller?"

If he had seen Captain Cy, at two o'clock the next morning, sitting by Bos'n's bedside and gazing hopelessly at the child, he would have realized that, if his former predictions were wiped off the slate and he could be judged by the one concerning the captain's sleepless night, he might thereafter pose as a true prophet.

*(To be continued.)*

## "CHILDE' ROLAND'"

By HUMPHREYS PARK

YOU set the slug-horn to your lips and blew.

And after—what came after? Did it fade,

The round squat turret, and some deeper shade  
Of evening drench to blackness the curst view?

Or did some sinister strange thing, some rue

Of shape unspeakable, come forth, that made

You fetch quick breath, and gasp the loose-slung blade,  
And pray at last your soul prove not untrue?

That there was fight there, tauntings face to face,

Hell's hatred matched against one proud soul's scorn,

We guess, but not how went the fight's disgrace.

Yet, to our fancy is the wonder borne

That you came forth unscathed, and left the place

A-ring with the shrill mocking of your horn.

# DOES PROHIBITION PAY?

## II. THE TEST OF A STATE THAT HAS PERSISTED

*MAINE* was a pioneer in agitation and legislation for the restriction of the trade in alcoholic liquors, such a pioneer that the name of the State became a characterization, and "Maine laws" the familiar phrase in every discussion elsewhere. APPLETON'S MAGAZINE propounded the question, "Does Prohibition Pay?" in the July number, applying first the individual test in two articles, "Man and His Neighbor," by the Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., and "Man and Himself," by George C. Lawrence. Pursuing the same quest for a solution, the series continues this month with the following article by Holman Day, relating past and present conditions in the State of Maine. Still other articles are to follow, month by month, in the belief that they will contribute noteworthy to the sum of information on this exceedingly live topic. APPLETON'S MAGAZINE will be glad to receive letters of comment on the articles as issued, whether agreeing or disagreeing with the positions supported in these pages.—THE EDITOR.

## MAINE, AFTER FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS OF PROHIBITION

By HOLMAN DAY



T is a giant, the Maine liquor law. The ordinary Maine man who has never studied that law, and would not understand it very well if he did study it, doesn't know how big a thing it is. The fact is, we Maine Lilliputs got our strings out and began to tie that law down a half century ago, and we have been busy at the same work ever since. It has never been loose, free, and active in all its members. It would scare us all if it were. Once in a while it gets an arm loose or a leg loose and thrashes around and does some execution, and then those interested get out their strings again.

That is to say, in the fifty-seven years the Maine prohibitory law has been on our statute books it has never been actively, honestly, consistently, and thoroughly enforced as a State law through the length and breadth of Maine. I don't mean by this that lawbreakers have merely persisted in

selling despite efforts to enforce the law; I mean that the trouble has been higher up: officials have never united to do their full and plain duty in securing universal enforcement. And there isn't an honest man in the State of Maine who will declare it as his firm belief that these officials ever will do so.

That is to say, there is no better outlook for Maine than erratic, spasmodic, and sporadic enforcement, depending entirely on the moral nature of officials, local sentiment of the people, and those strange and sudden reversals of popular feeling that cannot always be explained. I am prepared to say that in most cases in Maine, in the last twenty years, where strict enforcement has followed on "wet times," the controlling motive has not been an awakened moral sentiment against liquor, but a desire to punish some official who has made too glaring an exhibition of graft—an evil that has chiefly characterized the operation of the Maine liquor law.

Understand at the outset that I am not "writing down" the Maine law. It has accomplished many things for which the State of Maine ought to be grateful. But the hypocrisy that it has engendered has been too much concerned in hiding the faults of the system; zealots have made us ridiculous by their extravagant claims as to what prohibition has done for Maine.

Any Maine lawyer will tell you that the Maine prohibitory law is the most terrible club that Reform ever shook at Rum. The Maine legislature from time to time has given the radicals almost anything they asked for in the way of new knobs for that club. That was merely playing politics. Reformers have sharp tongues, and a man ticketed as "a rummy" cannot get very far in Maine politics. Several supreme judges of the State have told me that the reformers have overreached by making the law too savage. Such laws, obnoxious to public sentiment, cannot be enforced.

Some years ago the Maine legislature changed an "or" to an "and" in the prohibitory law and made it mandatory upon judges to send rumsellers to jail as well as fine them. Chief Justice Peters declared in an interview that he should use his own discretion in spite of the law, and he called Neal Dow "a hypocritical old grandmother." The rest of the judges did as they liked about construing the new law, and it was changed back by the next legislature.

But there is law a-plenty now. If we wanted to cut all the strings and let the giant loose, we could catch a rumseller red-handed on his first day of business and do something like this to him: There would be the charge of single sale; he could be indicted on the grounds of search and seizure, common seller, nuisance, drinking house and tippling shop, and could be fined four or five thousand dollars and kept in jail for years. This *could* be done, understand! It is proper to remark that Maine uses "discretion" in handling its rumsellers.

The law is in the constitution of the State. It did not get in there through any sudden spasm of reform. It came about after years of discussion. And people in Maine, no matter how bitterly they inveigh against the scandal, hypocrisy, deceptions, and degeneracy of official character involved in the operation of the law, concede that there is small chance of the constitution being

amended. It is doubtful if a legislature can be elected that will vote even to resubmit the question to the people.

Therefore a word as to the causes that induced Maine to adopt such a law may be illuminating.

It may be admitted as a fact that in the early half of the last century Maine men were drinking too much rum for their own good. Farmers, lumbermen, shipbuilders, and fishermen—and in those days these were the workers of Maine—decided that rum strengthened the brawny arm of labor and took the edge off the asperities of Maine weather. More than two million dollars' worth of rum came annually into the port of Portland from the West Indies and was distributed to all parts of Maine. There were several distilleries in Portland. Every country store kept rum for sale. The old account books of those days make interesting reading. One sees from them that Maine men were paying more for rum than they were for flour. Drinking rum was not considered iniquity—selling it was legitimate trade. The Hon. Simon S. Brown, of Waterville, speaking at the dedication of Waterville city hall, stated that he used to attend service in a meetinghouse that stood on that site and that the minister habitually had a tumbler of rum and water on the pulpit and took a sip between whiles as he preached. And Mr. Brown is still far from being the oldest inhabitant.

Portland, having been so long the chief distributing point of the toddy of the folk of Maine, became the point also from which came the temperance spirit that resulted in Maine being the first of the American States to adopt prohibition. Away back in 1818 the Rev. Drs. Payson and Nichols called the first temperance meeting in Portland, and it was held in the Quaker meetinghouse. There were sixty-nine persons present and they were sarcastically dubbed "The Sixty-niners." As their avowed object was the suppression of the liquor traffic in Maine, they immediately met much hostility from the "business interests." A good half of the fortunes of Portland were based on rum.

An attempt was made to set fire to the Friends' meetinghouse and to Dr. Payson's church. But from that day on the ministers and the churches kept up the fight. Temperance societies were organized in all parts of Maine. At first, those who took the



pledge agreed to abstain from ardent spirits—rum and brandy. Then the pledge embraced all liquors, and the teetotalers became identified with the reform movement.

When still a young man Neal Dow became the head of the movement and lectured on the subject from end to end of the State during many years. Maine was flooded with literature designed to educate the people along the lines of temperance. All this evangelistic work bore fruit when the Washingtonian temperance movement swept the country. Maine organized quickly. The seeds of reform had been sown in every community.

After several attempts had been made by Neal Dow to have the Maine legislature pass a prohibitory law, he appeared before a joint special legislative committee May 26, 1851, with the draft of such a law, and no one appeared in opposition. On May 29th the bill passed the Maine House by a vote of 81 to 40. It passed the senate next day by a vote of 18 to 10. On Monday, June 2d, Governor Hubbard signed it, though many members of the legislature who had voted for its passage went to the governor privately and urged him to veto it; they represented to him that they had been obliged to vote for it by the politician's first law of self-preservation, for the vote margin in their districts was so small between Whigs and Democrats that the radical temperance men held the balance of power.

Therefore, it is apparent that the political hypocrisy that has always been associated with the Maine law was born with the law in 1851. That same hypocrisy in regard to honest enforcement has never failed to characterize it ever since.

In 1855, following the Portland "rum riot," the anti-Maine Law forces captured the State and the law was repealed. But it became so evident that a political party to be successful in Maine needed that law behind it, that the next legislature, controlled by the new Republican party, promptly re-instated the law. Since then the Republicans have made prohibition a part of their platform. In 1884 the people of the State voted to put the law into the constitution by a decisive majority of three to one—70,783 for, 23,811 against. And there it has been ever since, and there it will doubt-

less remain, if the opinion of the most sagacious political observers of Maine is to be relied on.

From time to time it has been tinkered—new teeth put in. All changes have been in the direction of greater stringency. The Maine legislature has been so willing to give the reformers all they asked for that on several occasions they have passed new clauses that were found to be unconstitutional.

At nearly every session of the legislature an ardent little band of resubmissionists has appeared before the committee on temperance; they have presented their side and have had good orators on the floor of house and senate. They have never been able to muster more than a handful of votes.

Such being the law, such being the method of its enforcement, and such being its probable future on Maine's statute books, how about it as an asset?

It is almost a waste of time to go about asking Maine men what they think of the law as a good thing for Maine. To be perfectly honest, we folks in Maine haven't made up our minds. In a newspaper experience of more than twenty years I never found two Maine men who agreed on all points regarding the Maine law. Recently a hit-or-miss canvass of citizens was made in the larger cities of the State. It was only another case of "many men and many minds." After reading the opinions it would be difficult to give an intelligent summary. Between the extremes of "monumental farce" and "the best thing Maine ever did for itself," there are hundreds of varying opinions, according to the slant of a man's mind. The Rev. Dr. Blanchard, of Portland, says: "I voted for the constitutional amendment and took part in the great thanksgiving meeting in Portland city hall when the amendment was carried. The Rev. Dr. Miner, one of the most ardent prohibitionists in the country, had told me he thought it a great mistake to put prohibition in the constitution. My eyes were opened to the great evils of prohibition in a very few years. The more I have seen of the operation of the law I am the more convinced that a wiser law might have been placed upon our statute books and enforced." The Hon. Charles F. Libby, leader of the Cumberland bar, says: "The good the law has done is more than offset

by the evils it has brought with it. It has bred hypocrisy, encouraged perjury in our courts, led to corruption of our officials, given prominence in public life to a poor set of politicians, has destroyed the frankness in statesmen that ennobles men in other States, and has not been effective." Stiff arraignment from sources not to be lightly impugned!

But, on the other hand, there are scores of able champions of the law who show that the open saloon no longer entices the young, that the traffic has been so outlawed that only the most depraved toppers will chase it into the corners where it has been driven, and that no law can absolutely prevent crime. The Rev. A. S. Bisbee, superintendent for Maine of the Anti-Saloon League of America, draws attention to the fact that there are more than 225,000 depositors in savings banks in Maine, nearly twice the number of voters. The average per capita is \$146.14. "If a system that puts a savings-bank book into the hands of every third person in Maine, children included, is a failure, then prohibition is a failure," remarks Mr. Bisbee.

Between such divergent views as to the evils or the benefits of prohibition, what are the facts regarding the vagaries of enforcement? It doesn't require argument to show that if prohibition really prohibited, Maine would be a model for the world. The leading wholesale liquor salesman of the Maine district said to me the other day: "There isn't a word to be said in defense of Old King Rum. We'd all be better off if it were not made and sold. But so long as the people of Maine want to buy rum I'm going to sell it to them." There is no pretense made by even the most earnest advocate of prohibition that any man in Maine who wants liquor is going without it.

No one must make the error of believing that the men of Maine are any different from the ordinary run of humanity in respect to their tastes. They closely resemble their brothers in license States.

The well-stocked sideboard is as common a feature in Maine as it is in other parts of the United States. And yet, under the Maine law, should an enemy for spite make complaint, a citizen who invited, in his neighbors occasionally and gave them something to drink in the way of strong waters would be liable to indictment, fine, and im-

prisonment on the ground of maintaining a nuisance.

Private packages of liquor addressed to citizens are not disturbed by the officers. Even if they are seized and labeled the citizen can prove property, allege they are not intended for illegal sale, and may take them home.

This express-package traffic has developed a new feature in the liquor business. There are scores of so-called express companies doing business in Maine cities. Recent raids and seizures and the succeeding trials in court have shown that these "express companies" really have but little other business than soliciting orders for liquors and delivering the same to customers. They carry an "on-hand" stock from which immediate deliveries are made. Judge Peabody, presiding at the last term of the Androscoggin court, sentenced the agent of one of these companies to pay a fine of eight hundred dollars and serve eight months in jail. The agent was unable to explain the kind of rapid transit that gave a purchaser a keg of beer in his cellar in less than an hour after he ordered the express company to ship the beer from Boston to Lewiston. The judge decided that it was more of a liquor store than an express company.

This express business and other forms of evading the law have sprung up since the so-called "Sturgis law" went into operation in Maine, and this "Sturgis law," or enforcement statute, has produced a state of affairs in Maine that deserves a little special consideration.

A few years ago Maine's system of enforcement certainly did deserve all the fun that was poked at it from outside; it was not so much of a joke, viewed from within the State.

The "Bangor plan" was in operation. Prohibition spasms may come and go, but it has never been possible to make Bangor dry. Bangor simply won't dry up, that's all. A Bangor daily paper is the only one in the State that defies the law and runs a liquor advertisement regularly. The proprietor, a wealthy man, has been indicted for the offense on complaint of the Civic League agitators, but he keeps on running the advertisement, not so much for the money there is in it as for the purpose of displaying the true Bangor "red-rag" sentiment on the rum question.

So Bangor put its name to the only systematic and universally recognized nullification of the Maine law. The sheriff and county attorney allowed a certain number of saloons and hotels to sell liquor. Prior to the term of court at which fines were to be "assessed," the county attorney, or his agent, went to the office of the collector of internal revenue at Portsmouth, N. H., and drew off a list of the names of those in the county who were paying a special liquor retailer's tax to the United States Government. Then the county attorney presented this list to the grand jury and it was accepted as evidence that each party was a dealer in liquor and the parties were accordingly indicted on that evidence alone, and accepted the indictment without protest and came up to the "cap'n's" office and settled without demur. Each paid the regular fine and costs, amounting to one hundred and ten dollars. Usually the county "assessed" twice a year. That made a comfortably low license.

Penobscot County paid off its county debt and built a handsome new court house while that plan was in operation.

Other counties adopted the system, until the majority of them were engaged in a profitable business with rumsellers, the taxpayers as silent partners. A few staunch old temperance counties would not tolerate the plan. In those counties men kept out of the rum business. The sheriff of a ramrod county knew that popular sentiment called on him to enforce the law. Sheriffs in other counties knew just as well that their constituents wanted the traffic "regulated." So that the matter of handling the Maine constitutional law became after all merely a local issue to be determined according as the people felt or as the sheriff thought they felt or ought to feel.

I recollect that at about that time the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Maine, an organization that is effectively felt in State politics, made a pilgrimage in force to Houlton, the home of Governor Powers, and presented to him an appeal that he order the sheriffs of the State of Maine to do their duty and suppress the liquor traffic. Governor Powers received them politely and said he would write a letter to the sheriffs. But he told me at the time, before writing the letter, that really he had no authority or power to make the officers

pick out one law and pay especial attention to it. As the law then stood on the books, the governor of the State had no part or parcel in enforcing the prohibitory statute. It was before the days of the "Sturgis law." The sheriffs replied pleasantly to the governor that they were doing all they could to enforce all the laws on the statute books, and some of them exhibited his Excellency's letter and made merry over it, being able to read between the lines—for Governor Powers is Maine's most sagacious politician.

But after the Bangor plan got started doing its snug little business all over Maine, the sheriffs in a number of counties overreached and made it a bit too snug. The charges were freely made that the rumsellers were invited into a close corporation, only approved men being allowed to open places. These men have declared that they paid to officers certain sums each month, so much on a barrel of beer or ale, so much on "hard liquors." No one ventured to explain by what right sheriffs or their agents collected such sums. But the fact that they were being collected was a matter of common knowledge and it took the voters from two to four years to get mad enough to remedy the situation. In some counties, with his profits from the board of prisoners, his fees, and his "side business," the sheriff cleaned up from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The governor's salary was two thousand dollars!

It is apparent that the prohibitory pendulum had swung as far to one side as it would go. If a farce writer, building a play on the comedy of the thing, were to say that Portland, and Cumberland county, after tolerating open saloons for half a dozen years, would turn around and elect for high sheriff the clergyman at the head of a temperance mission, the idea would be considered far-fetched. But that is what Cumberland did. And the Rev. Henry Pearson put on a silk hat with a cockade on the side of it and started in to close up the barrooms. But enforcement of that drastic sort suited the people so ill that the county next elected a Democratic sheriff who introduced the "Pennell plan," another system of regulation that the thirsty welcomed.

Then Androscoggin County, containing the second largest city in the State, nominated and elected a Methodist minister to

be high sheriff, but strict enforcement was so little to the taste of Androscoggin, after it had been tried, that the county went Democratic when the minister was renominated—the county's first political overturn in twenty years. As a matter of fact, the county did not want enforcement. The voters had simply got mad because the Bangor-plan sheriffs had "been doing too well financially." When Androscoggin went Democratic its saloon forces dusted out their shops and prepared for business. A typical Maine saloon of the "Bangor-plan" variety is worth a glance. It isn't especially retiring. It makes just a little pretense at not being a saloon. In the front shop are empty cigar boxes on shelves or in cases. There is a bar in the back shop. In troublous times these back shops are barricaded by "strong doors." A man on watch gives the signal when officers are approaching, and before they can batter through the strong door the liquors on hand are spilled down a sink. In troublous times the main stocks of liquors are kept in hides at some distance from the saloons. Of course not every stranger would recognize a cigar-box masked saloon. I have seen proprietors sprinkle whisky on the sidewalk in front of the place to attract the noses of those wandering in search of a drink.

Well, Androscoggin County and Cumberland and other counties did not open up for business for a tidy term of two years as they had anticipated when they had shelved the ramrods which they had invited into office and had promptly tossed out.

The "Sturgis law" happened!

William T. Cobb, of Rockland, was elected governor of Maine four years ago, and in his inaugural address he made folks sit up and blink hard when he declared that Maine ought to be ashamed of itself to have a constitutional prohibitory law on its books and make it a football of politics and a laughingstock for the nation. He said that if the people didn't want such a law they ought to repeal it. But that so long as it was on the books he proposed to see it enforced, and he called for some kind of enactment that would give him the power as governor to enforce it as a State law. That is to say, he did not propose to allow the law to be made the subject of local option.

The old politicians decided promptly and indignantly that Governor Cobb had more

courage than good judgment. Cities and counties sputtered about being deprived of self-government, but the governor went on and a bill was introduced in the legislature, with Senator Sturgis, of Cumberland, as its sponsor, and after a tremendously hot fight it was passed to be enacted. The governor intimated grimly that he would keep that legislature there all summer if it did not pass something to give him power to enforce.

The law authorized the governor to appoint three commissioners with salaries of fifteen hundred dollars each, and he picked out three men of unimpeachable integrity and proven fearlessness. The law further provided that the governor, in effect, had the whole resources of the State treasury behind him. The commissioners could appoint as many special deputies as they cared to and could cover all parts of the State. These men receive a per diem and their expenses. They promptly got busy, almost two-score of them.

They descended first on that Democratic county of Androscoggin that had thrown out its Republican enforcement Methodist minister, and they remained in Androscoggin month after month, and are in Democratic Androscoggin to-day. The aspersion that the Sturgis law was being worked principally for politics attached to the governor and his commission at the start, therefore, and still sticks. The work that has been done by the commission in other counties has been spasmodic. In the home town of one of the commissioners there are saloons and have been saloons ever since the commission was appointed. It is a town with a large foreign population, and labor conditions would be disturbed were the workers deprived of their beer. The commissioner is largely interested in the industries of the town. The commissioners did not send deputies to Republican Bangor until the open-saloon conditions there were so flagrant that all the temperance papers of the State took up the cry of favoritism and demanded impartial enforcement.

In Cumberland the Democratic sheriff declared that if there was going to be enforcement he would attend to it himself, and he did so rather effectually until a few months ago, when there was a "loosening." When the sheriff let up and the Sturgis commissioners—this being an election year

—were discreetly quiet, the Mayor of Portland astonished everyone by putting his whole force of policemen on the job—the first time the police of a Maine city have taken a hand in suppressing the liquor traffic in many years. At the present time, with an election imminent, the Republican commission is, to say the least, not stirring up opposition by widespread attempts at enforcement.

The temper of the people of Maine was shown last election when Cobb, who was elected by more than 25,000 plurality before he had espoused the enforcement idea, found his plurality cut down to 7,500. At the close of that campaign one of its managers remarked that it "was evident that the folks of Maine wanted prohibition, but did not want it enforced." An attempt was made at the last session of the legislature to repeal the Sturgis law; its foes won in the first passage of the act, but the governor vetoed the bill and his veto was sustained. It is generally predicted that the next legislature will repeal the law, and thus will depart Maine's only real and earnest attempt to enforce the Maine law as a State-wide statute, instead of leaving it to the local option of municipalities.

What has been the condition of affairs generally in Maine during this enforcement of the law—the best enforcement we have ever witnessed despite its failure to use all counties alike?

In the jail of Androscoggin County, where there has been most consistent and rigorous enforcement, there are more prisoners than ever before in the jail's history. Arrests for intoxication the past year in Maine cities have averaged  $25\frac{1}{2}$  to the thousand of population. The average in New England is  $18\frac{1}{2}$  to the thousand. In Portland arrests were over 55 to the thousand, and in Bangor 100 to the thousand. There are scores of "phony expresses" doing business in private packages. One agent, on trial, said that he averaged one hundred and fifty deliveries daily in Portland. During the dry time in Lewiston the city liquor agency, conducted under the State law to supply liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes, averaged a business of more than one thousand dollars a week, and the population of the city is less than thirty thousand.

Other municipal agencies did a corre-

spondingly large business. The agency system is Maine's prohibitory safety valve. Enforcement coupled with a closed municipal agency would breed revolt. The State liquor agent sold \$110,000 worth of liquors last year. These agencies carry full lines of all kinds of liquors, even bottled cocktails, the exact medicinal use of which is not stated. The last legislature threatened to investigate the whole agency system, but the serious illness of the State agent interfered with the plans for hearings.

Lastly, in considering the ways for getting liquor, we come to the so-called kitchen barrooms—places where strong drink is dispensed in the homes, and in Lewiston where they flourish most rankly there are hundreds of such places. There is no regulation of them. The veriest toper who has the price can buy. The quality of the liquor dispensed can hardly be described. Chemists who have analyzed some of it after its capture by officers say that it is composed of alcohol, tobacco steepings, and stupefying drugs. Much of this stuff is compounded in Maine, and the makers of it buy labels, corks, and caps in New York or Boston and produce a neat "long-neck" of apparently good whisky. Many victims of this stuff have died after being arrested for intoxication and men apparently crazed by the compound have hanged themselves in their cells. I am advancing no arguments from these statements. I am simply mentioning some facts that may be interesting to those unfamiliar with conditions in a State that has been practicing prohibition—in its statutes—for fifty-seven years.

Visitors to Maine always have occasion to speak of the prevalence of drinking on railroad trains in the State. The passed bottle is universally seen in smoking cars.

In rural communities various patent medicines are used as intoxicants, and "jaky drunks" are common. The last is the Maine name for a Jamaica-ginger jag. Men will drink down bottle after bottle of that fiery stuff.

The farmer has his cider jug. Cider is exempt from the provisions of the statute, so far as its manufacture and sale for culinary purposes go. But a man is liable to arrest if he sells it for a beverage.

What is Maine going to do?

Two years ago there was widespread talk of resubmission. The Republican political



managers got a bit nervous. That ramrod enforcement—in spots—under the Sturgis law had made Maine men rebellious against the powers that were depriving them of a chance to buy tippie over a bar. There seemed to be only one voice in the cities. Influential men were clamoring for a chance to vote on the amendment. The newer generation in Maine had never had an opportunity to register their voice in the matter. Even many of the radical temperance men of the State advised that the law be resubmitted. They believed that the sentiment of Maine is strongly against high license and that a vote would clinch the case for the prohibitory amendment more strongly. I was asked by the chairman of the Republican State Committee to make a preliminary canvass of the sentiment of the people of Maine—being manager of the publicity bureau of the campaign. Some of the State committee—in fact at one time a majority of them—advocated putting a resubmission plank in the platform.

It should be understood that the voting strength of the rural sections of Maine is three times greater than the strength of the cities. I discovered that the great silent forces of Maine that were not doing much talking were unwaveringly in favor of retaining the prohibitory law as it was. Resubmissionists were at the State convention with ardent pleas—not for high license! Each expressly declared that the ultimate end of another vote was not high license. But they were young men asking for the right to vote on the great matter. When the matter was submitted to the vote of the convention only sixteen men out of 1,323 delegates stood up to be counted for resubmission. The others came upon their feet in opposition. But it was well understood that political policy dictated that stand on the part of a considerable portion of that majority. The Hon. George D. Bisbee, speaking for the policy of reaffirming the prohibitory plank, made his strongest point when he said: "Gentlemen, if you adopt that resubmission plank you will have every one of the five hundred ministers of Maine talking against the Republican party."

In that campaign nearly every minister in Maine held a midweek meeting to advocate the reelection of Governor Cobb, and the Prohibition party gave up its life in or-

der to vote for him. The party went out of existence at that last election. But even then Cobb had only 7,500 votes for a plurality, a margin so narrow that the managers gasped.

Two years ago the Hon. William T. Haines, believing that the cry for resubmission came from the hearts of the people, in announcing himself as a candidate for governor expressed his conviction that the amendment should be resubmitted, and declared in behalf of drug stores being allowed to sell liquor, in order that pure liquors might be dispensed under control of reputable men.

Mr. Haines has been "resolved against" by church conventions, ministers' meetings, and temperance societies, and now, on the eve of the Republican State Convention, beholds his rival for nomination, the Hon. B. M. Fernald, who has declared for prohibition, starting for Bangor with enough pledged delegates to insure nomination on the first ballot.

Therefore, Maine, through its dominant political party, will once again declare for prohibition and its enforcement, and—unless all signs are wrong—the next legislature will repeal our only enforcement law. With the old system of local option, and each county once again its own moral mentor and master of its own actions, Maine will recommence the *régime* that the old politicians found so handy and so comfortable, when administered properly. In the meantime, it would be interesting to see the figures by which some one should attempt to prove that prohibition, as Maine knows it, is saving the State anything on its whisky bill. On the other hand, I am glad with thousands of my Maine neighbors that there are no saloons in Maine. There's a good argument for prohibition—if we could engage a few demigods to come here to Maine and enforce it. There's no real good argument for a rumshop, picking up the nickels and dimes.

I trust you have not read thus far looking for a solution of the rum question. We cannot settle it here in Maine. We've given it up. We can merely do the best that poor human nature will let us do. The big question is just as far from being settled as it was when Noah got tired of too much cold water, got his "stuff," and made a fool of himself.

# MUSTACHIOS AND SWORDS

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RAOUL, GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

By H. C. BAILEY



HE salt meadows of Maas-luis were hazy in July heat. Raoul sprawled on a haycock and his horse nibbled it. Raoul rejoiced in being again a masterless man.

So he took his ease on a haycock and admired his own excellencies. The agreeable and familiar occupation was interrupted by a vision of two horsemen. They appeared suddenly from the shadow of a rank of poplars; they surveyed the Schiedam road and retired again into shadow. Raoul without ostentation rolled off his haycock. If they were looking for some one it seemed superfluous to be visible.

Behind the haycock Raoul and his horse remained, both immobile, the horse munching, Raoul observant. Through the haze came yet another rider who spurred toward Schiedam. He passed the poplars, he passed the haycock. Raoul marked that his horse was jaded and dusty and damp. He was a hundred yards away. Then out from the shadow of the poplars rode the two and followed him.

Raoul yawned. "Eh, Pollux," says he to his horse, "so they are not looking for us. It is impolite."

Raoul with his chin on the haycock stared down the Schiedam road after the one and the two. Something was afoot that he did not understand and he was annoyed. He clipped the bit into the disappointed mouth of Pollux and mounted. Since the two were hunting the one he hunted the three. And he hunted them all into the *Eel and Spectacles* inn.

Within the inn he found not war nor a prospect of war, but exuberant good-fellowship. The one and the two drank with Rhenish in bounteous cups and babbled the more. Raoul in a corner played with bread and cheese and strained eyes and ears. They were sunburned, soldierly men all, in no way distinguished. They used a patois of Dutch and were all fluent; but Raoul's experience determined that the one had something of a Spanish accent, the two no accent at all. They spoke merely of such common things as woman and wine and they amused themselves much more than Raoul, who liked humor young. The two were loudly merry but they seemed to Raoul's impartial eyes less eager to drink than to see their companion drink.

The gentleman of the Spanish accent, plied with wine, grew boisterous. He gave toasts decent and other and the two seconded him noisily. But they sipped while he drank bumpers. Presently there came in two others, seating themselves beside the one, sedate men who, if they knew the complexion of the business afoot, gave no sign, being plainly in no mood for the ribald jests of their companions. But the Spanish gentleman's eyes began to roll and he espied Raoul. "There is a cavalier who is not drinking," he howled, plaintively. "Drink, my gentleman," and he passed Raoul a bottle. "Drink to the drink and drink to the drunk and drink to the drink again," he cried, draining his cup. "To Rhenish, white Rhenish, the king of all liquors!" The others drank and shouted, except the newcomers, who rose and betook themselves off in silence. Raoul put down his cup, the Spaniard

started up spluttering: "*Viejo diablo de Toledo!* Do you refuse my toast?"

"I cannot," says Raoul, "abjure the faith."

"To the devil with the faith!"

"Sir, he believes and trembles."

The irate gentleman was again profane.

"What is your faith?" he roared.

"Sir, the true faith is this: that the king of all wines is good, crimson Burgundy."

"To the devil with your Burgundy!"

"I doubt he drinks Rhenish."

The irate gentleman flung a cup of it in Raoul's face.

"It is not even a good face wash," said Raoul, wiping his mustachios, "as I shall convince you when you are sober."

The gentleman—he was worse than irate now—lugged out his sword and lurched toward Raoul howling. The other two sat still and grinned. "Will you counsel your friend?" cried Raoul to them, springing back with sword undrawn.

"Is he in case to fight?"

They whispered together a moment, and: "At him, my bully, at him!" they shouted.

With oaths continuous if indistinct the drunken man rolled, lunging, at Raoul, and overreached himself, and staggered forward, to meet the straight drive of Raoul's fist and drop like a dog.

The two gaped at Raoul a moment, then one looked down to the fallen man, and: "Sped, by my bones!" said he with a chuckle, and started up and ran to Raoul, crying: "Come, my lad, you were best safe away," and whirled him to the door.

Raoul let himself be whirled. The door was slammed behind him. Then, wholly calm, he walked to the window and, unseen, looked in. He saw the two down on their knees by the stunned man. They had his cuirass off, they loosed his doublet, they fumbled in his bosom. The hand of one came away with a paper in it.

Raoul leaped through the window. He darted upon them, he snatched the paper away, he sprang back flicking out his sword. They rushed upon him, but the first thrusts were his. Down went one with his right thigh pierced, down went the other. Raoul leaped out through the window as the alarmed landlord burst in the door.

Raoul spurred away toward Schiedam, and smiled. He approved of himself. After nightfall he sat in an inn at Vlaar-

dingen and took his well-earned ease. With a flask of old Burgundy for counselor he examined the captured paper. It was sealed carefully with black wax. Raoul took from his bosom a clasp knife, and opened a blade thin as a wafer and warmed that over the candle and slipped it daintily under the seals. He was not a novice.

There was revealed this epistle in Spanish:

TO DON GUZMAN DE FRANQUEZA, Commandant of Schiedam—these.

The Prince is informed that Newstead threatens you, and his Highness this day orders that two companies of shotmen, with pikemen and pistoliers each a half company and sakers four, march for Schiedam. RICHEBOURG.

From Breda on this S. Peter's day. The bearer is Pedro Valdez, a trusty soul, whom pay fifty crowns. R.

"But certainly!" said Raoul, with a chuckle. "Behold me Pedro Valdez." He warmed the seals over the candle and daintily pressed them down again and surveyed his handiwork. "I protest it is cheap at fifty crowns," said he, and went happy to bed.

Next morning he rode in through the main gate of Schiedam. As he came up the market street there was some commotion. Three or four citizens gayly dressed were marching along, when out of a by-way came a sergeant's guard of pikemen and bade them halt, and straightway arrested the gayest of them all, a sturdy young fellow in cloth of silver. He protested, his friends protested vehemently, but the pikemen listened to no argument, and thrust them aside and bore him away, cuffing, kicking, fighting like a madman.

"*Diantre!*" quoth Raoul, "there is a popinjay of energy!" and asked by-standers who the gentleman was.

"It is Gerard Reyd," came the answer, "Gerard Reyd, who was to be married this morning."

Pedro Valdez with a letter from the Marquis of Richebourg was brought at once to the presence of Don Guzman de Franqueza. The commandant was a Spaniard of the fair breed, with golden hair and a handsome, humorous face. He broke the letter open carelessly, and was reading

it when a captain came in to announce that the burgesses Joost Reynders and Adrian Kloet demanded to speak with his Excellency.

in—two plump Dutchmen, richly arrayed, puffing and red. "And what is my burgesses' prayer?" his Excellency asked.



*"The agreeable and familiar occupation was interrupted by a vision of two horsemen."*

His Excellency laughed. "My burgesses amuse me," quoth he. "Well! perhaps I shall amuse my burgesses."

He was still laughing when they came

The elder of the two, a graybeard of some dignity, strode forward. "Sir," he cried, "your pikemen have arrested my son on his wedding morning——"

"Oh, give me leave! This is not his wedding morning. Faith, I doubt his wedding morning will never dawn."

The two looked at each other. "What do you mean, sir?" said one in a low voice.

"Many things. Mynheer Reynders, your good son Gerard was on his way to wed the fair Mary Kloet? And his mind is to wed her or never wed woman?"

"Aye, sir."

"Then, poor fool, he is like to die a bachelor."

"And why, sir?" cried the graybeard.

"Because he will never die her husband. Why again? Because that pleasure I reserve for myself. Therefore I arrested the good Gerard betimes. You behold in me, burgesses, one who purposes to die and live the fair Mary's husband. Unless in the providence of God I live her widower."

"God forbid!" her father muttered.

The commandant laughed, gently. "Father-in-law, you misapprehend the case. Mary's dear love Gerard lies in my castle wedded to fetter and shackle bolt. You will give me Mary to wife with the dowry you promised Gerard, and make me, like him, the heir to all you have, or—or, father-in-law—I hang Mary's dear love Gerard from the battlements for the wind to play with."

Gasping, shuddering, and chill, the two fathers shrank back. Then, hoarsely: "No, by the living God, no!" Joost Reynders thundered. "If my son be done to death, God will give him courage and us. Neither his death nor his life shall put a denier in that man's hand."

Away in the background: "I am glad you are not my father," Raoul murmured. "Or—perhaps I am sorry."

Then Adrian Kloet drew a long breath and fell back, and, little and helpless, he looked defiance. "For the maid and her lover I answer, as God is their father, we will yield you nothing!" he cried.

"Does the maid say so, indeed?" said the commandant, laughing. "Then tell her that her lover shall hang. Away, away, burgess: bear the glad tidings."

The two glared at him, impotent hands trembling with wrath. Then with a groan Joost Reynders turned and drew his friend away and out.

The commandant rose leisurely, chuckling. Raoul came from the background

and stood before him. "Well, sirrah?" quoth the commandant, surprised. "Oh, aye! You are the man from Breda."

"The man," Raoul agreed, "from Breda."

"And you see we can amuse ourselves in Schiedam."

"Your Excellency," Raoul agreed, "amuses me infinitely."

His Excellency chuckled, and took up the letter again and again read it. "I see that I owe you something, my friend."

Raoul bowed. "Your Excellency is pleased to acknowledge it."

"Well, come to me in an hour. I go to tell this happy bridegroom his destiny and hers. And then I must dine. Faith, this business wakes the appetite."

Raoul bowed again, and went to look for a dinner himself. He, too, had an appetite.

Close by the castle gate he found an inn of opulent aspect, and he entered and vociferously demanded dinner. A mess of boiled beef was brought, and he sat down to it. In a moment he rapped out an oath that brought the tapster back into the room with a jump. Raoul beckoned to him: "Hither, varlet, hither! Boiled beef with no salt—what is it but nausea to a Christian mouth?"

"Salt?" the tapster giggled. "Your honor asks for salt?"

Raoul sprang to his feet. "I asked no fool to laugh," quoth he.

The tapster, rubbing his ear, expounded: "Your Honor must know that we of Schiedam get all our salt from the sea-water pans at Saaldwyk. For a month past the Englishman Newstead has been in camp with his troops at Saaldwyk, so that he has cut us off from our salt entirely."

"Bah!" quoth Raoul. "He does not guess how much better some of you would look pickled. Bah! Away! Bring me herbs, many herbs, to make this mess less vile." From that and the unsalted bread he made a bad meal.

In a very bad temper he went back to the commandant. The commandant had a bandage about his head. Raoul was pleased to find some one else injured. "Your Excellency has met a misfortune," said he, and twirled his mustachios with satisfaction. "Oh, I trust the bridegroom was not unruled."



His Excellency cursed the bridegroom. "I fear he did not appreciate your Excellency's humor. I fear he——"

"He broke my head," growled his Excellency. "And you may hold your tongue. Or go into double fetters like him."

Raoul bowed to his Excellency. But mentally he bowed to the bridegroom. Raoul curled his mustachios more rotundly in the bridegroom's honor.

"Keep your cursed hands still," growled the irritable commandant.

Raoul's hands stayed still with the mustachios in them—not from obedience but amazement. "No man before," he assures you, "had ever the impudence to meddle with my mustachios' curve."

"You want fifty crowns," said the commandant. "There they are." Raoul bowed stiffly—he was upon his dignity now—and pouched them. "Now—you come from Breda. The Prince was there when you left: what forces had he?"

Since Raoul knew no more or perhaps less than the commandant, the answer required, you will agree, some thought. Raoul began to lie carefully and slowly, twirling his small mustachios as his way was when thinking.

"Speak out, man! speak out!" cried the impatient commandant. "You fidget with your mouth like a Barbary ape."

Raoul stopped short. "My mustachios displease your Excellency?" he inquired, coldly.

His Excellency started up in a rage. "Away with your mustachios!" he cried. "Away with you! Shave yourself and get some sense."

Raoul went out with dignity.

But not to a barber's. He sauntered through the market place, feeling the wronged mustachios, and reflected. "That person is wholly disgusting. Shave, quotha! The only mustachios I ever loved! I dislike him infinitely. Oh, I dislike everything infinitely. I—I think I will go get some salt."

The meadows are billowy toward the salt pans at Saaldwyk. Raoul was challenged by an unseen sentry. A corporal's guard rose up from a hollow to take him to the invisible camp.

Hidden in an angle of the shore dike were near a thousand men. On the dike sat Newstead, their leader, the little man

with the curious green eyes that look down the centuries, and Gaspar Wiederman, his huge, tawny-haired camp marshal, and old Zouch, the quartermaster. Below them the men stood at their ease, disorderly, half armed. It was the full council of the Free Companions.

Old Zouch was speaking. "The charge is: these two, Robin Curtnose and Peter the Poet, they were set to watch the road from Maassluis to Schiedam for a messenger of Parma's carrying dispatches. They have brought the messenger into camp, but they say that a young fellow robbed them of the dispatches: one man, as they say, robbing and wounding them both. The charge is that they failed of their duty, whereby this Free Company is injured."

Raoul, tiptoeing, beheld his friends of the *Eel and Spectacles* under guard, and smiled upon the universe. They were so symmetrically bandaged.

Newstead spoke. "Robin Curtnose: Peter the Poet: how do you answer the charge?"

"It is true," said Robin Curtnose; and Peter the Poet said in a low voice, "It is true."

"Free Companions!" Newstead cried, "you have heard the charge. The prisoners confess it is true. Give sentence."

A low murmur ran among the throng; then a man stood out from the rest and pointed with naked sword to the ground; and the murmur swelled to a word—"Death! Death!" and was still again.

"Who gainsays that?" cried Newstead. But all was still.

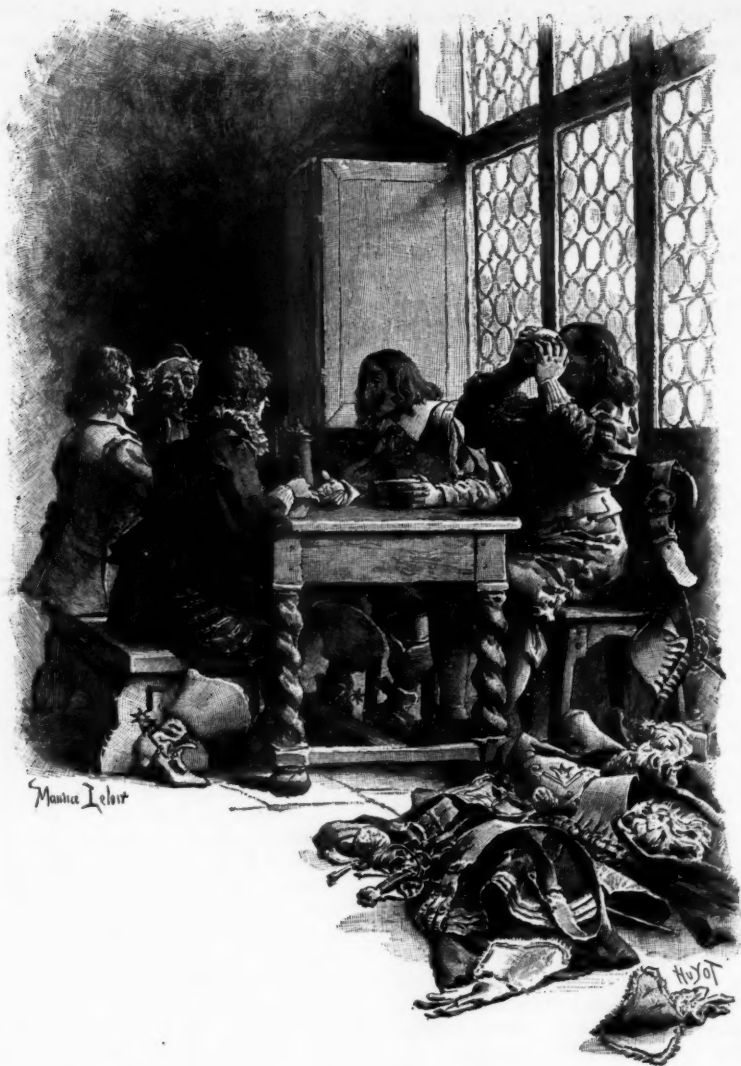
"It is just," said Peter the Poet; and Robin Curtnose echoed, "It is just."

Newstead stood up. "One death is enough," he said. "One life I give. Let them cast the dice which shall die."

A drummer came thrusting through the throng and set his drum down at Newstead's feet and a dice box upon it. Newstead beckoned to the two. They came slowly.

"I am ten years the elder," said Robin Curtnose half to himself. "I give him the throw. Let Peter live."

"No, by God!" cried Peter the Poet. "I cannot live if Robin dies for it; and Robin is the better man—and the better man should live."



*"The one and the two drank with Rhenish in bounteous cups."*

"One life is given," said Newstead.  
"Throw the dice."

"And one life I claim!" It was Raoul as he strode forward, eyes a gleam. "Colonel Newstead! I am he who robbed your men, and, *pardieu*, the man who is beat

by me need feel no shame. I will tell you all, and much more than you had learned from that dispatch, matter of high import to this Free Company; and the price of the story is—one life." Raoul struck an attitude on the dike, and the Free Com-

panions stared at him. He enjoyed himself.

A look of some humor crossed Newstead's lean, sunburned face. "I know this cavalier," said he, "Free companions! If it prove that the Free Company has taken no hurt, shall the life be spared?"

Again there was a murmur, again one man stepped out from the rest. He drew his sword half from the scabbard, then clashed it home; and from behind him a thousand scabbarded swords clashed again. The Free Company voted life.

Gaspar Wiederman heaved himself up and gave gruff orders. The throng broke up. The prisoners were borne away in guard. Newstead took Raoul by the arm.

"Come, my friend," said he, and drew him to a little turf hut in the shadow of the dike. Gaspar Wiederman followed, and Zouch. Within was a table, one chair, and a saddle.

"I preface," said Raoul, sitting down on the saddle, "that when I came into the affair I did not know that Colonel Newstead was there already," and then told his story—how he quarreled at the inn, how he stole the letter, and what was in the letter, and how he took it to Don Guzman. Gaspar Wiederman coughed and coughed again. "Precisely," said Raoul. "As the camp marshal suggests. For fifty crowns. So then Don Guzman expects those forces. His own are yet slender, being—" Raoul precisely detailed them.

"Faith!" growled Gaspar, "you have the head of a soldier, if you had not chosen to be—something else. Why, having gone to the Spaniard, do you come to us?"

"For the honor of my mustachios—by Don Guzman aspersed. And on behalf of my stomach."

Newstead smiled. "And what does Monsieur Raoul now suggest to Colonel Newstead?" he inquired.

"A surprise, an onfall, a storm. Here is my strategy. That town is starving for salt. Send some of your fellows habited like peasants with salt to sell. Let them cut down the guard at the gate. Your company storms in. Don Guzman is overwhelmed. Behold my plan. I give it freely. Make it your own. Tell me when you will come into the town, and I will engage, I, little Raoul de Tout le Monde, that they shall not be able to shut the castle

gates that day. One's mustachios must do something, *mordieu!* But for my stomach's sake I would beg you come quickly."

"I shall be into Schiedam—" said Newstead, and Gaspar was seized by a fit of coughing. Newstead continued unheeding: "—on the morning of the day after to-morrow."

"So be it," said Raoul, bowing, and turned to the table. "I take the saltcellar and my leave."

Newstead gave him a hand grip and let him go. So Raoul went back to Schiedam and had salt with his supper.

The next day he spent lounging about the castle gates. He had the gratification of observing from time to time certain peasants—in accent, in bearing they were almost excessively peasants—who had a trifle of salt to sell. They announced that Newstead was moving camp from the salt pans, and promised Schiedam more salt on the morrow. The afternoon was waning, the shadow of the castle lay full across the market place, when Raoul, spread on a bench by the inn door, saw one of the commandant's captains come out. Raoul hailed him, wagged a flask at him, and bade him drink. "Only a sup, then," quoth the captain with regret: "I am in haste."

"Poor devil!" Raoul yawned.

The captain laughed and drank. "Don Guzman has lost patience. I go to Kloet's house to tell the fair Mary that if she come not to Don Guzman to-night her lover shall hang to-morrow morn."

Raoul yawned again. "God bless to-morrow," said he.

Then, the captain gone, he dropped his eyelids and considered this new case. He condemned Don Guzman's impatience. It was purely inconvenient. Now, or ever Newstead came, the maid might yield, and Don Guzman get his desire. "Which my mustachios," Raoul muttered, "would profoundly deplore."

"I suppose," Raoul meditated, "the maid will let her lover die so she may be safe from Don Guzman. Her lover might give her little thanks for that. But my mustachios are grateful. For Don Guzman is spited. And if Newstead is too late to save the lover a hanging—why, the maid may still find one Dutch bridegroom as good as another." Raoul lounged along content.

But as the twilight deepened he saw a girl steal out of Mynheer Kloet's house and hurry toward the castle. The girl had changed her mind. Raoul bit his teeth on an oath, and swung across her path and gripped her wrist. "Mistress Kloet!" he hissed, "do you dare? Will you be false to your love?"

"False?" the girl gasped, trembling. "False? Oh, God help me! I—I—" she sobbed—"I go to save him the only way I can."

"To save him? Bah! Would he not rather die a thousand times than you should yield yourself to this Spaniard?"

"I know, I know," the girl sobbed.

"Then you are traitor to him and traitor to love."

Raoul felt the girl's body quiver. He saw the agony on her wan face. "I—I cannot have him die," she moaned.

"What life is the life you save for him so? You leave him no happiness, no honor."

"I—I cannot"—she was sobbing against Raoul's heart—"I cannot bear him to die."

But Raoul's face was set and grim. "Do you think only of yourself? Do you love only yourself? You—you cannot bear the pain of his death. You must have the joy of sacrificing yourself, though by the sacrifice you shame him. I' God's name, love him better! Bear your pain. Give him the honor. Let him die to keep you pure."

The girl's sobs were hushed. Wistfully through tears she looked at Raoul. "Yes: he would wish that," she murmured. "He would wish that. I thank you. I—I will bear my pain. Oh, I thank you."

Raoul bowed low, and watched her turn and pass home in the gloom, helpless with her sorrow. Raoul drew a long breath. "And I wonder if I believe it all?" said he. "Or if the Dutchman does? Eh, but this complicates the affair." He passed on deep in thought. He had, indeed, harmed Don Guzman pleasantly—but only by meddling with other people's lives: if the Dutchman were hanged now it would be his work.

He turned short and made for the castle. There he was amiable and witty to the sergeant of the guard. Ere the wicket gate was closed for the night he had the happiness to behold Don Guzman come to

it and stare out, looking vainly for his prey. With an oath for the maid, and a vile jest at her and her doomed lover, Don Guzman turned at last, and strode away to his quarters. Raoul, following discreetly, sat down on his stairway, and went to sleep at once like a dog. Like a dog he woke at the first sound ere dawn, and went back to the gateway again, and was zealous in helping the guard to open the great gates. But as he helped, he rolled along the ground under the ball of his foot four pistol bullets; and he pushed them into the slots where the bolts should go, and ground them down with his heel hard. Then he lounged by the gatepost, chatting easily, though every nerve in him was at strain. Any moment might bring the sound of Newstead's onfall. Any moment Don Guzman might come forth to order the Dutchman's hanging.

Don Guzman was first. He strode into the gateway and peered down the street, and turned again with a curse. "Reeve me a rope over the gate," he growled. "Go one of you to Kloet's house, and bid his daughter come to see her bridegroom kick a last time. By my faith, he shall hang this hour."

"That is crude," said Raoul aloud. The commandant turned upon him with an oath. "If I were your Excellency, I would go tell the man the bride is yours, and give him a worse pang than hanging."

Don Guzman laughed. "By my faith, a noble thought. Go, get me the key."

Raoul ran off with enthusiasm. He took the keys from the master at arms, and, elaborately polite, ushered Don Guzman into the main tower and down the winding stair, and past the powder magazine to the dungeons.

They entered a dark, noisome cell, and Raoul carefully locked the door behind them. One beam of light from a grating high in the wall broke the darkness, and showed the hapless bridegroom lying in his double fetters.

Don Guzman stirred him with his foot. "Ha, dog! I bring you good news. Since yesterday, that bride of yours is mine." Raoul heard the irons clank as the man shuddered—heard a choked sob. Don Guzman laughed, and peered forward in the dim light to see the tortured face. "Aye, you may groan. She has well for-

got you, dog. She has such joy in me that she cares not, she says, whether you live or die, and so——"

out his sword. "Dog, swine, filth——" He made a pass at the helpless man.

His sword scraped along Raoul's.



*"Three or four citizens gayly dressed were marching along."*

"Thank God!" cried the man. "Ah, thank God! Now I know that you lie!" The commandant, blaspheming, flashed

He jumped round upon Raoul with louder oaths. "Your Excellency," said Raoul, politely, "pray consider my mus-





*"I asked no fool to laugh," quoth he."*

tachios." The commandant cursed his mustachios and made a wild thrust at him. Raoul's sword flashed a riposte. The commandant's sword fell. Quite gently he swayed back against the wall. Raoul's point was through his eye and his brain.

Raoul laid him down and stood over him. "I congratulate the world," said he, and he twirled his mustachios. "You also, my dears." Then he dropped on his knees beside the amazed Dutchman and began to try his keys on the fetter locks.

"Is she safe? Tell me! Is she safe?" the Dutchman cried.

Raoul laughed and nodded, wrenching a stiff lock round.

"Did she send you to me?"

Raoul, laughing, dealt with another lock: "Faith, I think she did."

"Is she not wonderful?" said the Dutchman.

"Humph! I think I am a little wonderful, too," Raoul grunted, as he swung the last of the fetters clattering away. He had the door open. He bore the Dutch-

man (cramped limbs would scarce move) out into the passageway. He locked Don Guzman dead into his own dungeon.

Then he dragged the Dutchman to the black darkness at the passage end, for there was the roar of a fight above. Newstead was in. And Raoul had no mind to trust himself with a helpless man to the fury of a storm.

A fierce fight raged in the castle yard. The Spaniards, half armed, some but half clothed, hurled themselves recklessly into the fray. But they were driven back and back, and the captains, bleeding, distraught, held an instant's council, and one ran to seek Don Guzman. Raoul and his Dutchman saw him batter upon the door of the cell, heard him shout and shout again to the dead. Then came oaths of amazement, and then he ran back to his comrades. But he found the fight lost and won. What of the Spaniards were left alive had been driven from the courtyard into the towers, and Newstead's men beset the stairways, slaying still. The Spanish cap-

tain—give the nameless dead the honor of his deed—turned and ran down again hot-foot for the magazine, to fire the powder, and, vanquished, win victory through death.

Raoul heard him come, caught through the din the patter of powder; and dashed down the passageway. The Spaniard was stooping with flint and steel and tinder over a powder train. Raoul ran him through, and stamped wildly hither and thither on the sparks that he scattered as he fell. There was a flash of yellow light and thunder; Raoul was hurled out into the passageway, and beyond him the wall and the stair fell roaring down.

Raoul came to himself again in the dark, with the Dutchman holding up his head. He staggered to his feet and felt his way to the mass of ruin. Raoul began to drag the stones aside, and he toiled madly till he was drenched with sweat and his limbs would move no more. Still no gleam of light, no breath of air, came through the mass. He sat down on the ground and shrieked curses at himself and his world and his God.

The Dutchman turned from him and began to pull at the ruin. Feebly but steadily still, hour by hour, he toiled. Ever and again Raoul would come and work madly by his side—then turn away and fling himself down and writhe and groan and curse. So the hours went by in the dark—long hours—till they both lay worn out and tortured with thirst.

A gleam of light clove the dark. Raoul saw it, and dragged himself to his feet shrieking, hoarsely. "Water!" he gasped—"water!"

After a while a leather bottle came bumping down. Raoul grasped it, and reeled to the Dutchman, who lay moaning, and let the water drop on his hot, wrinkled lips. The man gasped, and broke into wild delirious laughter; and Raoul gave him more and gently more, till the laughter hushed, and he began to cry. Then Raoul permitted himself to drink. He gulped, he coughed, he rubbed a hand across his eyes. Then he brushed his clothes and folded his arms, and made ready to receive his saviors with a pose soldierly, heroic.

The din of the laborers was loud. Each moment saw the hole in the ruin

broader. There clambered through it a man naked to the waist. "Ha!" says Raoul, "good day to you, Monsieur Robin Curtnose."

Robin Curtnose grinned and saluted. "Will you up, master?"

"My bridegroom first," said Raoul; and together they hoisted the Dutchman out to light, to freedom at last.

Robin Curtnose helped Raoul through; and Raoul, blinking at his saviors, all dappled with sweat and stone dust, found Colonel Newstead. "Ah, Colonel! The gates did not shut, I think?" said he, airily. "The commandant also had the kindness to expire appropriately."

Newstead wrung his hand. "And that I never thought to do again," said Newstead. "We tore it out of these knaves that you were in the dungeons when the powder fired, and I doubted even Raoul de Tout le Monde would scarce find a way to live. But there were three who swore they would have you out, alive or dead—three who have toiled all day and all night—three who said they owed you something: the camp marshal here, because he had believed you a rogue; Robin Curtnose and Peter the Poet because—*Cordieu*, catch him!"

Afterwards Raoul remembered grasping at Gaspar Wiederman's huge hand; remembered also the huge grins of Robin Curtnose and Peter the Poet—but no more. For his heroic pose collapsed, and he fell down and went to sleep where he fell.

He woke, however, before Gerard Reyd, his rescued Dutchman. For it was he, five-and-twenty hours after, who hauled Gerard Reyd out of bed, and induced him, somnolent, into his clothes, and hurried him to that house where Mary Kloet was waiting in glad impatience. The sight of her, he records, did at last wake Master Gerard, who ran to her. "Her blush," Raoul writes, "made me rejoice that I wore mustachios."

"You were certainly meant to be wed," he remarked, and made his bow, and was going.

"Ah, sir, but we have to thank you for so much!" the girl cried.

Raoul turned again. "Believe me, you have better things to do," he said; and smiled upon them, and went out with a swagger, twirling his mustachios.

# SAND

BY JAMES BARNES



FOLLOWING the lines of stakes, marking cut or fill, the construction gangs were tossing back the ages. A few miles ahead of plow and scraper and great steam shovel the prairie lay undisturbed, as it had lain for centuries. It was strange how man's presence made commonplace the solitude! As the brown dump of the K. C., C. & W. reached out, mile by mile, toward the distant foot hills, the vast stretches became uninteresting, the dignity of the desert dwindled into insignificance.

This thought, in somewhat chaotic form, filled the mind of a young man who sat astride a wiry little pony, watching a twenty-mule team, urged on by shouting drivers, tugging at a great "go-devil" of heavy-weighted beams and sturdy steel blades that was crumbling the loose shale over which it passed and repassed as easily as a harrow might a garden patch.

The youthful engineer who represented the company's interests had allowed this part of his ten-mile section to go into the contract as "solid rock." It had been proved to his satisfaction that no ordinary plow could be of any use—repeated drilling had shown that the shale ran down some feet below the depth of the cutting—but here was the "go-devil" chopping it up into as pretty shoveling as any contractor would like to see. Money in that, sure enough! No wonder the man on horseback smiled. Why was it a railway company placed so much responsibility in the hands of callow individuals who had permission to tack C. E. to the end of their names? They could run transit and level; the use of sines, cosines, and logarithms was at their finger tips, but what

did they know of actual experience? It was just as easy to pull the wool over their eyes as— But suppose there would be a kick coming? What of it? It was all in black and white in the contract.

The young contractor, who was in his shirt sleeves, clean shirt sleeves, hitched up with little red elastic garters, reached back for his notebook, and taking out one of the many pencils that protruded from his upper vest pocket, scribbled a hasty memorandum. The next time he went up to Omaha he would get a fine gold watch, with this particular C. E.'s initials on the back. There would be no harm trying it. As he looked up again, he saw that the foreman of the "go-devil" gang was approaching, a grin on his leather-tanned face. The man leaned familiarly on the pony's neck, and began combing his mane with hard, stubby fingers. He was chewing tobacco in rather a slovenly fashion that was accentuated by the breadth of his pervading smile. So far, neither of the two men had said a word, but the expression of pleasure on their faces betrayed a subtle understanding.

"Well, Kennedy," said the contractor at last, breaking the silence, "she works all right, eh?" It was more a statement than a question.

"By m' survivory and upon m' Kitty, Misther Hull, she's foine, just foine! Shure, an' 'twas a great idea o' yours! The top layer was a bit hard, but onct below that, it's loike rakin' hay. Misther Borden'll be pleased when he sees this day's wurruk. Shure, he thought 'twas solid rock, loike the little engineer felly! But you was right, sor, you was right. When'll Misther Borden be afther comin' back, sor?"

"Expect him this evening, Pat. Been away four days now."

"Four days. An' almost two miles of the new dump to show him. How's th' work comin' on, sor?"

"Fine, Pat. I'm going up next week myself. We've got enough there to last us into the winter. Oh, by the way, I want you to go down to 42 this afternoon and take hold of the gang who are putting in that bridge seat. The timber has come, and the pile driver will be there by twelve o'clock." He gave some directions, and, turning the head of the wiry little pony, rode back along the edge of the borrow pit beyond the cut.

As Hull dismounted at the office tent, Murray, his chief clerk, pushed aside the flap and greeted him abruptly. "Mr. Borden's back," he said. "He's lookin' for you. I told him he'd probably find you down at Number 42. That consignment of giant powder came in this morning. Everything goin' all right, Mr. Hull?"

"Yes, sure," with an accent of satisfied conviction. "Hello, here comes Borden now!"

Fairly stumbling toward them was a tall man, with red hair and a heavy red mustache. His coat and waistcoat were unbuttoned, and his patent leather shoes were muddy from his tramp along the dump. But the first thing that struck Mr. Hull was the color of his face and the strange look in his eyes. When he approached nearer, Hull caught the fumes of liquor on his breath.

"What's the matter, Al?" he began. "Omaha too much for you, eh?" His pleasantry was a little nervous, but his partner apparently noticed neither tone nor words. Murray, the clerk, had turned back into the tent.

The red-mustached man grasped Hull by the arm, led him a few paces away, and then swung round to face him.

"Ben," he croaked, hoarsely, with a suddenness that was like an unexpected blow, "by God, we're busted!"

"Go on," said the other, calmly, wondering at his own self-control; "tell me."

"They're goin' to default this month's payment, that's all, up there. You know, I was afraid we'd bitten off more'n we could chew. We're ditched, Ben, ditched!"

He laughed a bitter laugh, with a curse twanging through it like a high-pitched discord.

"Now, hold on," interjected Hull, savagely. "Who told you all this?"

"I c'n see how things 're workin', plain enough. They won't be able to pay for sixty days anyhow, and we've got our own note for forty thousand dollars up in the Omaha Trust, and the pay roll here due a week from Saturday, and we've just got a thousand dollars in the bank—you and me—in ready money! A thousand dollars and seventy thousand due in ten days! We've run this thing too close, Ben. We've run things too close."

Hull took out one of the long lead pencils from his pocket and drew forth his notebook. His fingers trembled, but he controlled his voice.

"Al," he said slowly, with a note of absolute self-belief. "We're doing fine here; we're making money hand over fist, and we're doing well up there. In two months, if we can hang on, we will be on velvet. We've got to hang on. Do you hear that, man? We've got to."

"Got to," the other echoed. "That's talkin' brave enough, but it's just talk, that's all! Can you see this work stop, and old man Beaman step in here? This county won't hold us after next week, Ben. We'll have to do the jump, I'm thinkin'. We'll have to fly the coop."

The junior partner seized the tall man by the shoulders and shook him roughly.

"Are you a quitter?" he challenged bitterly. "By God, I thought more of you than that! Haven't you got any sand?" His eyes sparkled with contempt.

Borden did not answer, but the clenched hand told much.

"Well, what are we goin' to do?" he said sullenly at last.

Hull rescued his self-control before it had drowned in the rising tide of his temper.

"I'll tell you, and you listen, Al, d'ye hear? You're goin' right back to Omaha. You draw five hundred dollars of that thousand, and give the Elks a big blowout, and go to the Great Western Supply Company and talk about ordering four new duplex steam shovels. No, by gracious Peter, make it eight! And go and see Haley and get a bid for supplying mules

and horses. Tell him we want 'em, and matched teams, too! Just forget *how* things are, and talk big—Big with a capital B. Drunk or sober, talk Big. D'y'e hear that? I'll be up there day after to-morrow. Now, get into gear. Show what sand you've got, call every bluff, play 'em as if you had 'em."

Some color had come back to the older man's face.

"It'll be damn funny," he said, with a little helpless laugh.

"Al." Hull attempted to catch the glance that swept furtively over him and fell away. "Don't be afraid; it's the only show we've got left. If we lie down now, we're done. You go back quick. You can get to the Junction before five, and be there to-morrow morning bright and early, and begin your line o' talk. I'll stay here, so it won't look queer, both of us leaving. Now, not a word. Take my horse and ride to 38. They'll give you an engine there. We'll come along back, or Murray'll suspect something. Not a soul must know, not a living, breathing soul."

They walked over to the tent. Borden, his nerves upset by two almost sleepless nights, and the whisky dying within him, dared not trust his voice; but as he mounted the little pony, Hull spoke in an easy tone, as if continuing part of an unfinished conversation.

"An' say, Al," he ran on, "while you're about it, get a gold watch. Oh, go as high as eighty dollars, and have these initials put on it, too; guess he'll take it. We must make good for the little trick we played on him."

Borden, bewildered and mystified, replied nothing, but Murray from inside the tent echoed Hull's hearty parting laugh. The joke on the young engineer was all about the camp.

## II

BEN HULL strolled slowly up the cactus-grown slope toward the wagon that occupied a position on the top of a little knoll a hundred yards or so back of the headquarters tent. Under the canvas cover were the big tin canisters of giant powder, for they had run across some solid rock that would submit to no "go-deviling" process, and there was plenty more of it

ahead. Hull walked round to the far side of the wagon, as if inspecting it. He was out of sight of the moving figures at work below, and he did a strange thing: he leaned forward against the wagon wheel, and hid his white face in his hands. When he drew them away, his fingers and his palms were wet. So it had come to this! The great enterprise had failed! The great business venture, the magnificent front, the wonderful bluff, was over! It would be Begin again! but begin, with a handicap so great as to be insurmountable—Hull and Borden failures!

His eyes followed the long stretch of embankment and cutting that reached back to the eastern sky line; it was like a giant train of powder destined to fire some mighty mine! He could see the feathery steam rising out of the arroyo, where the pile driver was at work; he could hear the shouts of the teamsters, and suddenly the bleat of a tin horn from the mess tent, that was taken up by the shrill steam whistles miles away. It announced the meal hour. Murray and the other clerks would soon be expecting him at the tent. It would never do for them to discover anything, or even to suspect it.

Now, one of the hardest things in all this world to do is to pretend to have an appetite; but in his desire to appear perfectly natural and at ease, Hull pretended to have an abnormal one: It even attracted attention.

When the meal was over he passed round his own most particular box of red surcingle cigars, and strolled away.

If Hull possessed a nervous system, it was certainly well concealed. As he stood on the edge of the arroyo, watching the pile driver at work on the opposite side, every thundering blow of the dropped weight gave him joy. The panting of the little engine was like a tonic to him. The mere suggestion of its might, its tireless energy, raised his own spirits. As yet, he had formed no plan, but a fierce determination was growing within him. It was *up to him to make good!* He alone from his own sheer force would have to keep all this going. And he would! he would! Borden, good business man and able counselor, when things were going right, was almost at the point of breakdown. And it was he, Hull, who had



dragged him by force of will into the present maelstrom of complications. He was to blame! The daring of his hope had swept aside his partner's caution. Yes, it was up to him! He lit another long cigar from the stub of the one he had smoked swiftly to a finish, and walked eastward along the embankment. On, on, he walked, no definite object in view, but apparently his purpose just ahead of him. It was late in the evening before he turned to retrace his steps to the camp, and it was late at night before he crawled into his blankets on the little iron cot.

The next day was a repetition of this one, constant activity, strict attention; but in the afternoon, as he was talking with Murray in the tent, Hull jumped to his feet.

"Tom," he announced, with the suddenness of inspiration, "I'm going on to Omaha to-night, and, say, Tom," he leaned over and placed a hand on the chief clerk's shoulder, "I'm going to give you a great big chance, son, just to see what you are made of. I may be gone some days. Guess I'll run up to the Platte. Maybe Borden'll go along with me. Think that you and Kelly and th' boys can swing things here?"

The chief clerk flushed with pleasure.

"By Tar! I'll try, Mr. Hull," he said eagerly. "Goin' up to-night?"

"Yep, think I will. Well! well! see who's here!" He looked out of the tent.

"Here's old Farwell with his buggy. I'll get him to give me a lift back to 38."

Everything appeared perfectly natural, yet everything had been timed to a nicety, even the hasty but important directions he gave as he threw some things into a little handbag. Old Peter Farwell, a subcontractor, who had driven up by appointment, showed no surprise at the Boss's sudden decision. They could talk over all they had to say on the drive down, and never had he found the Boss so keen, so accurate, so optimistic. Everything was going fine! If they had a late winter they would be well up toward the hill country. It had been a good year, and the next was bound to be a better one. When they parted at rail head the old man shook Hull's hand.

"Mr. Hull," said he, "I've been forty

years in the business, and I've worked with all sorts and kinds, crooked and straight and hustlers and lazybones, but I was never so glad to work along of anybody afore, an' I never seed work go smoother or faster! Never a hitch and never a quarrel! The lawyers'll starve on this job, sure! Good-by, an' good luck to you! Don't fergit t' give m' best to Mr. Borden."

Seated on the edge of an empty flat car, thumping its way behind the little engine on the uneven, new-laid track to the Junction, the contractor held some bitter moments of self communion, through which ran the ever-recurring thought that "it was up to him!" Old Farwell, from whom he had just parted, had more money of his own in the bank than Hull and Borden could draw a check for! He laughed, with a cruel intake of breath between his clenched teeth. Oh, what a big bluff it had been! What a monstrous bluff!

As the engine slowed up at the Junction, the north-bound train on the other line signaled its approach with a distant whistle, and the glare of its headlight down the track.

### III

THE hotel doctor, a very young man, who hoped to add age to his appearance by growing weak side whiskers and wearing a frock coat, was still talking in low professional tones as he halted at the door of a room on the fifth floor. Hull stood before him, working the muscles of his jaw, as he listened attentively to what the doctor was rehearsing. With an evident desire to seem important, the doctor continued:

"You see, Mr. Hull, it was this way: his nerve centers were in bad shape—the effect of a prior illness, I dare say; but then I don't think that the man has had a wink of sleep for three days and nights, and what with the stimulants he has absorbed and the lack of food, he's just about on the ragged edge! The hospital's the place for him, but of course we can take care of him here, until he takes a turn for the worse—or the better. It's typhoid malaria in the blood, I guess."

"Does he know I'm here?"

"Well, he seemed to know you were coming. Guess you'd better go in and see

him, but don't stay long. A couple of Elks brought him in here last night: one of them is in there now. We've got to keep him quiet."

"Let me see him alone, Doc. It's better I'd see him alone."

Hull opened the door and stepped into the bedroom. Tossing from side to side on the bed was Borden. A young man rose from a chair near the window. Hull greeted him with warmth in his whispered salutation.

"I'm much obliged for what you've done. I'm his partner. Leave him to me for a while." The young man withdrew, and Hull hitched up a chair to the bedside. "Al," he said, softly, "look-a-here, it's me, it's Ben."

The mumbling stopped. The blood-shot, sunken eyes turned and met Hull's. A red, hairy arm stole out toward him.

"Ben!"

"It's all right, Al, old boy; everything's all right. You're just a little sick. Nothin' to worry over now. You've just got to get well and take it easy."

"O Ben!" The younger man hardly recognized the faint, weak voice! "It's all up with me. I've lost my grip. It ain't the drink altogether, Ben; my head's wrong. I'm all in. I want to die!"

In the presence of this pitiable breakdown Hull discovered new resources. There was no suggestion of either reproach or accusation in his voice. Slowly and softly he asked questions. Had he seen Lang? No? Oh, he had kept away from him. That was right; it would be better not to see him. Had he gone to the Supply Company? Yes? Oh! ordered the duplex shovels outright, had he? That was good! And the mules and horses? Haley could supply sixty within a fortnight, eh? That was the talk!

As he spoke, Hull never relaxed his grip on the hot hand that grasped his. What was Borden saying now? He had begun speaking in a rush of feverish words, rising on his elbow. At last he finished and fell back weakly, shaking as if in the rigor of a chill.

"How much have you got left, Al?" queried Hull, his eyes for an instant turning from his partner's face.

"I didn't know what I was doin'. Th' cards an' cases ran against me. I

kept playin' an' playin'. I hadn't been inside a faro bank for nigh ten years. Oh, Ben, I ain't fit—to—to live!"

"Just hold on, hold on. How much have you got now?"

"About eighty-five dollars, Ben; all that's left of the thousand—all we've got in the world—every red cent! I drew it all out."

Hull closed his eyes and swayed backward and forward in silence. He could feel his heart thumping almost as loud as the little high-pressure engine that he had watched at the edge of the arroyo on the day before. Eighty-five dollars! With what he had in his pocket, it brought the total available capital of Hull and Borden up to less than one hundred and twenty dollars all told! It was ridiculous, positively ridiculous. And he had counted on having a hundred thousand in the bank before that Saturday, and now, unless he could squeeze the money out of Lang in some way, he would have to wait sixty days and maybe then have to resort to the law. What could he do? His own note, that is, the firm's, backed by a contractor's lien, for forty thousand, was due in a fortnight. What a fine smash was coming! A ghastly grin came over his face. It was all he could do to prevent himself from laughing or cursing. He knew not which was the stronger inclination.

Borden was sobbing now, long sobs from the pit of the stomach, like a heartbroken child. Hull looked at him, pity fighting against a feeling of contempt. Could this be Al Borden? The conservative, experienced Al Borden, the man who could ride along the line of location, and figure so accurately with his eye the probable costs of labor and time, and who had the natural gift of a contagious confidence? It hardly seemed possible. But he was a sick man, sick in body and in spirit, weary of soul and broken. No help was forthcoming here.

Hull rose and stepped to the door of the room. Outside in the corridor the doctor was talking to the young man who had left when Hull had entered. The junior partner beckoned to them both. "I am leaving in an hour," he said. "I want you to get him to the hospital. See that he has everything he wants—private room and good nursing. His wife's sick,

too, back in Kansas City, and that's given him a lot of worry. He's been wanting to get back there, but having two big jobs on our hands he couldn't get away. Life's hell, ain't it? Now, Doc," he turned to the young physician, "just take good care of him. I'll settle all the bills when I come back here again. I'll fix it with Mr. Judd, the proprietor, so's you can draw anything you want. But I've got to do a hike now, and do it pretty quick: got to go on to K. C., and maybe farther." He returned to the bed. "Al," he said softly, bending over, and putting one hand on the hot, feverish head, "I'm going to leave you now. Everything's going fine. Don't worry. It's all right, boy, you're in good hands!"

Borden replied nothing. He kept on muttering in the incoherency of delirium, broken now and then by heavy, childish sobs. As Hull turned to leave, the doctor followed him to the door, visions of a fat fee before his eyes.

"We'll move him to-day," he whispered; "we'll take care of him."

Within an hour Hull was at the station, waiting for the east-bound express. In his pocket was a return ticket, not to Kansas City, but to Chicago. The price had made a deep inroad on his slender purse. But as he paced up and down the platform, his shoulders were back and his step was elastic. He had formed a plan. Again it was up to him to put it through! But one little hitch, one little slip, and all would be lost. Money, money! He must have it. Not credit—*money*!

#### IV

THE Pompeian Room, with its gorgeous red walls and trickling glass fountain, was crowded with beverage-sipping idlers of both sexes. The hurrying waiters, the chattering groups, and the Hungarian orchestra were amusingly incongruous to the architectural setting.

At a little marble-topped table sat two men, one a keen-faced young fellow, in rather overfitting clothes, with ready-made shoulders, and the other, a short, black-haired, compactly built man, with a patch of white over one temple. He was talking quietly and easily, looking about the room

from time to time, as if he sought a visual obligato to his thoughts.

"Well, Dick," he was saying, "the folks at home are pretty proud of you! Being assistant editor of a big daily is different from cub reporter on the *K. C. Times*, eh? And you worked up here inside of five years! That's going some!"

"Well, you've done pretty well yourself, Ben," returned the newspaper man. "I tell you, people have watched your career, too! You and Borden have broken in with a rush, haven't you? It was mighty nice of you to look me up, and when I know you must be so busy!"

"Busy!" Hull chuckled. "I have got T. R. himself stung to a finish when it comes to the strenuous life and the crowded hour! I'm on here after something big. We've got pretty big things out there, but by gracious Peter, I'm going to *put this through*! Lordy, if people knew what I could tell 'em! If they only knew!"

His companion started at the force of conviction in the slowly spoken statement.

"Say, Ben," he said, leaning across the table, "any story in this? I mean any news value? I've got an idea! Lemme give you a write-up! Say, will you? I could head it: 'B. F. Hull in town—Plans of Hull and Borden.' Just describe what work you've done, and kind of give them an inkling of what you're here for! I have an idea it might be done."

"Well," replied the contractor softly, "I dunno. Wouldn't charge me space rates for it, would you? I don't want to appear in the advertising columns." Crandell was nibbling at the bait. Oh, if he could only land him!

"No, sure not!" was the reply. "Can't do you any harm." Crandell was nibbling again. "Now what sort of spiel could we hand out to 'em? Of course everything would depend on that."

Hull's attitude changed.

"Dicky!" It was with difficulty he could control the thrill in his voice. "We've got a big proposition out there. We're opening up a new country that's going to make a boom sure as God made little apples! No flare-up and burn-out about it, but a big boom that's going to keep on booming, and if people knew it, there'd be a rush. There's coal and oil out there—coal and oil, my boy—and the

best farming land that any homesteader ever put the blade of a plow to! Just listen!" Hull lowered his voice still more, as he went on, every sentence concise, every statement telling. How he could talk when necessity demanded it! It would be foolish to say that Benjamin Franklin Hull did not recognize his own particular gifts. He did. If worse came to worst, he would never have to starve, never would he have to look long for a job. He could sell anything from whips to encyclopedias; from feather goods and millinery supplies to town lots or gas stock! Yet he never seemed to make overstatement or display overconfidence. He understood human nature and human dynamics. He was both human and electric. And there was always behind his words the air of a potent reserve. As Richard Crandell, the young editor, listened, he never took his eyes off the quiet dark ones that met his. He broke in once or twice with short ejaculations of interest.

"Ben," said he, when Hull had finished, "you've given me great stuff. But how about here? What brings you to Chicago?"

The contractor thought a while.

"Well, I dunno as I would like that to come out too plain," he said, "but we're going to try to break in here in the East and give some of the big fellows a run for their money. You know what the Wabash is going to do down Pittsburg way? The extension plans and all that—and the terminal? Well, we're a young firm, but we're in good condition. We've got head and tail up, and we're just stampin' and pawin' about, lookin' to make a big jump out of the pasture into the wheat field! Borden's a darned ambitious cuss!"

To hear Hull make this last remark might lead one to suspect that he rather deprecated his partner's soaring hopes, yet at that moment there came into his mind the picture of the mumbling, broken crust of a man on the bed in the stuffy hotel room. His eyes fell; his lip trembled a little and he turned his head.

"Dicky!" he said, a moment later, looking at his watch, "I've got to get a move on me! I've got a big suite here at the hotel, and I'm expecting some people up to see me. I say, dine with me to-night, and we'll go to a show somewhere."

"Couldn't dine," replied Crandell. "I'll be working on this story. I tell you what. You meet me at the Press Club at eleven for supper, and I'll read you what I've written. It'll be out in the morning paper. I won't pile it on too thick, but I hope it won't hurt your modesty. You mustn't be thin-skinned."

"Oh!" laughed Hull. "I'm no fragile blossom. I guess I'll stand rough handling, and you'll treat me all right. Say, but it's good to get in a real big city!" He tipped the waiter bountifully as they rose from the table and strolled through the crowded room.

Out in the corridor the contractor followed Crandell's departing figure, and the beating of his heart reminded him again of the determined little engine that raised the mighty weight.

The year before, when Hull and Borden had done their first big job for the T. & St. L. down in the Indian Nation, they had borrowed some money from one of the largest trust companies in Chicago. Not a very large sum, but, when backed by the kindly interests of the railroad company, enough to purchase their outfit and tide them over until the first big payment. But this particular trust company had gone through a reorganization; there was a new president, and the treasurer, a personal friend of Borden's, was now dead; and, another thing, this particular trust company was also interested largely with the Pettiman people who were seeking to close Lang out. A suspicion crossed Hull's mind that perhaps Lang had as lief be closed out as not, that his backing was not sufficient for him to carry on the undertaking. No, the Midland Trust might have too clear a knowledge of the state of affairs, but where else could he turn? During a former visit to Chicago, at a trades' banquet that he had attended, he had sat beside the president of the Mercantile, and they had hit it off together. Jarvis was an old railroad man and was from the West. They had found much in common to talk about. They were both sportsmen, fond of dog, gun, and rifle.

Hull spent the rest of this day in rather a remarkable fashion. He loafed consistently and hard. First, he purchased a cheap novel from the news stand, and lying down on the sofa, in his parlor suite, tried

to follow the adventures of an impossible American hero and an improbable princess through the intrigues of an imaginary court, but he could not focus his attention; even to his own mind his own position was much more romantic, much more diverting. Its apparent hopelessness was almost amusing. On top of a bundle of papers on the center table—the reports of the work accomplished and a concise account of moneys due—was a worn leather wallet containing all his earthly possessions. Hull counted the five- and ten-dollar bills carefully. There was just enough to pay for his rooms at the hotel, and give him a little spending money. He put the papers back in the bag, tossed the unfinished novel aside, and thrusting the wallet in his pocket, left the hotel and strolled down Michigan Avenue. The rest of the afternoon he spent at the Art Gallery. He knew nothing of painters or sculptors, pictures or statuary, but he stayed there, wandering from one room to the other until it was too dark to see. Then he went back to the hotel, ordered, for him, a particularly well-chosen meal, and went to a vaudeville show. By eleven o'clock he was at the Press Club. Crandell was there ahead of him.

"Everything going all right?" was his first question.

"Fine," replied Hull, laconically and contentedly. "Been on the go all day."

Crandell produced the galley proof of his article. Hull read it with a peculiar smile.

"You've got me counting the unhatched chickens, all right, Dick," he remarked, "but it doesn't seem to be libelous. I wonder what Borden would think of it."

"Nothing for him to think about!" returned the assistant editor. "Oh, here 're some fellows I want you to meet." A number of other newspaper men entered the big bare room. They were introduced, and soon the party were at a supper table. Hull was the life of the gathering. He appeared to be in the best of spirits. His stories were full of wit and jollity, his imitations of old Pat Kennedy convulsing. It was long after midnight before the good-byes were said.

Strange to say, when Hull went to bed that night he went to sleep at once and did not wake until the sun was streaming

brightly into his room. The most important day of all his life had dawned. He could eat no breakfast, a cup of coffee was all he could manage. He wondered at his calmness of the night before. One little mistake, one sign of his true condition, and all was over! Had he sand enough to put it through?

At half past ten he entered the great portals of the Mercantile Trust Company. Never was he calmer. His face was pale, yet never did his heart beat faster. In half an hour he would be victorious or utterly routed. He nerved himself as a man does who is to lead a forlorn hope.

The first bit of good luck happened before he had made ten steps down the marble corridor. Mr. Jarvis, the president, appeared, standing at the door of the private offices, talking to a visitor, who was just leaving. Glancing up, his eye caught Hull's. In a moment his hand was extended.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Glad to see you! Rather hoped I might run across you while you were here; come in!" It was almost as if he had been expected.

"Hold hard! Take things easy! Easy now!" he half muttered, as he entered the beautiful office and lowered himself slowly into one of the great leather chairs. Jarvis took his seat at the desk. In front of him lay the morning paper. The contractor read the heading on one of the columns, upside down, "B. F. Hull in Town." The first card had been played!

"Just finished reading this," said the trust company's president, tapping the paper with the ivory ruler. "Very interesting! Seems to me you must be a pretty busy man nowadays."

"Yes!" Hull flashed a smile at him. "Things seem to be coming our way. They sorter piled it on, though, didn't they? You've got a fine building. Wasn't finished when I was last here."

Jarvis looked about him with pride.

"I don't suppose," said he, "there's another like it in any city in the world. How long are you going to stay in Chicago?"

"Well," said Hull, "that depends. I want to get back as soon as I can: I was on my way to the Midland and I just thought I'd drop in and say 'Howdy!'"

"Why don't you do business with us?" asked Mr. Jarvis suddenly.



Hull almost started. The words kept repeating themselves over and over. He could feel a strange trembling throughout his whole body. What cards should he play? He finessed.

"Oh, they always treated me very well there," he said. "I'm sorry Sedgwick got out. Say, Mr. Jarvis, you should see that country we are running through. I got to talking to Crandell, city editor of the *Times*, yesterday, and he got so interested that he gave me that blowout in the paper this morning." Again he smiled, that smile that he knew to be one of his own best weapons of attack and of defense. "We've had nothing but good luck straight along. Seems as if we were shot in the back with it. And talking of shooting. I saw a bunch of pronghorns a week ago Thursday; biggest I've ever seen. You come out there in the fall and we'll get some shooting—plenty of chickens, too, this year."

Apparently Hull did not want to talk business at all. He sat there, the picture of quiet ease. No one would have guessed that every nerve was atingle, every muscle tense, even his toes were cramped together in the intensity of his self-suppression. Jarvis followed the lead. He had had great sport on the Wisconsin lakes the year before. He drew some photographs out of the drawer of his desk. All at once Hull began to play the game again. He took out his watch.

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid I've got to run along. What sort of a chap is this Mr. Smith who has taken Sedgwick's place?"

"Oh, a very nice sort, indeed, conservative, but not a bad fellow at all." The lead had been taken up again. "Why don't you do business with us?" asked Jarvis suddenly, with the same disconcerting directness.

Hull hesitated, mentally, as it were, he surveyed his hand. He played a little one. "Well, maybe I will some time."

"Why not now?"

Hull did not reply to this direct, but asked a question instead.

"Say, Mr. Jarvis, you can do something for me?" He spoke with an air of grateful eagerness. "You know Porter of the Wabash?"

"Yes, great friend of mine. I can put

you next there, all right. Tell you what I'll do; I'll telephone, and have him come to lunch with us, if you haven't any other engagement."

"It's too bad," returned Hull, with an accent of real regret, "but I have a date. I've got some people lunching with me at the hotel. Lord, I wish I'd only known this before." He slowly unbuttoned his coat and took out a bulging package of papers. "I'll be on here in about two weeks," he said, "and I'll take up your offer about meeting Porter. He's the man I want to get hold of in the right way, but just now it's something else. I've got to get back to-morrow, and I'm just here to get some money, and jump West again."

"How much do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis, leaning back in the spring chair, and putting one knee against the desk.

Hull appeared to make a mental calculation, in fact, he was making one. When he had paid his hotel bill, and bought his sleeping-car berth to Omaha, he would have just three dollars and forty cents! It hadn't taken him long to make the calculation.

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said.

"Well, I guess we can accommodate you." Mr. Jarvis rattled the ivory ruler against his teeth.

Something seemed to shout in Hull's ear, like a thousand clamoring voices. The little engine in his breast thumped furiously. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Why did he name that amount? All he wanted, all he had prayed for was seventy-five thousand, enough to meet the money absolutely due within six days. What guardian angel was watching over him? He drew his big chair nearer the desk.

"Well, all right," he said, opening some of the papers, "we'll talk business. I don't think I'm tied up to the Central, now Sedgwick's out."

Three quarters of an hour later, B. F. Hull stepped out into the sidewalk. He felt like a captive balloon, held to the earth by the merest thread. He could hardly believe his own senses that kept telling him Jarvis had accepted Hull and Borden's note! Just as if they had been millionaires! He had taken it without a question.

True, he assigned his future payments of money due. But if Jarvis had known the real situation, what would he have thought? Hull would have given the fingers off one hand if he could have flown to Omaha. No train would ever move fast enough for him! In his pocket was a check for seventy-five thousand dollars, and on deposit, subject to his order at the Mercantile, was another seventy-five thousand. Marvelous! Miraculous! Incredible!

How he reached the hotel he could not have told. He remembered indistinctly dodging trolley cars, and skipping under the noses of lumbering truck horses, yet here he was in the corridor. The gorgeous Pompeian room tempted him. He walked to the entrance and stood there. No, he dared not take a drink.

"Telephone call for you, Mr. Hull," said a bell boy, to whom the clerk had pointed him out. He stepped into the booth. Who could be wishing to talk to him? Had anything gone wrong? He shuddered. No, no! They could not take it from him now.

"Oh, hello, Dick!—Yes.—Yes, I read it through again this morning—looked first rate.—Feel I ought to pay you something for it!—No, sure not.—I don't think it did me any harm.—Yes, I've finished up my business—going to leave this afternoon." Hull suddenly pricked up his ears. "What's that?—You say Beaman Brothers put in a bid for this Wabash work—really?—How did you get those figures?—You're sure? Oh, you won't tell, eh?—Not for publication—well, what you newspaper fellows don't find out—eh?—Yes, of course.—An' say, Dick, you don't know what a good turn you've done me an' Borden.—I'll be on here in about three weeks.—Will see you again then.—Thanks, old man.—Good-by."

He left the booth. So that was Beaman Brothers' bid for the whole work. So much per foot for the tunneling, and so much per foot for the rest of it, exclusive of the bridges! Well, it didn't concern him. He started for the railroad ticket office in the corner of the corridor. An hour and a half to wait before his first train should leave!

When he had bought his berth, and paid his bill for the useless parlor suite, and the carriage that would take him back to the station, he tucked two crisp dollar

bills into his waistcoat pocket. His hands sought the wallet in the breast pocket of his coat. That check for seventy-five thousand thrilled through the leather to his finger tips and started the blood to his brain. He felt brave as a lion. "Why not—eh? why not?" A sign at the end of the corridor caught his eye. "Public Stenographer." He walked forward quickly. The young woman at the desk looked up as he sat down beside her. "Take a letter, please; carbon copy. Yes, take it right on the machine." He began dictating in a low, steady voice.

"Bid of Hull and Borden, Contractors, Kansas City, Missouri, for work—" He continued to the end. In every case his figures were slightly under Beaman's. As he posted the letter, the porter told him the carriage was waiting.

Murray was making out checks for the pay roll, humming to himself in a contented fashion. It was mighty nice to have the Boss talk to him the way he had, and things had run along without a hitch during his absence. There were good reports from up north, too. The Pettiman people had won, but they seemed willing to pay Lang's indebtedness at ninety cents on the dollar, inside of sixty days. The Boss seemed satisfied, and he had made a good report of Borden's progress. He was in the hospital at Omaha doing nicely. All at once a boy on horseback came riding up to deliver a telegram sent on from rail head, and just as he did so, Hull ducked under the flap of the tent and entered into the shadow from the glare outside.

"Message for you, Mr. Hull," said Murray, handing him the envelope.

The contractor opened it with his thumb and read it through. Then he gazed up at the canvas roof and watched a fly crawl along a seam. He shifted the big black cigar between his lips, and handed the message down to Murray, spreading it before him on the table.

"Read that, Tom," he said, his voice quivering a little. "They've given us the contract for the Wabash extension work!"

Murray whistled in astonishment.

"Gee, Mr. Hull!" he said, "it must have taken some sand to go for that!"

"Well," replied the Boss, shortly, "perhaps it did."

# THE CHAUTAUQUA

BY TRUMBULL WHITE



SOME fifteen years ago an alert, vigorous, Oxonian Englishman, widely known at home as an author, educator, journalist, Cambridge professor, and authority alike on India, Portugal, and the French Revolution, took his place in the faculty of an American university, probably thinking it a scholastic adventure as daring as the pioneer voyages of his prototypes in exploration or trade.

I saw him during the summer vacation following his first year's work in this country, the place a little resort village a thousand miles inland, and the occasion a series of lectures he was giving at a summer school of large attendance.

"I never imagined such a country nor such conditions," he volunteered one day in frank perplexity. "I never saw such thirst for knowledge. There is nothing like it in the world. This Chautauqua system is a veritable intellectual debauch."

For such a demand there is bound to be a supply, if we are to accept the frequent declaration that emergencies breed the men to meet them. If Americans want knowledge *via* the Chautauqua system, or any other system, they will have it.

William Jennings Bryan probably stands at the head of the list in the price he commands as a Chautauqua attraction, the audiences he draws, and the total earnings of his labors in this field. He is popularly credited with the accumulation of a fortune out of this work alone. "Fortune is a relative term and no one knows the sum, but it is certain that for a number of years the Chautauqua field has not been left to lie fallow, and Mr. Bryan believes in intensive cultivation.

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minne-

sota, of late has found himself in greatly increased demand as a Chautauqua attraction, and it has been publicly alleged that his fees for dates already booked for the coming season will amount to a total of \$30,000. One who knows something about the prices paid may be permitted to doubt the figure, but the total is large.

On the part of these public men who seek the lecture platform with political and economic subjects, it is not alone the fees that attract them to a season of hard work at the time when most of us are thinking of vacation. These Chautauqua audiences are gathered from near and far and from the great body of unpretentious, prosperous, plain-thinking citizenship of the country. It is a fine thing for the public man with ideals or theories or policies to promulgate, to be able to present them to such audiences under circumstances free from campaign enthusiasm and business distractions.

The audiences on their part are no less glad of the opportunity to see and hear the man who is a national figure during the rest of the year. It is not merely that they have a curiosity to hear the lion roar, but they want to know how he thinks and how he justifies the positions he assumes. More and more our officials use the banquet table of some important occasion as the opportunity for presenting views on subjects of consequence, and more and more another group of public men are taking advantage of the summer Chautauquas to reach the people in their turn.

Some of the other conspicuous men of Western States have utilized the same platform as a means of getting their views before the public. La Follette, of Wisconsin, with his analysis of the national attitude toward railways, and Cummins, of Iowa, with his "Iowa idea" on the tariff, found the

Chautauquas the most direct road to summer publicity.

A careful observation of the calendar seems to show that the politicians and the Chautauquas began to work together most freely soon after the first McKinley-Bryan campaign. Undoubtedly that campaign marked a tremendous increase in the use of printed matter and platform discussion as a substitute for "flambeau clubs," and from that time to this the parties have sought to illuminate the questions at issue by oratory rather than by kerosene oil.

It is not only the statesmen with economic views to present, but those with race questions and reminiscences as well, who have used the Chautauqua platform as a rostrum. Senator Tillman has been a popular figure before Northern audiences for a number of years, and General James B. Gordon found many warm friends at the resorts around the Great Lakes to hear his stories of the Confederacy. The same auditoriums have given shelter to Senator Tillman and Booker T. Washington, to General Gordon and General O. O. Howard, to Republican and Democratic governors, to exponents of almost every temperate theory under the sun. Ben Greet with his company playing Elizabeth drama in a shady grove, an English monologue artist with a condensed version of "A Tale of Two Cities," and the latest graduate from some "conservatory" of elocution, with whatever is the present-day equivalent of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," have been given places on the Chautauqua programmes. Courses of lectures on the noteworthy figures of the French Revolution commingle with parlor magic, demonstrations of wireless telegraphy, and jubilee singers. Your true Chautauquan, once caught in the current that ebbs and flows between the dining room and the auditorium, soon loses all desire to resist or discriminate, and accepts everything he finds on the season ticket.

It is this catholicity of taste and tolerance which has made the Chautauqua system, in its expanded form, the institution that so puzzled and impressed the Oxonian.

It may be presumed that the fifteen years have solved some of his perplexities, for this is still his home, with his energy transferred yet westward to the University of California, where university extension work and

summer schools continue to enlist his service. It would be interesting to know how his philosophy has finally interpreted this unique and American manifestation of a desire for education, education balanced or unbalanced, digested or undigested.

It is a fine evidence of high qualities and recognized worth when an institution or an invention, a college or a camera, becomes such a factor in affairs that its very name has to be adopted into the language, first as a characterization and then as a common noun.

Once upon a time there grew a great and unique institution on the shore of a lake in western New York, an institution whose activities extended literally all over the United States, and whose abbreviated name is to-day a part of the casual vocabulary of millions of persons who care not at all whence the word came.

In its charter and in formal address it was called the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, a fine, mouth-filling title, worthy of the thing itself. But more familiarly, the single word Chautauqua became the characterization, first of that parent institution in all its ramifications, and then rapidly of everything near and far that was inspired by similar motives to imitate or emulate.

It has long since become impossible to restrict in usage the application of the name to the enterprise that first gave it a meaning. So it is that this is a story of the chautauqua with a small "c," that noteworthy creature of the summer time which has to be recognized by every purveyor of vacation tours by railway and steamboat, determines the direction of travel of countless thousands in the course of the season, and for many of these thousands concentrates into a single month more intellectual study and diversion than they get in all the rest of the year.

There is another story, of Chautauqua with a capital letter, which might worthily precede the present narration, although perhaps it is better known. In its essentials it would tell of the realized vision of a few men who saw a local camp meeting grow into a great settlement of cottages and classrooms and assembly halls for education and entertainment; a few leaflets for the guidance of systematic reading become a library and a course of study for hundreds of thousands of students, young and old,

with a commencement day and a diploma as the goal. It is a picturesque story in itself. But, after all, the most noteworthy achievement of Chautauqua is the creation of the chautauqua with the small "c," a national institution and a new word.

Even though the word has not been admitted to the lexicons, the definition is known to most readers. If you observe that "The chautauqua at Cumberland Lake will open July 15th and close August 12th," you understand that in its simplest terms this means a season of four weeks devoted to a programme of lectures, concerts, and other entertainments, with perhaps an adjunct of summer school and a prelude of camp meeting. It does not mean a place named Chautauqua, nor an organization affiliated with the Chautauqua Circle in any essential way.

It may be promoted by a church organization, a town, a railway, or any other interest seeing profit or benefit in the undertaking. But if it partakes of these general characteristics it is a chautauqua and adopts the name in all its significance. Many of the older and larger chautauquas have had some degree of affiliation with the parent institution that gave the name, but this is probably less and less as the seasons pass and newer centers are multiplied.

It is better to tell the story of one of the older group that has run the gamut of experience, than to generalize about them all by classification.

Nearly thirty-five years ago a railway was pushing its way northward through the lower peninsula of Michigan from Grand Rapids to the Straits of Mackinac. About the same time the Methodist Church of the same peninsula was seeking a permanent location for an annual summer camp meeting which should combine an accessible situation with attractive and wholesome surroundings. The need of the church came to the knowledge of the railway officials, who made an offer of a grant of land to be given free on the condition that the camp meeting should be maintained there perpetually.

A committee from the church made an inspection tour through the almost unbroken wilderness of pine forests, lakes, and hills, then characteristic of northern Michigan, and finally made choice of a site on the southeastern shore of Little Traverse

Bay, a site from which resorts now radiate in every direction to the allurements of many thousand visitors. The ground rose in beautiful terraces from the bay, offering convenient camp and cottage sites, and one large level between the terraces made a natural amphitheater for the meetings that were the purpose of the undertaking.

Here the trees were cleared away to give space for a great tent in which meetings could be held on the infrequent days when the greensward and the leafy shade were not themselves a convenient temple for the worshippers. Here, from that day until the present, the good Methodists of Michigan have come in early summer every year for a protracted camp meeting.

But the pioneers of those days who still survive see a different scene from the virgin forest of their first season. A great campus surrounded by picturesque school buildings of cottage architecture; hotels and boarding houses on every hand; hundreds of cottages, ornate railway stations, dummy trains, and ferries, all habited by thousands of summer visitors, are the conditions that now obtain.

The first changes came, as might be expected, as a result of railway building and the enticing of tourist travel northward from the neighboring cities. Even while the camp meeting was the central activity around which everything else rallied, the crowds increased with successive years, camps gave place to cottages, and the great tent was replaced by a spacious, barnlike auditorium. Then the younger members of the Methodist families required more diversion, even beyond the natural sports of a summer home, and the management looked about for some scheme of entertainment to supplement the camp meeting.

By this time the great institution at Chautauqua had reached the height of its success and influence, and with it as an example, a plan for the Assembly was formed. Assembly, too, has come into the language with a new definition in this generation. For the present purpose, it is a partial synonym for Chautauqua, a formulated programme of lectures and entertainments assembled for the delectation of the summer multitude.

In these days of the institution, the affiliation with the parent Chautauqua was rather close. All over the land there were



groups of students of every age, engaged in winter study from the series of text-books forming the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and entitled after four years of such reading to a diploma of graduation. Those who were in reach of their unique Alma Mater, of course, preferred to journey thither for this memorable occasion, but an arrangement was made by which there was a graduation day and the granting of diplomas at the Michigan assembly, and so vigorous was the Chautauqua spirit, that a large cottage was built as headquarters for that element of the attendance.

The next extension of activity catered to the needs of those whose purpose was a little more serious than the mere seeking of entertainment through the Assembly programme, and at the same time more secular than a camp meeting afforded. Yielding to this need a Summer University was formed; the word perhaps unduly pretentious, but the institution still one of great value to its patrons. For several weeks of mid-summer half a dozen spacious school buildings are the scene of faithful work by capable instructors and interested students, sometimes numbering several hundred.

At this particular center of activity there was one expansion not quite typical of these institutions as a class—the formation of a reading circle with its own course of study, text-books, graduation, and diploma. In so far as such study has been carried on through the year by the other chautauquas, the material supplied by the parent institution has generally been utilized, but this one at least and, perhaps, others have developed their own work in this direction likewise, thus clearly weakening the bond connecting them with their prototype and accentuating their own individuality.

All of this growth and change had been accomplished in about twenty years, by which time the institution was at the height of its success. The physical equipment controlled by the trustees included the auditorium, the assembly, and university buildings, and a sufficient equipment of library, museum, and laboratory facilities, the whole representing the investment of many thousands of dollars. The several hundred cottage owners, holding their lots under perpetual lease from the trustees, had made it a village with electric lights, sewers, waterworks, a park, and asphalt walks.

Where hundreds had come in the early days, the season now brought thousands. As was to be expected, the crowd was not precisely what one sees at a summer resort where these educational and religious institutions are lacking. Of course, there was fishing and boating, tennis and baseball, and always climate, but it was not a place of dancing and card parties, and skylarking. Natural selection had restricted the character of the patronage, in a large part, to those who wanted to spend a month in vigorous attendance on entertainments, lectures, and courses of study. It was highly available for school-teachers and college students, who wanted to brush up on some subject while still in reach of the pleasures of a northern resort.

The assembly programme that had begun with a few travel lectures and indifferent entertainments by local talent, drawn from the camp-meeting patrons of the early years, had come to include the most noteworthy musicians, lecturers, and entertainers of the platform, and they were assured of audiences attentive, intelligent, and appreciative to the highest degree. The faculty of the university had developed to a similar degree and was made up of professors of recognized standing from colleges all over the country, giving abbreviated courses in their specialties, with the languages, literature, history, economics, natural science, and many other branches included in the list. All of these—assembly, university, patronage, and programme—were, of course, mutually dependent and consequent upon each other; and there never was a better concrete illustration of the phrase, "Nothing succeeds like success."

About ten years ago there began a tremendous multiplication of these summer institutions, and it is from then that one should date the time of spelling chautauqua with a small "c." Only the statistician could give proper treatment to the situation that has developed since that time. This is no place for tabular statements, how many there are, how many attend, how much money is invested, and the like. From Eastport to Tia Juana, and from Blaine to Miami one may find the chautauqua. Some of these younger ones have achieved splendid success, thanks to the organization, the men, and the money behind them. In some such instances their

programme, faculty, attendance, and material equipment of buildings are far in advance of those of the earlier group.

Another type restricts itself entirely to the programme of assembly entertainments, its location a bit of woodland convenient to some city of easy access, with a large tent or, perhaps, a bare pine building for an auditorium, and no other physical equipment. Camp sites are offered to all who will come for the month, and it is frankly only a season of camping and recreation.

Still another, even smaller, and but recently multiplying, is the nondescript which calls itself an assembly and means really three or four days of lecture and concert in a village church, or hall, depending almost entirely on neighborhood patronage and the allurements of the name. Clearly in this instance, strangers are hardly expected, and in so far as these junior members of the fraternity have any influence at all, it is to reduce the attendance on the more pretentious institutions.

As a matter of fact, this multiplication of chautauquas has had the inevitable effect of multiplied competition and, in many instances, the attendance at the older institutions has fallen off in later years. Of course, if this is accomplished while still preserving the standard of excellence in the programmes provided, no harm is done, but there is where the real difficulty lies.

Another inevitable result of this too ready multiplication is more organization, more formalism, and less personality. The whole institution is suffering in certain details from these influences; precisely as has been true in some more purely commercial undertakings.

Each of these chautauquas has its superintendent, or some official of similar functions, who, in spite of trustees, committees, and advisory boards, is the vital force behind the whole affair. According to the personality of this man was the personality of the chautauqua. Keen business judgment, apostolic fervor, the gift of prophecy, the courage of an impresario, and the keenness of a theatrical syndicate, were qualities greatly to be desired and sometimes present in a rudimentary form. The superintendent was "on the job" day and night the year around, and all his work showed in six weeks of summer.

When the chautauquas were widely scat-

tered, the superintendents sometimes exchanged visits and sometimes corresponded, with a view to better acquaintance, broader outlook, and a knowledge of the needs of audiences, and the value of attractions. Then came the Superintendents' Association, natural to expect, perfectly proper and inevitable, but making contact just a little too close; exchange of information just a little too constant and complete.

In with the disadvantages were some manifest benefits. It became possible for the Superintendents' Association to be a sort of booking agency and clearing house for talent, to contract for a month of consecutive engagements for a certain lecturer at a fixed price, making the cost to each chautauqua less than the rate for a single booking, arranging his own route of travel economically, and rendering him a service as truly as themselves. It was possible to weed out undesirable attractions and advance the interest of desirable ones by the closer exchange of information, thus producing automatically a virtual white list and black list. And with this first cousin to a syndicate in operation, it became easier to deal with the lyceum bureaus that supply platform talent as a business glad to contract in bulk for so many shipments, F.O.B., of anything from bell ringers to barytones, politicians to parlor magicians.

It is no surprise that this shifting condition has resulted in bringing too many of the chautauquas into the same mold. Even the larger ones are not immune from the difficulty, and many of the smaller ones are almost precise duplicates of each other. There are booking agencies in the business that are prepared for a fixed price to furnish the entire chautauqua programme of three days', or one week's or three weeks' duration, to any village that will hire a hall, appoint a local manager, and sell tickets for the benefit of some local cause. Undoubtedly these are better than none, and they have made it possible to grow too chautauquas where there was but one before, but they are not the ones that lent distinction to the name.

One impressive evidence of the vitality and universality of the chautauqua is that almost every organized religious body in the country has adopted it as a phase of activity for summer work. Besides virtually all the Protestant denominations, there are

chautauquas supported by their affiliated bodies, of which the Epworth League, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and the Young Men's Christian Association are types, and such diverse others, for instance, as Roman Catholic and Spiritualist chautauquas.

In its best form the chautauqua of to-day has become one of the most characteristic American institutions that could be found. It may be in the Pennsylvania mountains, or by an Indiana lake, or in the northern forests of Michigan, but at any rate the surroundings are clean and cool. Here there will be gathered in cottages, hotels, and tents, a summer crowd numbering from two to five thousand persons, assembled chiefly from the smaller towns and cities of the tributary region, in such wholesome surroundings for that intellectual debauch of the English professor.

The meal hours at hotels and boarding houses are governed absolutely by the programme hours of the assembly. The whole routine of the day for most of these people is regulated by the programme of assembly events. At least three of the more important affairs occur every day, usually at eleven, two, and eight o'clock. On Sundays, the morning session will be a sermon; the afternoon, a song service, and the evening, perhaps, a secular lecture by the preacher of the morning, with lantern slides depicting his trip to Palestine. And for all this, to a total of perhaps a hundred distinct programme events, the price of a season ticket will be from two to five dollars.

In the effort to keep the weeks from becoming monotonous, there is an alternation of political, historical, and literary lectures, concerts and dramatic readings, monologues and magicians. The season may close with a pretentious rendition of an oratorio by a great chorus trained throughout the summer. Presidential candidates, college professors, eminent clergymen, lecturers, and musicians of wide fame take this opportunity to combine the vacation season with profitable appearances before such audiences. Between the hours of these more important events of each day there will be mothers' meetings, missionary meetings, nature study for the children, and class work, if it is one of the chautauquas with a university adjunct.

It has been remarked already that the personality of the different chautauquas has been the chief source of their vitality and their interest. Bearing on this detail, there comes to mind the memory of a summer at one such institution quite worthy of special remark. For two or three years before, the university had maintained a so-called School of Journalism, probably no better and no worse than others that have been so characterized, but depending for its instruction to students entirely on lectures, lessons, and training in the writing of news by the newspaper man in charge of the undertaking.

Revolted at what he knew to be the inadequacy of such a method, this vacation professor of journalism proposed to the authorities that they try an experiment of the real thing, and they acceded to his suggestion. A complete plant for the publication of a newspaper was installed, except for the press, and arrangements were made for the daily printing of the sheet in one of the newspaper offices of the neighboring town. Printers were brought up to the resort from a metropolis a few hundred miles away, and the office was established in a large garret room in the school building known as the Conservatory of Music.

When the season opened it became possible for the management to announce honestly that this School of Journalism was going to publish a morning daily newspaper throughout the summer, covering the entire resort region for a radius of some ten or fifteen miles, with a tourist population of at least twenty-five thousand; that the students in this department of the university would actually compose the entire staff of the paper, with brief experience in the various duties in rotation, all under the instruction of the editor.

The result was extremely interesting and the experiment might be observed to advantage by those who contemplate more pretentious schools of journalism. For one thing, with the increased tuition fee, the membership of the classes increased materially. For another, there never was a time when such a thing as overwork was of any concern whatever to the staff. Male and female, young and old, they came to the office every morning at ten o'clock for general instruction in the nature of a prac-

tical lecture on some phase of the subject as planned in a course of study. From eleven o'clock until the close of the day they were busy covering assignments and performing every other function of the reportorial and editorial work of a newspaper. By evening this was all over for the student staff, except those few assigned to evening entertainments and news, so that for everyone but the editor and the printers the day closed at a reasonable hour.

After ten o'clock at night there was not a light in that resort of serious-minded chautauquans except under the gable roof of the Conservatory of Music. Early in the season that place began to develop an atmosphere, as has been the case in printing offices from the earliest times. There were lecturers and members of the faculty whose habits of life did not readily conform to ten o'clock retiring. One such, observing the streak of light through the shutters, opened the door a crack and asked if he might come in to smoke. That was Prof. Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, professor of English literature in Columbia University, who was spending the summer as a part of the chautauqua. A night or two later George Kennan wandered in, Siberian traveler, explorer, and lecturer; Prof. H. Morse Stephens, he of the intellectual debauch, soon joined the circle. And so the summer went, with a succession of distinguished visitors coming and going, their feet sometimes on the editorial table, reading proof, writing paragraphs, correcting the student reports of their own lectures, and lending a luster to that little office in the north woods that will be long remembered.

That was the summer when Mark Twain started westward around the world under the ægis of Major Pond. When they happened along, they found themselves among friends as well as interviewers. A rival editor in a neighboring town quoted the distinguished humorist in regard to this novel newspaper, to the effect that it was the only institution he had ever seen that exemplified on a large scale the commercial methods he had described in the famous

chapter in *Tom Sawyer*, in which the boys paid Tom for the privilege of whitewashing the fence for him.

The parallel is easily found, and, as a matter of fact, something good-natured had been said that suggested it, but there is a much-prized letter from Mark Twain to that one-time editor, that in characteristic phrases runs about as follows: "I am indignant at that misleading interview. I made the same remark that I made to you, about the ingenuity of the scheme of inducing the staff of the daily newspaper to pay for the privilege of working, but I also said that it was the only genuine school of journalism I ever heard of outside the newspaper offices. I refuse to be made the waste pipe for another man's bile."

Lest some one should think this an advertisement for an existing enterprise, it should be said here that the Conservatory of Music, and the newspaper office in the garret, were destroyed by fire the very next winter, since which time there has been no school of journalism in that chautauqua.

Apparently the chautauqua in its present form is the summer substitute for the lyceum of the last century. The palmy days of the winter lyceum fifty years ago and later, with Emerson and Alcott and Phillips and Garrison and Beecher with their contemporaries, seem to have passed, partly because of the multiplication of books and magazines. There are still lecture bureaus and lecture courses without number, but they do not fill the place in the intellectual life of the country that was one time true.

There is a unique American thirst for more knowledge, and in those circumstances where the habit is general, the thirst became an obsession. Perhaps the Stephens characterization was precise enough to be preserved, but at least such a habit is one of the less harmful of dissipations. It is only another manifestation of the American passion for the public school, the library, and the general uplift of education, not always guided by authority through the paths of the highest wisdom, but always aiming in the right direction.

# THE SILENT MISSISSIPPI

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



WITHOUT question the Mississippi of the olden time was a lonely stream, silent throughout its course, reflective and tranquil as a lake. Occasionally a heron called across its wide expanse, or a loon laughed from a weedy bayou, or at longer intervals a light canoe, silent as a swan, glided from one dark wooded island to another, while a red hunter parted the willows in search of wild fowl. These movements were hardly sufficient to disturb the overmastering stillness of a day, and when at sunset a lover's song pulsed faintly forth from some headland, or the medicine drum throbbed like a deathwatch through the midnight, its world was both solitary and sad. Soundless as oil, intent on its course, careless of the scant life which fretted its shining bosom, the great river swept solemnly on its way to the tropic sea, troubled only by the rocks at one or two points in a thousand miles of flow.

Then came the white man, first with his batteaux and rafts, then with steamboats, and at last the chimneys of his bustling villages vexed the air. The hills echoed to the clamor of his anvils. Laden with cotton and sugar and fruit of the South, panting vessels pushed upward to meet the lumber and grain and flour drifting downward, and in this wise the ancient river became a mighty artery of trade.

These were the days which are sometimes called the "golden era" of steamboat traffic, and are spoken of with a sigh of regret, for this movement has died out almost entirely, and the upper Mississippi has become, as of old, a lonely and brooding flood. The cliffs but seldom answer to the steamboat's call. The pine forests of the

North are all but swept away, and the raftsmen is almost as extinct as the moose, while the red hunter with his canoe has sailed into the purple sunset, led by the heron and the eagle. Once again the great stream seems to dream only of its past, careless of the future.

I was born in the valley of this river and I have studied it from St. Paul to New Orleans, and the impression which I retain, dominating all others, is that of a sense of elemental solemnity. It is so weirdly beautiful by night, so gleaming and silent and empty by day!

Last year I was a guest in a kind of floating bungalow, a houseboat, plain and substantial, and much time was spent on the "porch" or lounging room on the bow. This delightful place was entirely screened with wire mesh, through which the landscape could be seen, with beauty almost undiminished. The power was supplied by a gasoline launch which pushed us from behind, and so it was that lying at ease in our reclining chairs we were swept over the water without sound of machinery, untroubled by dust, insects, or heat, precisely as though by some magic spell a summer cottage, with its veranda, had been lifted and propelled gently and silently some ten miles an hour down one of the noblest water courses in the world. The conditions for a study of the river and the passing landscape could not have been surpassed.

My first sensation was one of profound joy in the almost flawless beauty of the water vistas thus revealed. The bold, blue-green bluffs looping away into haze, the golden bars of sand jutting out into the burnished stream, the thickets of yellow-green willows, the splendid old trees of the bottoms, the little glades opening away toward the hills, glades in which a tepee



might conveniently stand, or a deer appropriately feed. Each moment a new composition was born, a new beauty met the eye.

At times, for miles, nothing indicated the presence of man save the telegraph wires. Often even the signs of the railway were lost to view and only the white, diamond-shaped signals of the Government, set to indicate the channel, remained to disturb the harmony of the restored wilderness. At such moments of half dreaming, half waking, I should not have been startled to have seen a fleet of bark canoes steal forth from behind some low-lying island, or to have caught the lines of tepee poles against the sky. Indeed it was this lack which gave a sense of incompleteness to the picture, for the clam fisher in his flat-bottomed boat, sitting inert and weather-beaten, is a sad substitute for the red man in his light and graceful water craft, his deft paddle, and his sinewy arm. Humped and hulking, thriftless and graceless, these unkempt rakers of the slime patiently burn in the sun and brown in the wind in hope of sudden wealth, while their wives and children live in wretched shanties on the land close beside their refuse heap of decayed clams. These boatmen of the placid inland streams are far removed from those stern fishers who wrestle with tides and northeast winds on the Atlantic coast. They resemble rotting tree stumps as in squat forms they fade and die on waters that never rest.

As we swept on past the pyramidal bluffs which mark the way on either hand for many miles from Trempealeau to Dubuque, I realized once again the possibilities of this great river as a magnificent pleasure highway, which it will some day become. Its commerce is dead. We saw only one raft in motion; we met but half a dozen boats, but its story as a way of beauty is but begun. These flowery savannas have a charm which cannot pass with time; they will richen with time. These grassy projecting hilltops six hundred feet above the river, with most satisfying views, must some day be built upon by those to whom a noble view is an essential of home life. The white man's canoes, the white maid's love songs will come in their turn to make the old river magical beneath the moons of summer, as their winter sports already make its icy bed sparkle with most vivid color.

At present, there is not one beautiful building on the banks of this stream for a thousand miles. Many of the towns of this upper country are handsomely situated with comfortable homes high on the hillsides, but they are all without a single distinctive and appropriate building. Not one roof lends itself to the hillside, not one tower sings in harmony with the foliage and the water view. Was there ever another people so tasteless, so cheap in their architecture as we Americans? Everything we have thus far done is a flimsy jumble, out of key, meaningless and impertinent, evanescent, too, thanks to our climate. We took a wild land beautiful as a dream; we have made it a refuse heap.

Each evening just when the sunset was most gorgeous, the houseboat swung to and tied up for the night in some sheltered whirlpool with a sweep of view across a soundless bayou, and there we ate our dinner with the wide doors of our dining room open, hearing the evening song of the thrushes and the soft lap of the water beneath our prow. As the dusk deepened, a lonely owl hooted, and an occasional raccoon sent forth its quavering cry, but the woodlands were in general strangely lifeless, even as we drew close into them. We saw few birds. The great waterfowl, the cranes, ducks, and geese, are gone. Perhaps they never mated and nested along these bayous. Every other eatable creature once existent here has vanished, swallowed up by the clam fisher and the pot hunter. So pass all the wild things of our land; even the fish are dying out. An era of hopeless, destructive vulgarity is upon us!

Each morning our pilot was astir at five, but only the faint jar of the engine or the rattle of the anchor chains gave evidence to our languid passengers that we were swinging into the current to resume our journey.

It was the perfection of travel. No haste, no noise, no confusion, no dust, no insects, no anxiety about "making connection" or "getting left." If we felt like taking a walk our helmsman hove to and we went on shore for a vigorous run of an hour, assured of a considerate gangplank, and when we were on board at our own will, we dropped into the stream again, expectant of new beauties and always satisfied.

At every landing we detected evidences of the vanished river traffic. Crumbling wharves clung to the shore as if by one finger. Warehouses, windowless and tottering, stood on the quays, a shelter for tramps and bats. Towns once sure of "outstripping Chicago" were lost to sight in their own abundant elms and maples, more interesting in their decline than in their days of boom; even the bridges that spanned the river seemed barriers erected against the water commerce.

The life on the river thickened a little as we passed southward. Small local steamers, "packets" they call them, still ply to and fro carrying freight and a few rural passengers. Near the larger cities we met a few steam and gasoline pleasure launches, and once or twice a large and showy boat laden with wildly hilarious excursionists puffed slowly by, but all these sounds taken together hardly succeeded in breaking the river's hush. We came to scorn, almost to hate the railways, and sought anchor in mid-stream beside some sheltering island, in order to avoid the engines' clamor.

These islands to which we moored were often precisely like anchored, ambushed ironclad ships, with tall dead trees for masts, and to know on which side of them the channel water ran required a constant study of conditions, for sand bars form swiftly and silently beneath the surface, and the pilot who has been away over Sunday sometimes finds his boat aground where ten feet of water offered steam way on a Saturday.

It seemed that the flood, everywhere silent and unhurried, has brought the life of those who still draw their subsistence from it to the same placid disregard of time and struggle. Each boatman gazed after us, too lazy to do more than turn his face, his curiosity expressed in a prolonged and musing stare. The wharf loungers, sitting like turtles in the hot sun, rose languidly, after deliberation, and crawled our way, discussing our craft with soft intonation, very much as cowboys scrutinize and discuss the brand of every stranger's horse.

These unkempt sages, with little other wisdom, know every boat on the river as far as her whistle will carry, and they never forget the course of a craft or the name of its owner. They make these studies with-

out effort. I watched several of them, ostensibly fishing, sitting for hours without moving, without drawing a line, apparently content to gaze upon the water, to watch the bubbles, and to note the rise and fall of the flood. Their hat brims bleach and sag about their ears, their hands tan to russet leather, but they seem never to weary or grow restless. Death seems also to procrastinate in the river world.

There is an overmastering fascination in this flood! Those who grow up beside its soothing, solemn flow hardly endure the railway train, and the clash and clangor of towns. Who knows but they are right. Rags and a dinner of catfish may be of more worth than a jig-saw cottage and a querulous boss in Dubuque—and there is so much to know. Something happens every day, every hour. The river rises or it falls. The *Quincy* passes up or the *St. Paul* goes down. A raft gets stuck on Stag Island, or a green pilot runs aground on a "wing dam." The *G. S.* is blown against the bank in a storm with three hundred excursionists. A wreck of a bridge goes by, or a clam fisher finds a pearl. Yes, indeed, a stream of events unceasingly flows with the river. You have only to sit quietly and the news will surely drift your way.

The old men gather on the ancient warping landings, each day, to sun their backs and to recount the events of "the good old days," when the hills echoed to the hoarse voices of steamboats, when rafts went, by every half hour, when *The War Eagle* and *The North Star* were rival boats and raced with blazing bacon in their fire-boxes whilst their captains sat on the escape valves. Those were the days when life on the Mississippi meant something. The accursed railways hadn't come in then to destroy everything worth while on the river. This doesn't mean that these minstrels had any active part in the old days of power. No, they were then as now content to see and to chronicle.

Of such serene philosophy seem these ancient rivermen, as they pore over the ever-changing face of the flood, brooding over its ever-shifting lines. After three weeks of noiseless, leisurely travel, I came near enough to their point of view to deplore the passing of the stately steamboat while grieving over the vanishing bark canoe and the tepee.

To visit St. Louis was the ostensible object of our journey, but the clamor and heat and dust of the city made the cleanly quiet of our houseboat so alluring that our stay was brief. Why spend a broiling day toiling to see a multitude of things which you instantly forget when you may return to natural beauties which you will never forget! Turning prow we idled northward on our homeward way, without haste and without care.

Again the hills silently shifted to let us pass, disclosing new vistas of quiet beauty under new lights. The high bluffs wore decorations of golden bars, and green meadows led to headlands of royal purple. Under the north and west light the river yielded a thousand new effects of peaceful beauty. On the land the fierce sun of August beat, and the wind was hot and dust-laden, but we in mid-stream reposed in

a world where dirt and noise are kept afar.

The level lower river has charms for which its lover might contend, but to me the upper river is the place of legends of infinite charm. Each tributary creek has its story of red hunter or white explorer. It possesses a hundred reaches, each of which might be taken as the pathway of the sunset into which Hiawatha sailed. Already it is entering upon its new dominion as a pleasure stream. It comes from the tepee and the bark canoe. It is now carrying the naphtha launch to the country seat. I love the old. I regret its passing. But the Mississippi of the future will give pleasure to thousands where the river of the past entranced the lone explorer, and as a lover of my kind I cannot make complaint, even though I see its wild beauty, its legendary charm passing, never to return.

## THE BLUE BONNET

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL



HE rehearsal had dragged on until two in the morning. Its successive climaxes, each marking a higher point of achievement, were visible, in the main, only to the practiced eye of the stage manager. The players themselves, gray, big-eyed, breathless, had well-nigh become unconscious pieces of mechanism driven along by an inexorable and insatiable will. They drooped in the wings, or took the center of the stage, as if in a trance created by one man's arbitrary belief—his pre-vision of a successful play. Most of them had reached that state of fatigue through which his high, rasping, but illuminating voice came as from a great distance. They saw things double, as if intoxicated. The manager knew that this phase of overwork would be succeeded by a sudden flaming up of the mental powers, the brightness of utter exhaustion, and he pushed on to seize his

advantage. For the twentieth time, the leading woman went through the scene which was the very marrow of the drama. Her nervousness and paralyzing intensity of purpose were all the more trying to the manager and to herself, because she had behind her no sounding-board of conspicuous success. Her years of patient, evenly good work had yet to create and focus the achievement which should shut her off permanently from mediocrity.

"Now, Mrs. Morton, once more. You've got to be as still as the grave, and yet the house must hear your cries. Play to the critics and to the man in the balcony or we'll all lose money. You've got the critics—but that man in the balcony—I want him! I must have him. For God's sake, get the man who's left his dollar at the box office, and you get New York."

He advanced to the footlights and stretched out his arms in heroic pantomime to the dark and empty house. He had the protean quality which enabled him at

times to personate an entire audience from the *matinée* girl to "the tired business man." Emily Morton, caught up in the wave of his enthusiasm, forgot her fatigue, forgot everything but a brilliant cosmopolitan house awaiting her sorcery to lead it out of its own world, into another which, better or worse, was at least different. She would lure the critical mind to enjoy; and she would make the objective dollar man think. She would reverse each man's rôle, thus giving the rest and liberty of new sensations.

She went through the scene again. Her stage-lover played up to her with the admirable abandon of a gentleman too worn out at last to care.

"Bully!"

They dropped upon the nearest objects that would serve for chairs where other members of the company were huddled, their white faces set in the last stage expression they had happened to have.

No one spoke for a few minutes. On the eve of the great night, now distant but a matter of some thirty hours, comments of any kind seemed singularly futile. The *ingénue*, an irrepressible of twenty, broke the silence.

"If the play goes, I'm going to get the swellest furs! I've them picked out. I have a friend in the fur department——"

"I'm going to buy copper," said the young man who played her lover on the stage.

"I'm going to pay dad's life insurance," piped another voice.

"I'm going to buy a chicken farm and leave this dog's life. Mrs. Morton, what are you going to do?"

"Yes, tell us, Emily, dear," came an affectionate chorus. Mrs. Morton, though star-to-be, was not yet in a star's isolation. Her smile wan, but sympathetic, was her first answer. She dropped her small, round chin in the palm of her hand while she meditated a moment. Then her smile deepened and grew sweet.

"I'm going to buy a duck of a little blue silk bonnet for my baby girl. It's the prettiest bonnet, pale corded silk all shirred, and a ruffle of lace and a wreath of pink rosebuds inside the poke. I've looked at it through a glass case for days. I'm so afraid it will be gone."

A sigh of approval came from the tired band whose fund of sentiment was inex-

haustible; then, as moved by a common impulse, they all rose and went through draughty corridors to the dressing rooms.

Emily Morton hurried into her street clothes, and to the nearest elevated station. During the early rehearsals her husband had escorted her to their little uptown flat, but his growing sensitiveness as an unsuccessful actor, whose wife is mounting far above him, had led her to urge a discontinuance of his vigils at the stage door or in her dressing room on the ground of their being unnecessary. She was not at all afraid, she said. He must not lose his sleep on her account. These superficial reasons hid the true one of a desire for a period of readjustment between the tyranny of the theater and the stress of her husband's increasing irritability, which at times threatened a peace of mutual comprehension, once deemed by her impregnable. She understood better than he knew his desire to be master, to guide and protect her as much through his public successes as through his position in the home; and the public success he had failed to make good, sinking more and more into the negative rôle of the husband of a talented wife. He had left business life to go on the stage, but when she suggested timidly that he should return to the desk and the office, he had flashed out that she begrudged him even a modicum of her honors. He had asked her pardon afterwards, but the incident had covered with sordid colors a week of her precious days. She carried it into the very heart of the play, where it became a hard kernel of aching loneliness on which she must build a success she now only half desired, and the price of which was her husband's love. When they had first met they were both in the indeterminate twilight of the middle ranks. The opportunities of both seemed about even, promising a hand-in-hand ascent to the goal. The mutual compromises of married life appeared easy in the light of their enthusiasm and their love. Her enthusiasm, combined with hard work, had led her steadily on; but he, not keeping pace, had turned their poem into a problem. She loved him too much to wish to be in any way the dominating element in their life, so she was continually adjusting the paradox of their mutual positions, the contradiction between the domestic and the professional rôle.

A light was burning in the little parlor of the flat when she entered, but at that dead hour of the night the place was cold and looked cheerless. Her husband, still in his street clothes, was dozing on a divan, his boyish, handsome face flushed and troubled, as if with uneasy sleep. She hurried into the next room, where in a dainty crib a baby girl of some four summers lay, her long black lashes resting on round, pink cheeks, her fair hair in tangled curls on the pillow. Emily bent over and kissed her softly.

"You sweetheart!" she whispered.

Her husband had awakened, and he now sat up, staring at her with heavy eyes.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Three o'clock. Why didn't you go to bed?"

"How can I go to bed with you coming in at all hours!"

"And how can I help that, Billy?" she answered, her voice quivering with fatigue and reproach. "You know how much depends upon this play!"

"You speak as if you were the breadwinner," he retorted.

"I am—just now!"

She regretted the words in the instant of uttering them. She had been so careful to keep him, by assumption at least, in his rightful place, soothing his pride with feminine embroideries of half truths. But her fatigue had betrayed her in this dead hour of the night.

"You mean you're the whole thing," he retorted savagely; "the genius of the family, its prop, its stay. Well, for my part, give me a woman who's home with her children, who doesn't think she's Duse and Bernhardt rolled into one."

"Billy!"

Her face stiffened. A pang of remorse shot through him, but with that strange fatality of evil humor which persists against softer feeling he pushed on.

"You'd be glad to see me at a desk. You want your field to yourself."

Her eyes implored him to stop before he had made the barrier between them impassable, but his pent-up, fretting misery of the past weeks, once released, could not be easily checked.

"I suppose you'll be a star after tomorrow night, and then there'll be no living with you."

She gave back now in the wretched coin she had so long refused to handle.

"I believe you'd be glad if the play failed," she said, her voice cold and hard.

He shrugged his shoulders, but he made no answer. She stood looking at him with a strained, incredulous gaze, then slowly turned and left the room.

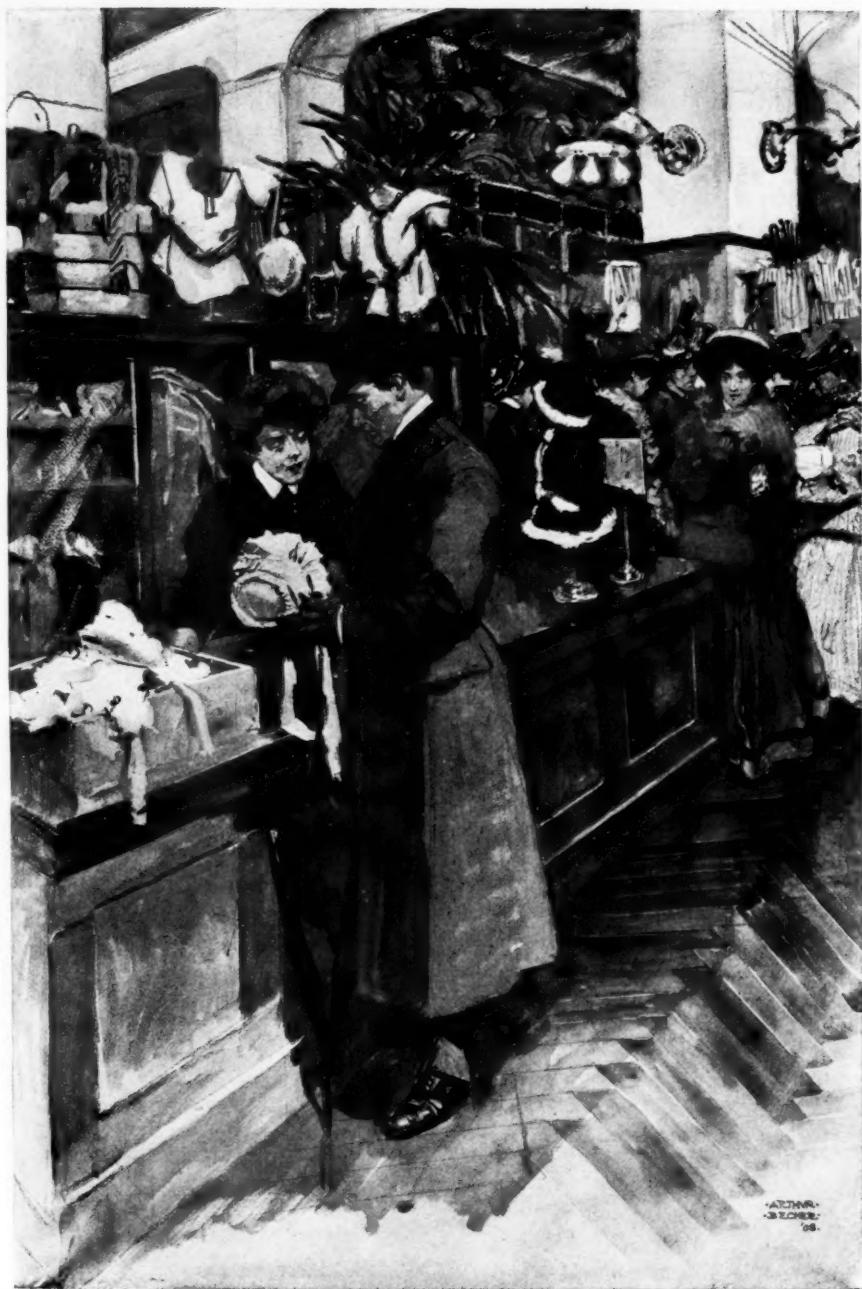
They did not meet again until afternoon of the next day. Morton was then miserably unhappy, but his pride forbade him to make one advance to his wife, whose haggard face showed some care far deeper than concern over the success of her play. He told himself that if she did fail on the morrow it might be the beginning of their reunion. She would be then in her proper rôle. He would be willing to go back to business, to take the position Jenkins had for three months held open to him. He could be content with mediocrity if only she shared it; but to see her triumph where he had failed, to be the unsuccessful husband, was intolerable.

The morning of the critical day came and found her nervous and depleted. She, too, longed to bridge the chasm and to implore him to give her his kiss and his blessing before she went to her great test, but the remembrance of his words held her chained in ice. She performed the day's duties mechanically, wondering how she could ever get through her part, when even these slight affairs seemed remote and alien. But she put them in their usual order, instructing the little Irish maid servant in the last detail of a good dinner for her husband. As the hours went by she felt she could no longer bear her nervousness and depression. She would go out, and stay out until the time came to be in the theater.

Her resolution once made, she could not be too quickly away. She did not even go in to kiss the baby Elsbeth. She wanted her husband, not her child.

He came in shortly after she was gone. When he found the house empty of her he made inquiries of the little slavey, who answered merely that her mistress would not be home until midnight. Morton went miserably back to the little parlor, where the very furniture seemed to be sharing the domestic depression. One picture hung crooked. The sofa pillows lay in limp disorder. The steam radiator rum-





Drawn by Arthur Becker.

*"Awkwardly balanced on one hand he had the precious bonnet."*



bled and whistled drearily. Outside it was raining in a slow, persistent drizzle. Why had she gone out in the rain, and where would she be all these hours?

Self-reproach, steadily battered down by his hard humor, began to force itself to the surface. Had he driven her away? Was the outside gloom and discomfort preferable to his society? What if she took cold, and ruined her rôle with hoarseness! Ah, but he had wished her to fail, his lower envious self pulling her down from the desired pedestal.

Elsbeth playing among her blocks, in the silent, comfortable way of children left much to themselves, now toddled toward him with a gurgle of delight and clasped his knee, looking up at him with big blue eyes—her mother's eyes.

"Play with Elsbeth, papa."

He pushed her away gently.

"Papa's tired and worried. He can't play with you."

She ignored the self-impeachment.

"Papa tell me a story."

"Papa doesn't know any!"

"You're naughty," she exclaimed gleefully. "You told Elsbeth one yesterday."

"Go build your blocks like a good little girl."

But the blocks had lost their charm. She looked around for other entertainment. Morton watched her listlessly a moment, then resumed his vacant gazing into the outside dullness and wetness. He tried to reinforce his position by telling himself that the husband should make his authority felt at whatever cost; that Emily was becoming altogether too independent of him, but the practical thought of her wandering about on damp streets or in overheated stores, when she needed all her strength for the evening, crushed his theories. What if she should fail through his unkindness!

The sound of tumbling books recalled him to his immediate surroundings. Elsbeth, in search of entertainment, had attacked the bookcase. She was now seated on the floor, her chubby legs stretched out straight in front of her, on her lap a large book, which her father recognized as the scrapbook in which her mother kept her press notices. Elsbeth was turning the leaves with more zeal than discretion.

"Hold up, baby, or you'll tear that book."

He went over to stop her, but she was already in pause over a page, and as he stooped beside her she put a chubby finger delightedly on a woodcut.

"Muvver!" she exclaimed.

He looked at the picture—one taken during their long engagement. Its fresh youthfulness contrasted sharply in his mind with his last sight of her face, pinched and gray and lonely.

"How did you know that was your mother, Elsbeth? No, you mustn't have it. See, daddy will get you another picture book."

He took the book, replacing it with a volume of fairy tales. Then he seated himself, and began in a desultory way to read some of the notices, but as he read, old, forgotten things leaped into life; old fires shot forth their flame. He was again in those days of mutual hope and struggle and enthusiasm. How they had laughed and wept over this part! how they had shivered over that! It was during the run of this play that Emily had bought the gray furs he loved to see her in. In the other he had been foremost, and their after-theater suppers had become something more than barmecidal feasts. He read on, the alchemy of old sweet memories transmuting his mood. "It is safe to prophesy some great successes for Miss Emily Creighton. She has qualities which should lead her into the first rank of American actresses, if she has strength of temperament to persist through all circumstances."

What did they mean! Had the mere critic or reporter in the third row been able to see that Emily's sensitiveness, the very gift which made her able to interpret such diverse rôles, might also lay her open to influences fatal to assured success. He, her husband, knew this, and had taken despicable advantage of it.

He closed the book, the light close upon him, and he no longer shut his eyes. A sudden sense of his carping littleness, his ignoble jealousy swept over him, bringing its great cargo of repentance and zeal to undo the mischief—perhaps by this time fatal.

He rushed to get his hat, but remembered that he did not know where Emily was gone. Then he went to the telephone

and called up the homes of several friends, but could obtain no word of her. He sat down to think what could be done. The outcome of his reflection was to call up Jenkins.

"She'll find me doing a man's work," he said to himself, "instead of whining over hers. I'll have that at least to tell her before night."

When he had made an appointment with his friend, he wondered what else could be done that would utter his confession and plea for forgiveness more clearly than words. What was nearest to Emily's heart?

He looked down at Elsbeth, her flaxen curls drooping over the fairy book. She was always so good and quiet when told to be! Why not take her to the theater! She could curl up in an orchestra chair beside him and go to sleep. He would have Katy dress her in her best togs. Better still, he would buy her some new togs if he had to pawn his pearl scarfpin!—some things that Emily had been wanting for her. Emily would see her, perhaps, from the stage, and know what he had tried to do. He summoned Katy from the kitchen.

"I am going to take Elsbeth to the theater. Bathe her and curl her hair, and put on all the lacy things she has—and—anything else that goes on, hair ribbons—safety pins—you—know," he added helplessly.

Emily, meanwhile, was trying to salve her sore spirit with various ointments, but her best efforts left it smarting. Her very love for her husband made the rupture between them all the more mordant. Toward the end of a long, aimless walk the whole matter had become to her hopeless. She seemed to be buying success with the most sacred thing in life, her love and devotion as a wife. She had an insane desire to call up the manager and tell him that she was not a star, but William Morton's wife, and was leaving the stage forever. Yet her clear insight, even in this passion of sacrificial feeling, made her know that her husband had been both jealous and exacting. It kept her from returning to the flat. She was willing to do everything—she was willing to do nothing. Would the play hang in a limbo of her tragic alternatives!

She drifted downtown at last, and then in and out of the shops in a vain effort of distraction. She was conscious that she was wearing herself out, and perhaps courting hoarseness, but what did it matter? If Billy had no interest in her success, what did it matter!

Her thought of Elsbeth, always an undercurrent in her consciousness, whatever her troubles, led her at last to the children's furnishing department in one of the big stores. It was the enchanted ground on which stood the glass case enshrining the little blue bonnet. Ah! it was a small thing to work for now.

As she drew near it a most unexpected vision shaped itself. There, standing by the case, was her husband, talking with the hesitating manner of a man shopper to a smiling, much be-pompadoured attendant. Awkwardly balanced on one hand he had the precious blue bonnet.

Her first impulse was to go forward and greet him, but her understanding of his temperament restrained her. If he were preparing a surprise for her, she must know nothing and see nothing. She turned quickly and went to another part of the store.

When she felt herself secure from an encounter with him, reviving emotions crowded into her consciousness. She was like a prisoner to whom a reprieve has been given from some strange, half-understood sentence. Life swept toward her again, a bracing wind bringing the color to her cheeks and quickening her heart beats. He did love her, he must love her, or he would not have been there buying something on which she had set her heart. But where had he obtained the money for the costly, pretty picture bonnet? After to-morrow it doesn't matter, she told herself, then realized she was taking for granted the success of the play. Well, she could be sure of success if only she were sure of his love!

Behind the scenes, when she arrived at the theater, she found the usual tense, grim atmosphere of a first night. People's nerves were worn above their skins, and quivered at a breath. Only rouge could subdue the blue pallor of their faces. Even the stage hands betrayed tension in their quick, irritable movements. The manager's curt nod to her was a sign that

he took nothing for granted. Emily felt that she was the very ganglion of this throbbing, half-sullen activity. She hurried to her dressing room to shut out the paralyzing sight of it. When she turned on the electric light the first thing she saw was a florist's box. She wondered what admirer or well-wisher had been thus premature in a votive offering. She cut the cord, and found beneath the swathings of oiled paper a mass of mignonette and forget-me-nots, the flowers she loved best. Only one other person in the world knew that she loved them best. Her heart beat quickly, and as in the long-ago days of courtship, she searched for a note, and found it.

"Dear old girl," it began. "I fixed it up with Jenkins this afternoon—good salary. Baby and I are coming to-night to give you a hand. You're going to win out. She will have 'new cloes, new bunnet,' as she used to say. Look for a very new, a very blue bonnet perched on an orchestra chair. Elsbeth sends love. I'm just your time-worn—

"BILLY."

The star-to-be, not having Billy to hug, hugged her flowers instead. Then she began a solemn, exalted, beatific waltz about the little room. A knock, and the manager entered. She put up a protesting hand.

"Please remove your ringed eyes and

your apprehensions from my happy presence. The play's made. I can do anything to-night—anything."

"Hum-m-m! You're surer of it than I am. What makes you think so?" he added drearily.

"Billy—my husband—thinks——"

"O Lord!" said the manager, and withdrew, muttering as he went down the passage: "If there's anything queerer than a woman, it's two women—three women—four women——"

They drove home in state in a hansom smothered in flowers, which had not become, as too often happens at first nights, funereal emblems. Elsbeth, fast asleep, was between them, a handkerchief around her curls, while Emily held the blue bonnet on her lap with her husband's box of flowers. They were both still in the trance of her success, but curiosity was beginning to awaken in the man concerning this lady whose triumph had made her seem a new personality—a lovely stranger to be wooed again and won. He had the pride not of the husband, but the lover.

"Emily, it was wonderful! You seemed to be playing to a much greater audience than could have been squeezed into that theater—a world of people who understood you and loved you."

She smiled.

"They may have been there—but I—I played just to that little blue bonnet."







## OLD GLOUCESTER DAYS

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE



"And the Philistines came down and took possession of the city."

TEN years ago Gloucester was a name in the art world "to conjure with." Her wharves, her shipping fleets, "grand bankers," salt barks; her moors, her rocks, her old-fashioned flower gardens; her queer houses by the water's edge; her sunrises over Thatcher's Island, and her sunsets over the Magnolia Hills, made her the Mecca of artists from all parts of the world.

Coming out of the rightly famous "Blue Store" one morning, I almost ran into a man carrying a bag unmistakably containing oranges—a sturdy, well-groomed, self-reliant person, looking at the world squarely through eyeglasses which seemed made for a bigger man. As I followed him up the hill, it was hard to realize that the man who wrote the *Recessional* and *On the Road to Mandalay* was really among us.

Kipling spent one summer here, off with

his dory in the mornings among the fisher folk, or out upon the wharves spinning yarns with the old salts and picking up their lingo; and the following year *Captains Courageous*, that valiant story of sea life, was given to the world in remembrance of his Gloucester visit.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, now Mrs. Ward, has spent her summers here for many years, adding *The Madonna of the Tubs* and *A Singular Life* to the already long list of Gloucester-placed tales; and James B. Connelly, himself a Gloucester boy, has written much and well and intimately of the adventurous life among the fisher folk.

One day in the orchard of the Apple Tree Cottage, I came across a man painting an entirely sane and charming bit of boats in the sunshine. It was sad-eyed, slender Peter Newell, who had escaped from the wide-gazed picture children who have made him famous, reproducing Nature as he saw her when he was not in his funny vein.

In one of the years of which I write,

Richard Mansfield was there as well, studying a new part at the Inn. John Fiske was rooming near him, and Woodrow Wilson, the President of Princeton, occupied the little bungalow opposite the Harbor View.

Turning into Rocky Neck one glorious summer morning, I recall that I met jaunty, incomparable John Twachtman, a big canvas under his arm, sketching kit in hand, pipe in mouth, and his old gray hat far back on his head.

"Hello!" I cried. "Are you back here again?"

"Yes," he said; "I've formed the Gloucester habit. You know, it's curious, once formed, you never get over it. There is a cure for almost every other habit in the world. Whisky, opium, cocaine, can all be overcome; but there isn't any cure for the Gloucester habit. Having been here once, you've just got to come back."

Those were the golden days of Gloucester—days full of work, and discussion after the work was done—discussion of "Art for Art's sake," Velasquez, "the fallacy of the cube," of Stevenson's letters, of the last Salon, and of those who "had made good." I remember one moonlit night there were twelve or fifteen of these gifted ones reminiscing and watching the white sails go back and forth between the Magnolia shores. Twachtman, I recall, was especially droll, even for him, and had told a story with the twinkle in his eye and the expressiveness of gesture of which only he was capable. It was a story of a time when he, Duvenicke, and Whistler were living on the top floor of a palace in Venice, with a monkey named Jocko as an intimate friend and companion. That started a train of strange experiences which the rest had had, and world names bristled through the talk, when suddenly two old maiden ladies from Malden, who had been listening in the gloom of their corner, were heard to whisper to each other: "Land sakes, do you think they are telling the truth?" "No, indeed, Maria," answered the other, "they're just airing themselves for our benefit!" That was the little breeze which was a forerunner of the gale of Philistinism which now is blowing in full blast across the profile of Mother Ann.

That great hotel, built far out on the

point, has lured many of the fashionable element from Manchester and Magnolia; the names that figure in the society columns of the newspapers can be found on its register. Automobiles are as prevalent as rowboats or puffing launches. The moors are being cut down for golf links, squash and tennis courts, and the cottage people on the Point are giving dinner parties, duly chronicled in the society doings of Cape Ann.

It is good fun to see these Philistine ladies, with English voices, lorgnettes, and many jewels, talking art.

"Yes, yes," they will murmur, regarding a picture with great solemnity, "so natural! Er—er, just exactly where is that?" This is such a usual question that when one artist shows another a canvas, he is liable to be asked, with a leer: "Just exactly where is that?"

There is still some fun, however, in the old way: Welsh Rabbit parties in the studios, lighted by ship's lanterns, to celebrate the sale of a picture, and to talk over the Philistines who come by. Arthur Hazard, Walter Dean, Cecilia Beaux, and Parker Mann go steadily on with their painting. Everett Warner, just back from Paris, has his old studio over the Anchorage. Mr. Lambert, the well-known portrait painter of Philadelphia, has the Red Studio for the season. But these shining lights are few and far between, for art and automobiles go not hand in hand, and the man who wants to dinner dress, and dance to all hours feels disinclined toward sunrise sketches.

If some of the overmoneied patrons of the artists could hear the chat over the Welsh Rabbits or the mushrooms, they might have intellectual growing pains as to what these painter people think. One of the best of these artists told a funny story on the subject of his money dealings with a wealthy Chicago woman who desired his wares.

"There was a woman who came into my studio who wanted a forty-dollar picture for sixteen dollars," he said, in his brisk way. "I thought myself that it was a rather abrupt drop, but I needed the money, and besides that it was a 'rotten bad' picture, so I let it go. Even then it made me think of the story I heard of a drug clerk who had just put up a

prescription for a deaf old man. 'How much is it?' 'Twenty-five cents,' said the clerk. The deaf old man only heard the 'five cents,' put a nickel on the counter, and proceeded out of the store. 'I said twenty-five cents,' screamed the clerk. The old man didn't hear, and, as the clerk picked up the nickel, he said: 'I don't care, I made four cents out of you, anyway!'"

In 1902, Gloucester sang its swan song of the old summer life within its gates. Kitson was there that year—Kitson of the genius for marble, white neckties, and great silences; Hazard, Paxton, De Camp, Theodore Wendell, and Godfrey Roche, with his genial presence and ready wit.

That vagrant magazine, *The Trifler*, was published there that summer, and Stockton Axson, of Princeton, who had "the associate editorship thrust upon him," wrote the verses entitled *Them Artises*, which were so widely copied and, as he said himself, made him notorious, if not famous!

#### "THEM ARTISES."

##### 1.

What is it sickens with disgust the Gloucester sailorman?  
It isn't fightin' wind and fog, nor driftin' in a calm;  
It isn't toiling off the Banks where fishin's on the bum;  
It isn't even wrastlin' with the facts of Gloucester rum.  
It's these everlastin' artises a-settin' all around,  
A-paintin' everything they see from topmast to the ground.

##### 2.

'Fore we get to Ten Pound Island they're a roostin' on the shore,  
And they follow us about the port till we put to sea once more.  
If we only drop an anchor or lower away a sail  
They're a-slappin' paint on canvas and a workin' like a gale.  
We can't lay hold upon a rope but,—Lord A'mighty's sake!  
They're a-flockin' all about us like flies around a cake.

##### 3.

They take us in our overalls, so shapeless and so slack,  
You can hardly tell by lookin' if we're goin' or comin' back;  
Our own wives and our sweethearts fail to find us pretty then,  
But it seems to suit these artises,—the women and the men,  
For they puts us into picters and they think it's just immense;  
They call it "picturesque," I b'lieve, but it certain isn't sense.

##### 4.

They're paintin' in the sunshine, they're paintin' in the fog,  
They're paintin' when it's rainin' hard enough to drown a dog;  
They paint when it is high tide, and when the tide goes down  
And leaves the harbor mostly slime, all green and greasy brown,—  
So nasty that you'd think it would disgust a harbor rat,—  
But gosh! would you believe it? They're even paintin' that!

##### 5.

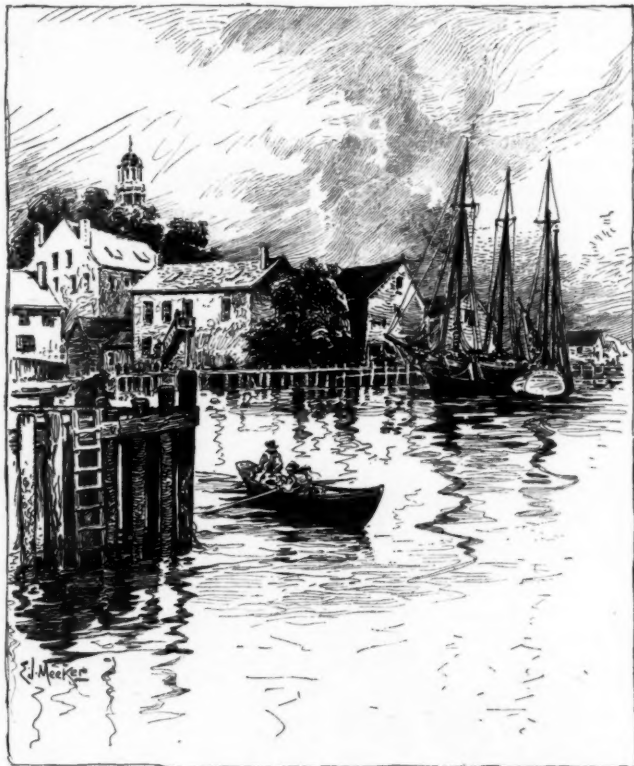
And what they keep a-doin' it for is more than I can tell,  
For the things when they're finished they certain look like,—well  
They look like nothin' known upon the land or on the deep,—  
It seems a waste of time when likely chromos are so cheap!  
But I s'pose their kinsfolks likes to have them pottering,  
It keeps 'em out of mischief, and from doing some wuss thing.

Billy Curtis, of Washington, the distinguished artist, was a prominent figure in this colony for several years, occupying the little studio which was built originally for Parker Mann. He was evolving at this time the new ideas for wood decoration which have made him easily first in his craft in the United States; but when the day's work was over, he would do a song and dance, give an imitation of Anna Held or Lottie Collins, in a way that

could easily have made him famous on the vaudeville stage.

Studio parties were the joy of the summer life. I remember one over on the Neck. The girl who gave it had for a

was quite as uncomfortable. The place was lighted by ship lanterns, and candles in some old brass altar pieces set behind green and pink glass floats. There was scarcely a person present who had not at



*"Outside the waves lapped the old piles."*

studio an old building originally used for the making of nets. It stood on piles in the water. We rowed through the moonlight in dories and climbed up the rickety ladder to the platform in front of the wide door. It seemed like Venice, and

least a national celebrity. There was talk in at least four languages, and while the Kitten Bride and the Girl with the Topaz Eyes cut the cheese for the Rabbit, a man just home from his German studies played the *Apassionata*. Outside the waves lapped

the old piles, the salt wind came in from the south, and the starlight sank into the sea all unnoted, for we, Beethoven led, were dreaming and remembering.

In the hush which followed, one man—and the laws of hospitality alone prevent my mentioning a name which all the world would recognize—seized a banjo and dashed to the center of the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have led a cramped, confined, and unappreciated existence all my life; I"—and his words dropped to a dramatic whisper, "have a voice. I really have no right to be singing here; my place is grand opera. Of course, everyone who sings says that of himself; but in my case it is really true. I propose to sing to you, free of charge, regardless of the fact that I am needing money, a simple ballad. I shall let out my voice, and when I let out my voice, I shatter Mother Ann."

Mother Ann was three miles and a half distant, but he almost kept his word. With a noise like a siren, he began: *In the Good Old Summer Time*, and with

a view to hearing as little as possible, we all joined in, and Rocky Neck rang to that jolly plebeian tune, to which the great man danced a can-can during the refrain.

I recall that before we parted for that night, we drank a toast to the "Absent Ones," for even then there had begun defalcation in the ranks. Only a few of the old guard now remain, and among them can be heard murmurs of Ipswich, Annisquam, or Ogunquit for the summers to come. Hanging on the wall of one of the studios can be found this toast:

To the Absent Ones, God bless them!

Who held a place in our hearts—

Those glad old, mad old fellows,

A-roamin' in foreign parts.

For the sake of old fun and old stories,

For old friends, better far than the new;

For the time which was and no more is,

We take our hats off to you!

Yes, Old Gloucester, for the time which was and no more is, we take off our hats to you!





# THE MESSENGER

BY OWEN OLIVER



He came at sunrise, a large, strong-featured man, riding a large gray horse. The horse was spent, but the man sprang lustily from the saddle.

"In the king's name!" he cried, and would have passed on through the gateway; but the guard stopped him, with lowered pikes, and the captain came forward with a frown.

"We serve the Earl of Lanst," he said. "No other name opens here."

The stranger eyed him squarely, like one used to command; and the captain saw from his spurs that he was a knight.

"The king does not bandy words," the messenger said. "Tell your master that I come from him, and delay at your peril."

He sat down on the old oak bench, under the shade of the grim castle walls, and waited while the messenger went to the earl. They brought him meat and ale, and he ate and drank greedily, like one who had not taken food for some time.

"You have ridden all night?" the captain asked.

"And the day before," he answered curtly.

The captain looked at him curiously under his eyebrows.

"You were doubtless attended," he suggested, as one who drew a bow at a venture.

"I came alone," said the messenger.

"There are robbers in the passes," said the captain.

"There are two less than there were," answered the messenger, glancing a moment at his sword.

He shook his head when the captain questioned him further, and strode up and down, chafing at the delay, as men do when

they are young. He was halfway between twenty and thirty, and well-featured; a good figure of a man, though inclining more to strength than to grace.

The earl received him presently, sitting in his carved seat, at the end of the great hall; a grizzled man, with black eyes that shone like the windows of a dark house, showing the fire within. He had been trusted counselor of the old king, and had led the army in France, until a dispute arose about precedence, in an interval of peace some sixteen years before. The decision had gone against the earl, and he had retired in wrath to his northern fortress. Since he held the borderland between England and Scotland, and each king claimed his allegiance, he had played off one against the other, and owned fealty to neither.

"What wishes the king of me?" he asked harshly.

"The king's wishes are commands," said the messenger, holding himself straightly.

The old earl's fierce eyes blazed a little more fiercely.

"Let the king speak with his own tongue," he said, "and be careful of your own, lest your life answer."

"My tongue is the king's," retorted the messenger, "and the rest of me; and as for my life, I have carried it in my hand this last day and night."

The earl nodded slowly, searching the messenger's face with his keen eyes. His frown relaxed, for he loved a brave man, and scorned to threaten a visitor within his walls.

"I quarrel with no man that he serves his lord," he said. "And what says the king?"

"He bids you come to him in London," the messenger proclaimed, "and bring all your men."

"I am like to bring them when I come," answered the earl grimly.

"Further, the king commands you to bring your daughter, the Lady Mary, since he has heard great report of her. If she be as fair as rumor says, it is like that he may offer her the honor of marriage, remembering also your past services to the state."

The earl half rose from his seat, and swore a great oath; and then he laughed a great laugh of scorn.

"My daughter goes seeking no man in marriage," he declared, "not if he were a hundred kings. If he would win her, let him come and woo her. I will give him a safe-conduct."

"The king takes no safe-conduct from any man in his own lands," answered the messenger. "In truth, you have defied him these five years, since he came to manhood and to the throne, thanks to the wars abroad. Now that these have ended, and he is free to attend to affairs at home, he bids you come to him to render your account; and to bring the maid, that she may be surety for you."

"And if we do not come?" asked the earl.

"Then my master will fetch you with forty thousand men, trained in the wars abroad. You were wise to come—or send the maid."

"He shall have her, when he can take her," the earl said, "with his army or alone. Aye, she shall go with you, if it is her will. Unwilling she shall be the bride of none. Tell your master that; and say that in this land I am lord, and own no king."

The messenger set his lips tightly a moment ere he spoke, as if he put restraint upon himself.

"I will carry your disloyal words to the king," he said. "He will know how to answer them. Suffer me a day's rest before I depart, for I have ridden hard, and have a rough journey to go."

"Rest as long as you will, sir," the earl answered courteously. "A hundred men shall see you to the border. I would not that ill should befall you in this country, for you are a brave man, albeit somewhat overbold of speech."

The messenger bowed low.

"I thank you for your courtesy, my lord," he said. "Will you grant me the further favor that I may have speech with

the lady, your daughter, as was the king's command?"

The earl stiffened again.

"I am not a huckster of my flesh and blood," he swore, "that I should show my daughter to a broker of marriage. If the king would have speech of her, let him come and speak for himself."

"It was the king's desire," the messenger persisted, "in all honor to the lady. Be- think you, my lord, these are rough lands for a woman to rule after you are gone; and a king is an ill enemy to make. It were well if so noble a suitor found favor in her eyes."

"My daughter has no need to seek a field for suitors," said the earl. "So that he be a man of honor, and of gentle birth, her choice is unfettered by me. The king may have his chance with the rest, if he desires. It is an unfavored suitor, if I know a maiden's mind, who woos with another's speech."

"Let me, at least, see the lady for myself," the messenger asked, "for my eyes are curious since my ears have heard of her; and, if she will, let her hear the king's message."

The earl struck a little bell, and summoned the Lady Mary to him; and she came attended by two of her maidens. They were accounted beautiful when she was away, but none noticed them when she was near, for she was, indeed, very fair.

"This gallant gentleman has ridden from the King of England," the earl said, "and has passed through our borders alone. He carries a message from the king, and would have speech of you. We would know your name, sir."

The messenger bowed low and sank on one knee, and saluted the lady's hand.

"My name matters not," he said. "I am but the messenger of the king, and speak in his name—though indeed the name I bear is no shame to me. The king has heard of your beauty, lovely lady, and his heart is kindled. When you go to his court, as he bids, it will burst into flame."

"He must set my heart aflame, before I carry it to him," answered the Lady Mary, throwing her head back proudly. "My heart is my own, and no king's command has power there. If it is my father's will also, tell that to the king from me."

"Aye," said the earl. "Tell him so."

"The king's army numbers forty thousand men, lady," said the messenger, "trained in the wars in France, and he has sworn to come for you."

The Lady Mary laughed. Her laugh was like the sound of a brook in spring.

"An army of men never took a woman's heart," she said, "and haply it were a hard task for one. You are a gallant man, I learn, Sir Knight. How many lives would you wager to win a wife?"

"I would stake my own life a thousand times, lady—if she were as fair as you."

The lady smiled.

"Methinks you value your life lightly, Sir Messenger, since you adventured this perilous journey alone."

"Nay," answered the messenger, "not lightly, lady. For I did the king's bidding; and I looked to see you at the end. Suffer me to talk with you a little, so that, by doing my king's bidding, I may earn my own reward."

The Lady Mary smiled a little and bowed. For she thought the stranger a comely gentleman and tall; and she was so gentle a lady that she must needs like a bold man. She walked and talked with the king's messenger most of that day, and sang to him in the evening; and he sang to her some love songs that he had learned in France, accompanying himself on her guitar. The next morning she walked with him again on the ramparts, and asked him many things: what gowns the ladies wore at court, and if they were fair, and how long he had fought in the wars, and how they did things in France.

"They say that the French ladies have wondrous charm," she said, smiling up at him, "and more gallant soldiers have fallen to them than in the field. What thought you of the ladies of France?"

"If ever I thought of a lady before, I have forgotten her now," said the messenger.

"Is the flattery your own, sir?" she asked gayly. "Or speak you only for the king?"

"Nay," said the messenger. "My life is the king's, but my heart is my own. But, truly, I think it is my own no more."

The Lady Mary looked down at the ground and yet looked up, under her eyelashes, at him.

"You have said that you have no name

or voice," she challenged him, "only the king's; and now it seems that you have no heart. It is, doubtless, with some fair maiden in France——"

"Nay," the messenger declared. "It is—shall I tell you where?"

The Lady Mary shook her head.

"It matters not," she said, "since you have no name nor voice nor heart—only a king! I can but talk to you of him. Would you wish me to marry him, sir?"

"Aye," said the messenger. "Since he wills it, I would have you marry him. Indeed, madame, he loves you greatly. There was a little painting of you that came by chance into his hands. It has stayed with him ever since. Often have I known him to look at it and sigh. The painter's name was on the portrait, and the king bade me seek him out, and learn who the lady was; for he would marry her, he swore, be she peasant or peer. And once he told me that the painting was dearer to him than his crown."

"Then he can have—the painting!" said the Lady Mary shrewdly, "since he is so satisfied with that. If he wanted a wife of flesh and blood, he should have adventured his life to see her as you have done. I fear that you risk your life too readily, Sir Messenger. I pray you take more heed in the future, for the sake of those who care for you—if such there be."

"Think you," asked the messenger, "that there be such?"

The Lady Mary did not answer, only played with a white rose at her bosom.

"I entreat that you will have more care of yourself," she pleaded. "A man's life is too much to risk to see a woman who—who is naught to him. I would not that harm should come to so brave and courteous a gentleman; and there are many robbers and lawless men upon your road. I beg you to take safe-conduct from my father, in case you come again—from the king."

"Would you welcome another message from him?" the knight asked, with his eyes on the white roses of her cheek, and the pink roses, and the red.

"Nay," she said, "but I would welcome the messenger— Since you can tell me of his court and the dresses there, and—and since I am but a woman, sir!"

He leaned a little over her. They sat on a mossy stone bench that overlooked the

world from the walls. It was a world of bold, barren rocks, and a swollen stream that went tumbling down them.

"If I came to take you to the king," he asked, "to make you his queen, would you welcome me then?"

The Lady Mary looked up suddenly at him, with a bright light in her eyes.

"Would you come to take me to him?" she demanded.

"Surely," said the messenger.

"Willingly?" she asked, with a touch of anger in her voice.

"With all my heart," he answered, "if you were willing."

The Lady Mary flushed hotly.

"Then I know that you speak only with the king's tongue," she said, "and not your own. Tell your master this: that a true man's heart owns the command of no king but love; and a true maid's ears will listen to no wooing by deputy; and if she scorns aught more than the man who would offer his heart by another it is he who offers her another heart than his own. Nay! Take that part of the message for yourself, Sir Messenger. I pray you waste no more of your time, but ride smartly to your careful king, who risks your life instead of his own."

The messenger bowed.

"The king is no craven, lady," he said.

"But a king's life is not to risk for naught."

The Lady Mary rose with a rustle of her silk gown, as she swept herself sideways.

"I am naught then!" she cried. "That is not the king's speech, but your own. I will hear you no more."

"Let me then speak for the king," said the messenger. "If he will come to you as a simple knight, with no arms but his sword, and alone, if he will stake his crown and kingdom thus, will you love him then?"

"Love is not to will," said the Lady Mary.

"Neither," said the knight, "is it to deny at will."

He looked right at her with his bold eyes; and she looked steadfastly away from him over the walls.

"Learned you that in France, Sir Messenger?" she asked.

"Nay," said he. "I learned it here."

"Then teach it to your king," she retorted scornfully, "since you but learn his lessons."

She tossed her dainty head, and played with a rose in her bosom till it came away in her fingers.

"I should teach him readily," said the messenger. "For you have taught me well. If I were a scribe, I could read the message on my heart, fair lady, for you have written it there."

The Lady Mary glanced at him swiftly. Her fingers trembled till she dropped the rose; and the messenger took it, and fastened it in his doublet.

"Love is not to will or to deny," he said, "and who brings another's heart may leave his own. The king must choose a new messenger next time. Suffer me now to take you to your father, and go my way. For I came as the king's messenger, and as his messenger I must return. And haply, lady, we shall meet no more."

"No more!" The Lady Mary trembled greatly. "You will take the escort that my father offered? There are reckless men in the mountains."

"I carry a safe-conduct with me, lady." He touched his sword, and laughed a great, reckless laugh. "And a charm to strengthen my hand." He touched the rose in his doublet.

"Doubtless," she said bitterly, "you will give that to the king."

"Nay," said the messenger, "I will give it to none so long as I live."

"But if I ask it of you?" She looked at him.

"You will not ask, lady," he said.

"No," said the Lady Mary. There were tears in her eyes.

The earl was sitting in his garden taking his ease. He smiled upon the messenger with a friendly smile; for he had shown them some feats of strength and arms in the courtyard the night before, and the earl loved a man of his hand.

"A guard shall escort you beyond the border, sir," he said; "for little as I like your message, I have no quarrel with the messenger."

The knight bowed low.

"And what message shall I take to the king?" he asked.

"My message I have already given. If the king wants me he can come for me. My daughter can give you her own answer."

"My answer is the same," said the Lady

Mary, drawing herself up. "The king may have me—when he can take me. He will need another messenger ere he can take my heart."

"Nay," said the messenger. "I have taken it. Lady, is it not so?"

He seized her hands, but she snatched them away, and buried her face in them. The earl sprang from his seat, and put his gnarled hand where his sword should have been, had he not laid it aside.

"By heaven!" he cried. "What is your name, and who are you, sir?"

The messenger drew himself up to his great height, and threw back his head.

"I am the king," he cried.

The old earl stared at him for a mo-

ment. Then he slapped his leg, and then he laughed.

"You have put yourself in our hands, sir," he said. "Mine—and my daughter's."

The king smiled.

"I am not afraid of *you*," he answered, "Lord Lanst."

The old earl smiled too.

"No," he said. "No—I am proud to own allegiance to so bold a king, sir. But I cannot answer for my daughter."

He laughed a little as he walked away, and the king regained the Lady Mary's hands.

"There is no queen in a true man's heart," he said, "but love—sweet Mary?"

"My king!" said she in a whisper.

## THE SEVENTH DUKE OF ABBEYSHIRE

BY N. A. JENNINGS



PEAKIN' er thoroughbred dogs, suh, an' dogs with long pedigrees," said the Colonel, tilting his chair back against the house as we sat on the broad porch of his old Southern home,

"I don't suppose that you ever paid much heed, suh, to old Duke lyin' there on the po'ch. I really don't believe that there ever was a dog came to Geo'gia with quite so long a pedigree as Duke's. You may have noticed it hangin' up in a frame in my lib'ry, suh. No? Then, if you'll be so good as to remind me when we go into the house, I shall be delighted to show it to you, suh—delighted."

I looked at the Colonel to see if he were joking, for the dog Duke to which he referred was the yellowest kind of a yellow mongrel, of every unknown breed possible in one animal. From his ill-shaped head and clumsy ears to the tip of his ugly thick tail Duke was plainly the commonest kind of a yellow dog. Only his eyes were pleasing to look upon; for they were good, kind, gentle, trusting dog's eyes, and were

enough to make one like him in spite of his more than doubtful origin.

But the Colonel had spoken with absolute gravity, and the Colonel was not a man whose word was to be doubted when he made an assertion, no matter how fantastic the statement might seem.

"I confess, suh," the Colonel continued after a pause, during which he doubtless watched my ill-concealed puzzlement as I tried to reconcile his extraordinary statement with Duke's appearance, "I confess, suh, that there is a certain, may I say incongruity—I believe that is the right wo'd—about Duke's—er—general perspective, carriage, an' complexion which is hardly in conformity with my assertion; but I was never mo' serious in my life, suh, when I tell you that that dog came into the State of Geo'gia with the longest an' finest pedigree from a famous kennel in England that I ever imagined could belong to one specimen of the canine race, suh."

"May I inquire, Colonel, what kind of a dog that pedigree makes Duke to be?" I asked.

"That pedigree, suh—and you mustn't



forget to remind me to show it to you—that pedigree proves that Duke is one of the very finest huntin' dogs that ever came out of England. His father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather all took the blue ribbon at kennel shows, an' on his mother's side he is ev'ry bit as well born, suh. I don't s'pose there is another such an aristocratic dog family in the whole British Empiah as Duke's. His full name is The Seventh Duke er Abbeysire, but we all call him Duke fo' short."

At this repetition of his name the dog scrambled to his feet and went, with wagging tail, to the Colonel's side to have his head patted.

"Good boy!" said the Colonel, gently, stroking the clumsy head. "You all know we are talkin' about you, don't you? There, that'll do, Duke. Now you go an' lie down again, suh."

The dog lay down a few feet from the Colonel, his black nose between his outstretched paws and one alert eye upon his master.

"It was fo' yeahs ago last fall," resumed the Colonel, "when a most delightful English gentleman—Sir Cecil Ballin'fo'd—brought to me a letter of introduction from a mutual friend in England, an' did me the honor, suh, to accept my po' hospitality for about a week. Sir Cecil had been to Texas to look at a cattle ranch he had bought for a younger brother, an' on his way back he stopped over in Geo'gia to visit me an' to get a little huntin'. The huntin' is not bad in these pahts in the fall er the yeah, an' I was able to give Sir Cecil some very fair spo't. He ce'tainly was one of the keenest spo'tsmen I ever had the pleasure of meetin', was Sir Cecil, an' a very remahkable wing shot.

"Well, suh, when Sir Cecil was goin' away at the end of the week, he said to me that he p'posed to send to me from England the very finest young huntin' dog in his kennels—an' ev'ryone knows that his kennels are the most celebrated in that country. I needn't tell you that I was delighted, suh; for I have always contended that good horses an' good dogs—the real blue-blooded ones—are the true nobility of this planet, suh. So I thanked Sir Cecil very heartily, an' awaited the comin' er the dog with, I confess, considerable impatience. I didn't neglect to info'm all my friends on

the neighborin' plantations that I was expectin' a high-bred dog from England, an' ev'ry time I met one er my neighbors the first greetin' was always followed by the question: 'Has that blooded dog come from England yet, Colonel?'

"About three months after Sir Cecil went away the station agent sent word to me one mornin' that he had received a dog by express addressed to me, with all charges paid from England. I had my horse saddled at once an' stahted fo' the railroad station, suh, but I met sev'ral er my friends on the way, an' when I told them that my dog had arrived, they all went with me so's to get a look at him. There was quite a pahty of us when we got to the station.

"'You all have a dog fo' me,' I said to the station agent. 'Where is he?'

"The agent looked at me for a moment an' then reached into his desk an' handed me an envelope containin' a paper. I unfolded it an' fo' the first time read the pedigree er Duke there. It was very interestin' an' I turned it over to my friends fo' them to see. Then I inquired again fo' the dog. The agent led the way out to the platform an' pointed to a box with a lot er holes bo'ed in it.

"You may be sure, suh, that I was not long in openin' that box an' lettin' the Duke er Abbeysire out, but I don't mind confessin', suh, that when I saw the Duke I was a little su'prised an' even disappointed. I may almost say, suh, that I was staggered when he stepped out er that box to the platfo'm an' wagged his tail at me. The gentlemen with me began to laugh in what I thought a very unseemly way an' I imagined I caught what seemed to me to be a facetious remahk, which, of co'se, was quite uncalled for. So I turned to them an' said very calmly, but seriously:

"'Gentlemen, there may possibly be some good cause fo' yo' merriment, but I fail to appreciate it at the moment. I cannot believe, gentlemen, that the sight er my dog has occasioned it, for, as you all know, that dog is a present from a very deah an' pa'ticulah friend er mine—Sir Cecil Balin'fo'd, of England—an' you all have read the dog's pedigree. I have the word of Sir Cecil that that dog is one er the finest bred animals in all England. If any gentleman present cares to express any doubt concernin' the word er my absent friend, I shall

be pleased to meet him in the only way known to gentlemen of honor under such conditions.

"I am proud to say, suh, that I was mistaken as to the cause of their laughter, for they all hastened to assure me that they had intended no disrespect to Sir Cecil or his present, an' it came out that they had been amused at a remahk made by one er the pahly concernin' somethin' entirely disassociated with the dog. Of co'se, I accepted their explanations as a gentleman should in honor bound, and I was gratified to find that I had been mistaken.

"I am glad that I was in error, gentlemen," I said, "an' now that we understand one another I will say that I won't deny that my dog is a little different in his general appearance from the dog I was expectin', but I am not personally acquainted with the distinguishin' traits er the dogs bred in the celebrated kennels er Sir Cecil Ballin'-fo'd, an' undoubtedly this dog is a very fine specimen er a very remahkable breed. I shall write at once to Sir Cecil an' express to him my appreciation er his co'tesy in sendin' him to me."

"I must say, suh, that Duke created an astonishin' sensation in this neighborhood when it got around that he had come. Not only did my near neighbors come to see him an' discuss his points an' study his pedigree, but entiah strangers to me kept droppin' in at all hours er the day an' asked fo' the privilege of lookin' at him an' perusin' the paper containin' the long list er his blooded ancestors. They all agreed that he was a very remahkable dog, an' they all said that they never befo' had seen any high-bred dog exactly like him.

"Well, suh, about two weeks after Duke arrived he followed my little niece Annie one day when she went for a ride on her pony over to Judge Youngblood's place to call on his little girls. Duke was very fond er my little niece, an' she thought the world er him from the beginnin'. On the way to the Judge's it seems that the pony shied at somethin' in the road an' ran away. Annie was a good rider, but she was thrown, an' lay senseless in the road.

"The first warnin' that I had that somethin' was wrong was when that dog Duke came runnin' an' pantin' up to where I was sittin' here on this very po'ch. He stood an' bahked an' acted so wild that I sus-

pected for a moment that he had gone mad. He kept runnin' a little ways off an' lookin' back over his shoulder, until finally I concluded that he wanted me to follow him. I did so, suh, an' he led me straight to where that little darlin' was lyin' all alone in the dusty road, bleedin' an' senseless. I thank my God, suh, that her injuries were not very serious, but she might have laid there a long time if it hadn't been fo' Duke. He showed his fine breedin' that day in a mos' remahkable manner, an' from that time, suh, until now there is nothin' too good on this place fo' Duke."

Again the old dog arose and went to his master and laid his nose on his knee. The Colonel stroked his head very gently and continued to do so while he went on with his story.

"It may have been a week after that," he resumed, "when a young man called on me one day an' said he had somethin' very important to say to me. He seemed quite embarrassed an' it was some time befo' he managed to state his business. Then he told me a very strange story, suh. He said he was a railroad express messenger an' that some weeks befo' he had consigned to his care a box containin' a huntin' dog which had been shipped from England to me. He told me, suh, that the manifest—I believe that was what he called it—the paper which the express company in New York made out fo' the dog—called fo' 'One dog in box, value \$500.' Below that, he said, was written a request fo' the express messengers on the trains to please water an' feed the dog an' charge all expenses to the company.

"He told me, suh, that he let the dog out er the box in the express car as he was passin' through the State of North Carolina an' had fastened the dog's chain to the side er the car, close to the slidin' do' at the side, the do' bein' open at the time. Then, the messenger told me, he was busy with some writin' for a time, an' when he looked around again the chain was still fastened to the side er the car, but the other end was hangin' out er the do', an' the train was goin' about fo'ty miles an hour. He said that there was mighty little dog left when he pulled the chain in an' unbuckled the collah. All he had left, he said, to show for a five-hundred-dollah dog was a chain an' collah, an' he knew that if he had

to pay five hundred dollahs fo' his carelessness, he would be ruined.

"He told me that a little after that the train stopped at a station an' he looked out an' saw an old nigger on the platfo'm with a yellow dog. He told me that he asked the nigger if he would sell the dog, an' that the nigger said that there wasn't enough money in the State er North Carolina to buy that dog because he was the best coon dog fo' miles around. Then, the messenger told me, he jingled two silver dollahs in his hand an' the old nigger, who prob'ly never had seen so much money at one time in his whole life, weakened an' sold him the dog. The messenger said that he put the dog he had bought into the box an' turned it over to the next messenger at the end of his division as containin' the five-hundred-dollah dog. He told me that that dishonest action of his had been preyin' on his mind ever since, an' that sooner or later he was bound to be called to account for it, an' so he had taken a few days off to come an' tell me about it, an' to throw himself on my mercy!

"But what have I to do with it?' I asked him.

"It was yo' dog that was killed,' he said.

"I studied fo' a little while befo' I answered him, for I saw that the po' fellow was feelin' very bad, an' yet I couldn't see why his trouble should have been brought to me. At last I said to him:

"My friend, you are prob'ly laborin' under a delusion er some sort; maybe brought on by overwork. I assuah you that the only dog ever sent to me from England

arrived safely an' at this moment is lyin' right there befo' yo' eyes on this po'ch. That dog, suh, was a present to me from a very deah an' pa'ticulah friend er mine, Sir Cecil Balin'fo'd, an' is one er the finest pedigreed dogs in the world, suh. That dog, suh, saved the life er my little niece a few days ago, an' I must decline to sit heah an' listen to any aspersions cast upon him. Of co'se, as a gentleman, I cannot abuse the hospitality er my roof, suh, but I must beg you not to say anythin' which might seem to hint at castin' a suspicion er a slur upon The Seventh Duke er Abbeysire, which is the name er my dog.'

"Well, suh, that express messenger seemed so't er dazed—it confirmed my first impression that he must have been overworked an' that his mind was affected—an' he mumbled some kind er an apology fo' intrudin', and went away. I've often wondered since what possessed him to come all the way from North Carolina to tell me such a very improbable story, but I have about come to the conclusion, suh, that he was put up to do it by some er my triffin' neighbors, who wanted to play a practical joke on me, fo' some reason best known to themselves. But they didn't succeed, suh; an' that was the last I ever heard er the thing.

"An' now, suh, if yo' will come with me into my lib'ry, I shall take considerable pride in showin' you the pedigree er what I believe to be the best bred dog in the great State er Geo'gia, The Seventh Duke er Abbeysire, who is standin' heah an' waggin' his old tail as if he understood ev'ry word I've been sayin' about him."

## THE DESERTER

By ALOYSIUS COLL

ERE yet he tried the metal of his blade,  
When first he heard the battle bugles sound,  
He turned his back upon the cannonade,  
And flung his loaded weapons to the ground!

Not one of all the brave that won the fight  
Can show a wound as deep as that he feels—  
For cowardice has followed day and night  
To brand him with a scar that never heals!

n'  
h.  
m  
e,  
at  
a  
ah  
n.  
se  
st  
ht  
ur  
e,

er  
st  
r-  
n'  
o'  
n-  
ill  
ne  
ve  
ne  
n'  
al  
to  
;   
ne

th  
le  
at  
ne  
ke  
n'  
d



*Drawn by Edmund Frederick.*

"“Ob, you’re getting sympathetic,” she cried, mockingly.”



# HONEYMOONERS, LTD.

BY ALICE BEARDSLEY



H, how perfectly exasperating! I do think they might have left this place for us! It's the man with the purple waistcoat, too."

With her pretty face drawn into a petulant frown, Phyllis drew back quickly from the edge of the cliff over whose grassy brink she had been cautiously peering.

Jimmy Sterling laughed, but his voice when he spoke echoed the annoyance Phyllis showed so plainly.

"Not another of 'em? What a lot of selfish brutes they are, anyhow! I can't understand it: taking all the best places and sitting in them for hours. Besides, it isn't as if it mattered in the least where the silly geese sit: they never see the view, and they'd be just as happy in a tunnel!"

It was Phyllis's turn to laugh.

"I suppose we're not very sympathetic," she said as they strolled on along the edge of the downs that stretched in undulating beauty back from the cliff's brink. "Probably if *you* were on your honeymoon, you'd be just as selfish."

"Hmph!" Jimmy ejaculated, contemptuously, flourishing his stick savagely through the delicate grasses, decapitating daisies and poppies ruthlessly. "There's no 'perhaps' about it. That sort of foolishness isn't in my line."

"They're unusually plentiful this season," Phyllis complained. "Mother and I have been here three summers, and in one lovely place they call Lovers' Lane I've never yet been able to find a spot where I might sit and read comfortably."

"Yes," he agreed, gloomily, "that's the worst of it: it isn't the mooners who are made uncomfortable, it's us."

"I suppose they were 'sensible, once!'"

He turned on her.

"You don't really think that *we* could ever act as they do?"

She blushed crimson.

"Of course not," she flashed, indignantly.

Jimmy looked away again indifferently.

"If it *were* possible," he commented, "we'd have been driven into it long ago, with both our mothers fairly hypnotizing us as they do."

"I suppose they don't realize," Phyllis apologized for her parent, "that nowadays one can be friends without—well, just friends," she ended, lamely.

"Poor dears!" Jimmy observed, kindly. Then, recurring to the "mooners," as they had christened the couples with which the little seaside resort was overrun, he observed:

"It's a curious thing to watch, merely as a psychological study, the queer things people in love do and say. Last night Captain MacGregor was sitting with us on the front, and as Mrs. MacGregor came up he turned to mother and said: 'Isn't she bonny?' You know, the great, gaunt woman."

Phyllis's brown eyes widened.

"You must have misunderstood him; he said 'bony.'"

"Not a bit of it. He said bonny and looked bonny," the young man maintained, stoutly. "Where were you last night?"

"Oh! we were in the drawing-room. That was funny, too, for Professor Lindsay kept insisting that his wife should sing. You ought to have heard her. It was simply dreadful. And when she had finished, he was so pleased, and said he felt selfish in having deprived the world of her talents."

Jimmy burst into shouts of laughter. When he had got his breath again he said:

"But he's such a duffer, he wouldn't be supposed to know any better."

"He isn't a duffer at all," Phyllis protested; "he's a very learned professor in a big university. I suppose that's how such clever people know when they are in love—when they suddenly find themselves doing strange, foolish things."

"Like a cousin of mine who says the only way he has of knowing he is in love—and it's pretty often—is by the loss of his appetite."

Phyllis meditated a moment; then:

"I think I would know," she announced, "by the way I felt if a man were to call me 'little one,' as Captain MacGregor calls his great, tall wife. If I could stand that without wanting to shriek with laughter, then I should know it were the real thing." And her eyes smiled into those of the young man, almost on a level with his own.

"And I," Jimmy decided, "if I could bear having her pat my cheek, the way Mrs. Lindsay does the professor's. I think, though," he went on, musingly, "I think I'd probably throw things at her if she attempted it."

James Sterling, of Bart's, had never given either time or thought to the subject of dimples, *per se*. They served no utilitarian purpose, he would have averred, though perhaps not altogether useless from a decorative point of view. Just now, when Phyllis laughed, the affairs of the Lindsay and MacGregor families lost interest, and he found himself straying in blind alleys of conjecture, for Phyllis's dimples had a disconcerting habit of appearing at unexpected moments, and of disappearing while one was yet wondering that such an insignificant object could be so vastly attractive.

"Mrs. Lindsay's sister Jean is a great friend of mine," Phyllis was continuing the subject, "and she is so very pretty. Mary, Mrs. Lindsay, is the good one; and Jean says that before Mary married the professor, they were so worried lest he wouldn't love her after he'd seen her with her hair down."

"Concentrated carrot!" Jimmy interrupted.

"Yes. And what *do* you suppose?" Phyllis's eyes were dancing. "The first thing the professor said to Jean after they

got home from their honeymoon, was: 'Of course my Mary is always beautiful to me, but with her hair all about her face like a golden halo, she is an angel!'"

Here they sat down on a convenient bench and gave themselves up to their thoughts.

"Do you know," Jimmy said, after a little, "I think some one ought to form a company for the benefit of these poor things. Why not? There are societies for helping all sorts of incapacitated nowadays. What do you think?"

Jimmy's eyes were riveted on his companion's flushed, laughing face. Now if Mrs. Lindsay's hair had been like Phyllis's, he thought, the professor's remark would have been sensible enough. Soft as thistle-down it was, encircling the rounded face in gently waving tendrils of gold.

"Oh, you're getting sympathetic," she cried, mockingly.

"Not at all," he protested, "but I've been thinking that perhaps there's *something* to be said on their side."

Her disbelief was expressed in the toss she gave her head.

"They don't say it, if there is," she objected. "They never do say anything worth hearing."

"Well, the poor things need looking after!"

"There, I knew it, you are sympathizing with them." And she added, contemptuously: "Next year when I come down here probably I'll find you in Lovers' Lane—on the very front seat."

"Not on your life!" Jimmy shouted, and threw a daisy head at her. "I'll never join their maudlin ranks, but I'm willing to start the company with a subscription—my first fee," he added, generously.

"What fun! What will you call the company?"

Phyllis had taken off the inconsequential mass of white ruffles she considered a hat, and was twisting grasses through its pink ribbons.

"Oh! don't rush me—I haven't decided that yet," protested Jimmy, lazily, his attention somewhat diverted by the sunshine in her hair. He started, suddenly, as she looked up from her millinery, her eyes dancing.

"I know," she cried, delightedly, "we'll call it 'Honeymooners, Limited.'"

"We!" he repeated; "so you're coming in, too, are you?"

"Of course. Don't you want all the—er—the what-do-you-call-'em's—the shareholders, you can get?"

"Certainly," she was assured, with enthusiasm. "We must proceed to discuss ways and means. The object of the company, I take it, madam, is to protect the members from the public?"

"Yes," Phyllis agreed, "and the public from the members."

"You and I will be a committee for finding secluded places where the honeymooners may be undisturbed; and of course once the public know which places belong to our members, they'll give them a wide berth." Jimmy turned to her for approval.

"Splendid!" she exclaimed, "and we'll have the places all numbered, and of course the best ones will cost more—like the opera."

"Oh! we're going to charge for our services, are we?"

She turned on him, scornfully.

"Charge? Of course we'll charge. You didn't intend us to be philanthropists, did you?" She held her hat, now gayly decorated, at arm's length, to view the effect; then evidently satisfied, replaced it on her head and continued: "Perhaps we'll have an auction every morning, and they'll give us just lots of money for the Lovers' Lane places." She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her rounded chin resting in her palm's rosy cup. The dimples came and went deliciously.

"Won't they be grateful?" she asked.

"Probably they'll all leave us money in their wills and call us benefactors."

"Not they!" His tone was scornful.

"They'll forget all about it in a year or two. But we mustn't forget to leave one place for *us* to sit in," he added, reflectively.

"Us!" The brown eyes flashed, indignantly.

"Yes, us," he maintained, stoutly.

"We'll have to have some place where the committee can talk over the business details, you know."

"Oh! of course." She withdrew her gaze, and looked out over the sea. "I thought you meant—"

"Oh! no, you didn't," he answered, teasingly. "You mean that."

"What nonsense!" And the eyes came

back to his with an angry flash. "I didn't mean at all what you think I did. I meant that I thought you meant that I would require a place for me and him, and you would want one for you and she."

"Her," he corrected, calmly, and then they both laughed.

"Do you see how dark it is getting out over the water?" she asked after a little pause, during which her gaze had returned to the distant horizon. His had been on her, but now after a quick glance in the direction she indicated he sprang to his feet with a bound.

"We must be getting back!" he cried, "or you'll lose the starch out of that object you wear on your head."

Dark masses of clouds had gathered and were spreading rapidly over sky and sea; below them on the beach unwilling children were being dragged homeward by their nurses. Small boats were putting in to shore. Above, on the cliff, they were alone; the hum of far-off reapers that had come as a faint accompaniment to their speech and laughter, had ceased, and the brooding darkness of the sky closed down about them in ominous quiet.

"I'm afraid we can't make the hotel," Jimmy said, after they had walked silently on for a time. "There's a stable up here a bit. I think we'd better go there and stay till the storm is over."

"Oh, no," Phyllis pleaded, "do let's try to get home—a storm always frightens me so."

He turned, surprised at her serious tone.

"Why, I thought you weren't afraid of anything," he said, wonderingly. "You never seem to mind cows, or mice, or big things of that sort."

"Please don't laugh," she said, seriously. "Of course cows and mice are quite different. Oh!" she cried, tremulously, as the first low rumble of thunder muttered in the south. "We'll never get there!" Her brown eyes sought his, appealingly.

"Why, Phyllis," and Jimmy looked down at her in real concern. "Don't be frightened. You know the thunder won't hurt you."

"Of course I know," she hurried, "but there may be lightning; and I'm not afraid of being hurt—I'm afraid of—oh! I don't know, it's only a terror the storm gives me. Is the stable much farther now?"

"Just a little bit. We'll see it when we get across this rise. The storm's sure to be over in a little, it came up so suddenly." They quickened their pace.

All the laughter had gone now from the girl's eyes, the distracting dimples were quite banished. She ran forward, and a moment brought them to the top of the little rise of ground, and sure enough, below them she saw the rude thatched shed, a stable belonging to a coast guardsman. And just ahead of them was the couple of honeymooners whose place below the cliff they had coveted; they, too, were evidently making for the shelter of the stable.

"We can't dodge 'em!" Jimmy complained beneath his breath.

"I'm glad they're here," Phyllis said, feebly, with a quick glance over her shoulder at the darkened sky. "They'll make it less lonely. Oh! oh! oh!" A streak of light zigzagged down the sky just before them, and the big drops began to fall. Phyllis grasped Jimmy's hand, convulsively. "Hurry! I'm frightened nearly to death!" she cried, piteously.

Hand in hand they tore down the little incline, and into the shed just as the storm burst. Phyllis gave a gasp of relief when she was safely inside. By the one little window stood the other young couple, also with hands clasped. Phyllis wrenched her hand from Jimmy's.

"I'm sorry to be so silly," she said, apologetically, "but it's the only thing I really am afraid of."

The storm beat with such force against the door that they were obliged to close and bar it. Phyllis removed her hat, for the heat was stifling in the little room.

For some moments the low rumbling of thunder and the lashings of rain against the door were the only sounds, and Phyllis's terror subsided. She gave stealthy glances toward the other two, who were standing by the window, the man's arm thrown protectingly about his wife, who at each rumble of thunder gave little shrieks of fright and buried her face in her husband's flamboyant waistcoat.

Phyllis suddenly turned as a thought struck her.

"If you dare to believe that I'm just

pretending to be frightened, I'll never forgive you!" she exclaimed, warmly. "You don't, do you?"

He laughed, reassuringly.

"Of course I don't," he comforted her. "Besides, you haven't the incentive she——"

His words were drowned in the sudden uproar without. The storm that had seemingly been lashing itself into this final pitch of fury, now shook the little shed in its savage rage, while at the same moment flash after flash of blinding light flooded the little room.

With a cry of terror Phyllis sprang to Jimmy's side, and clung there, trembling, sick with fright. Instantly his arms were around her, and he held her to him, smoothing her hair as it lay against his cheek, with a sensation new to him, that rose in his throat and made him dizzy.

"I can't stand it!" she moaned, clinging to him. "Jimmy! What shall I do?"

"There, there!" He soothed her as if she were a frightened child. "Shut your eyes tight. It will soon be over. It's dying away now." He bent and pressed his lips to the bright hair. "Darling!" he murmured.

The storm had spent its fury, the thunder was now but a sullen, far-away rumble: each moment the light grew stronger in the stuffy little room. But the two wayfarers at the window made no movement to disturb those standing in the darkness by the door; they smiled, sympathetically, into each other's eyes, and waited, patiently.

"How brave you are!" Phyllis whispered, her agitation subsiding with the storm, and a trembling hand crept up to the face so near her own. "And how foolish you must think me for being so frightened!" She gave his brown cheek a timid little pat.

Jimmy caught the hand to his lips and kissed it, passionately. "Dearest," he whispered, hoarsely, "it's I who am frightened now. I'm terrified lest you won't love me!"

And he bent nearer to catch the smothered words she murmured into his coat collar.

# ACROSS EUROPE BY MOTOR BOAT

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

## IV. FROM STRASSBURG TO VIENNA



IN Strassburg we were informed that the law required us to take a pilot for our run down the Rhine to the mouth of the river Main. Inasmuch as we always made it a point to obey the laws of the country through which we were passing, when not too inconvenient, we dropped down the Ill River to the last lock, where we secured the services of a thickhead, who claimed to be a licensed pilot but whose authenticity we doubted as he had neither his papers nor that crisp style which characterizes the breed. As there was no one else at hand we engaged him on the recommendation of the lock keeper, agreeing to pay him the regular pilot's fee of thirty marks for the run to Mannheim.

Passing through the lock we entered the Little Rhine, a short sluice from the main stream. Here our pilot picked up his *ruder bote*, a scow which towed about as easily as a sea anchor, and we pushed out into the Rhine.

If you should ever have occasion to navigate your own boat in European waters do not have anything to do with a local pilot. He is no good. On the other hand, the regularly licensed, uniformed, gold-laced species with the manners of a Chesterfield and the style of an admiral will be found absolutely dependable. In over fifteen hundred miles of dangerous river navigation, although we only took pilots when required by law for some short and difficult passage, we had experience with both kinds.

Our makeshift pilot needed the whole river to steer the boat, being apparently

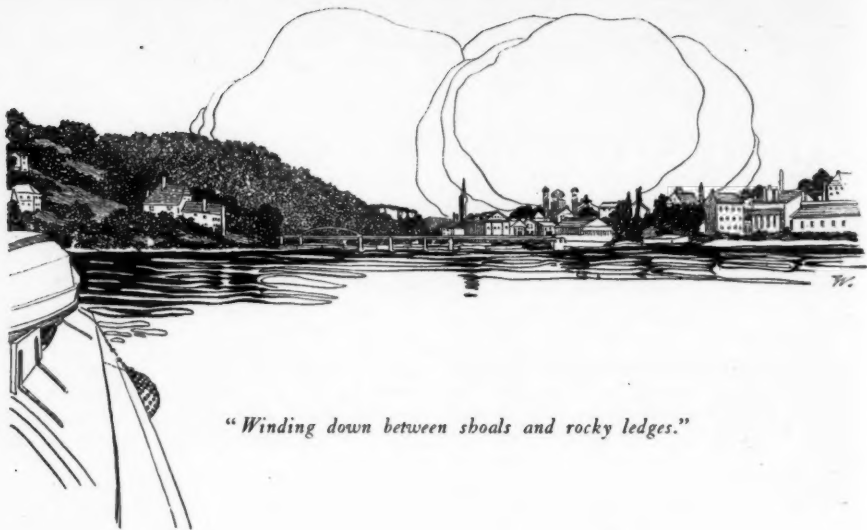
unable to get rid of the idea that he was handling a stone-laden barge and throwing all of his weight on the wheel, which could be put over by the pressure of one finger.

It took about six and a half hours to run the hundred and thirty kilometers from Strassburg to Mannheim, but we were dragging the pilot's heavy tub most of the way, and I do not think that our average running speed ever exceeded twelve kilometers an hour in fresh water. On arriving at Mannheim our pilot acted as if he were viewing the city for the first time and appeared to have no idea where to find a berth. After he had cut several figures of eight in the swift current looking for some place to dodge in, Ranney became impatient and pointed out his shortcomings with such force and fluency that the man completely lost his head and would have wrecked us but for a restraining hand. In the end we ran past the town and turned up into the Neckar, where we made a good berth and discharged our pilot. He was dangerous to us and I am afraid that we were becoming dangerous to him.

The next morning, having decided that the law regarding Rhine pilots was an injudicious one, we disregarded it and made a good run past Worms and Oppenheim, arriving at the mouth of the Main opposite Mainz a little after the meridian.

We turned up into the Main in company with a number of tows bound for Frankfort, and as there were five locks and we no longer had our "vortfahrtsrecht" privilege so much time was lost in locking through that the darkness came while we were still some miles below Niederad. It was very cheerless. Instead of the





"Winding down between shoals and rocky ledges."

*Beaver* lying in a snug berth at Frankfort and ourselves in a snug berth at the rathskeller, as we had anticipated, we found ourselves plowing up against the current of a strange river with a rocky bed, through the pitch dark in a drizzle of rain. There were bridges and tows and cable ferries and other disagreeable things, but there seemed to be no place to fetch up, so we got out our side lights and held on through the murk wondering how we were going to tell when we got to the place where we wanted to stop. The stern wave presently mounted in a way to indicate shoal water and Pomeroy took a heave of the lead.

"A scant fathom," said he.

"What's the bottom?"

"Flint rocks, stuck on edge."

We shifted out a little and presently got more water. The river was tortuous and the channel very narrow. Also it was late and we were getting hungry and tired and bored. The night was as dark as a chain locker; you could tell the water from the land and that was about all. The lights on the shore shone flat and blinding through the fine drizzle of rain. Before long I grew discontented.

"We have come far enough to reach that lock," said I. "This is a foolish pastime. Let us creep quietly into the bank and tie up."

"We have got to eat," said Ranney.

That is always a powerful argument, so we held on at full speed. Presently Pomeroy said, "I will take a sounding."

But there was no need.

*Biff. . . . Bang. . . . Bump. . . . Bumpety, bumpety, bumpety, bump!* The *Beaver* climbed upon a stone wall, ran along the top for a way, and jumped down into the water on the other side. But she kept on going. Dan didn't care; that was wherein he excelled over the nickel-plated yacht engine. The *Beaver* drew about three feet, but given a good start Dan could take her along in two, for some considerable distance.

"What the dickens was that?"

"A spur of the Schwarz Wald. Never mind."

"What do you think that you are driving? A steam roller or a racing car?" (This to me.)

"Thunderweather! and I wanting to tie up to that sausage barge back by the last—"

*Biff. . . . Bang. . . . Bump!*

"Here we come to the Bavarian Alps! Go it, you sixteen-square-head-power tram car! Go 'cross lots if you like! We don't care!"

"Put her at the bank and we'll take the

road. It's more direct." (That sounded like the artist.)

"Can't help it, Ranney must have his dinner."

We kept her going. Only a little paint off the big American elm keel. Suddenly the lock loomed up ahead out of the encompassing gloom.

We tied up and then walked halfway across Germany in the dark until we came to a nice little inn, where our vexations were soon forgotten.

When we reached Frankfort the following morning, the first question we asked was about the water in the Main, although we knew what the answer would be.

"*Wasser?*" said the captain of the canal boat, "with that motor boat out of sight of Frankfort to get it is not possible. If a month more early you had come, yes! To-day—*nit*. Each day it lower gets!"

It was true. Telephoning up the river we learned that owing to the extreme drought of the season the Main was navigable only to vessels drawing under twenty inches, whereas when not under way we drew two feet eight inches, and, when running, three feet five inches.

I was secretly glad. Since sailing from London we had passed through two hundred and twenty-three locks. I never want to see another lock, except in the Panama Canal.

Since the *Beaver* could not go up the Main and through the Ludwig Canal, which enters the Danube at Regensburg, on her own bottom, the only difference that it made whether she went on the bottom of a scow or the bottom of a flat car was three hundred and sixty-three marks, which to us was a powerful factor. We therefore shipped her across to Regensburg forthwith. There we found her on our arrival, floating peacefully beside the bank none the worse for her overland journey, and in an hour or so we had filled our fuel tanks, rigged out the stern awning, and got things generally shipshape for our little jaunt of nearly fifteen hundred miles to the Black Sea.

The Danube is still a small stream at Regensburg, but the current is swift, and as the channel is tortuous, winding down between shoals and rocky ledges, we were strongly advised to take a pilot, although this was not compulsory by law, except at

certain dangerous passages. While discussing the matter among ourselves a bystander informed us that the river was very low, that there were many false channels and shifting sand banks and rocks and waterfalls and cascades and whirlpools and stone dikes, and that without a pilot we should never get beyond the first bend alive. On hearing this Ranney accused him of being a pilot himself, which he admitted to be the fact.

"If we have to take a pilot for the whole Danube," said Pomeroy, "on reaching Sulina we shall have to sell the boat to buy food!"

"The man is a liar," said Ranney, "and he is looking for a job!"

The river looked wet enough to me. Personally I hate pilots and dislike to have any stranger take charge of my boat. This was particularly the case on the *Beaver*, where it was often necessary to handle the steering wheel and motor controls together. It did not take much discussion to decide us to try it alone.

It is a fascinating thing to strike a great river far up in its course and follow it day after day as it winds down past mountain and plain, through rich, fertile valleys, receiving one great tributary after another, flowing past the moldering remnants of ancient civilizations, and washing the walls of busy modern cities. Each day tells its new and changeful story, until the pretty little river, at the start scarcely more than a picturesque streamlet across which a man could almost wade, becomes a vast, majestic stretch of water from the middle of which one sees the shores bathed in the blue of distance. Onward it goes, skirting kingdoms as at first it skirted hamlets, opening new vistas the depths of which lie over the horizon, flowing ever on and into the unknown.

The Danube is a queen among rivers. Never in Europe, Asia, Africa, nor the two Americas have I seen its like. The length of that part of its course which we followed, if laid off in a straight line for purposes of comparison would be almost equal to the distance from New Orleans to Winnipeg, but excepting the environments of Vienna and Budapest there was not a single day's run where the scenery failed to be charmingly picturesque while often it was grandly magnificent.



*"It is a fascinating thing to strike a great river far up in its course."*

Just below Regensburg we passed "Wal-halla," the beautiful "Temple of Fame," a marble palace erected by the mad Ludwig I, King of Bavaria. It rises pure and white and many columned against a background of luscious green on the brink of a hill overlooking the river.

The scenery of all of this part of the Danube is of a delicious, half-wild, half-pastoral beauty, but for the first week we were kept too busy watching the river itself to spend much time in admiration of the valley through which it flowed. Charging down at full speed, with a current which at times we could not have stemmed, and trying to follow a narrow, tortuous channel winding through ledges or deflected from treacherous shoals, we had little opportunity for day dreaming. Sometimes a quick bend would present to us a river split into three or four branches running between an archipelago of islands. The location of the true channel had to be guessed at, or more accurately determined from the character of the banks and the general expression of the river. Usually this was not difficult, but at certain times taking the true course was a matter of chance. More than once during

the day we would drive down into what looked as if it must be the channel suddenly to find ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, or funnel, where the current swirled down through gradually narrowing banks, finally rushing through a sluice filled with snags, rocks, and shoals. Again we might travel for kilometers out of the main channel and hidden away behind some island but in perfectly good water, eventually coming out into the river again.

Our first day's run took us to Deggen-dorf in Bavaria, where the Danube receives the Isar. Here we found that we were required by law to take a pilot, the passage between this point and Passau being very dangerous. As there was no regular pilot on the spot the local *rudder club* kindly recommended a man whom we took, but who proved to be incompetent. Just below Deggen-dorf the river roars down in a cata-ract, through a shallow channel winding among ledges, and twice our pilot bumped us over a rock, which so frightened him that at Vilshofen he completely collapsed and was unwilling to go on. Ranney, the spokesman where German was current, harangued him as follows:

Ranney: Do you call yourself a pilot?

Pilot: Certainly I am a pilot.

Ranney: Hell is full of such pilots! (At least it sounded like that.) Do you think that we are such (German expression not translatable) fools as to pay another fool to bump this boat on the rocks when we can do it ourselves for nothing!

Pilot: The river is very low.

Ranney: That is fortunate! If it were high you would bump us on the roofs of the houses. Other steamers go through without hitting.

Pilot: They draw less water than you do. (This was true.)

Ranney: Do you think that you can go the rest of the way without knocking the bottom out of the boat?

Pilot: It is necessary for me to reflect.

Ranney translated this for me.

"Kick him out," said I, "and let us go on alone. Before we are finished we shall wreck this boat trying to obey their silly laws."

But that settled it.

"If there is a *real* pilot here," said Pomeroy, "let us get him and chuck this sornambulist out on the beach."

That was what we did. The new pilot, a quiet, businesslike man, took us the rest of the short dangerous stretch to Passau without touching. There, hav-

ing complied with the law, we paid him off.

Between Passau and Linz the river scenery is very beautiful, winding tortuously between high, thickly wooded hills, the Danube Mountains, which are a southern spur of the Bohmer Wald, all of which belong to the Austrian Alps. They rise precipitously and are often capped by the ruins of mediæval castles, almost indistinguishable from the rocky summits on which they rise. Some of these grim eyries are still in a splendid state of preservation.

At Engelhartzell, about an hour's run from Passau, we reached the Austrian frontier, where we were passed without any questions beyond such as were prompted by the friendly interest taken in our American ensign, flown, as we were told, for the first time on the Austrian Danube from a seagoing vessel.

That night we tied up at Obermühl, a wild, delicious spot where the river narrows to flow deeply between high, thickly wooded hills, sweet with the smell of ferns. We were given a good dinner at an auberge on the bank and the night had the cool freshness of the mountains.

The day following we made a good run which ended sadly. We had left early,



*"Each day tells its new and changeful story."*



"The Danube is a queen among rivers."

stopped for *déjeuner* at Linz, and late in the afternoon disaster overtook us.

Ranney was at the wheel, Pomeroy was forward on lookout, and I was washing some photographic films in the engine room. We were shooting downstream at over twenty kilometers an hour and for some distance past the river had been fairly open. Suddenly Ranney said: "Where is the channel?"

We were then on the left bank. Looking ahead I saw what I took to be a steamboat landing over the port bow.

"This side," said I. "You are all right."

"Looks like the other side to me," said Ranney.

I studied the river more carefully. At the same moment Pomeroy sang out: "Head over toward that steamboat landing!"

But almost as he spoke we saw a suspicious-looking ripple on the water dead ahead.

"Hard aport!" said I. Ranney spun the wheel over and at the same moment we touched. Pomeroy had seen the shoal

as soon as we and was howling at us to keep off. Knowing that if we once stopped we could never back off against that savage current I reached for the throttle and threw it wide, hoping to drag across as we had done once or twice before. The bar was made up of smooth, round stones about the size of a lemon and as we had struck it on the edge and at high speed with a slim boat weighing about seven tons it seemed possible that our way might carry us clean across. Our screw was protected by a heavy iron shoe which would take the weight of the stern and receive the rudder post, so there was no danger of damage.

We charged through that gravel bed like an automobile, the boat climbing higher and higher, and if we could have steered her she would have wriggled out into deep water again. But the rudder was straightened out by the gravel through which it plowed and therefore useless. Slower and slower we went, the propeller churning up the cobbles under the stern. Then we stopped. I cut off the motor and we sat for a moment listening to the roar of the water across the shoal.



"What shall we do?" asked Pomeroy.  
"It is necessary for me to reflect," said I.

"The river is dropping every day," said Pomeroy, who when not a sanguine optimist is an inky pessimist.

Thinking the situation over cheered me up. I pointed out to the others that we could not have found a better place in which to "pile up" on the whole Danube. The water was clear, the scenery was charming, and the air fine. But there was



*"Just below Regensburg we passed 'Walballa.'"*

"How much wine is there aboard?" asked Ranney.

"None," said Pomeroy, "and the cobbles are scouring out from under the stern. We are going higher every minute."

I pointed out that such a view was pessimism on a debauch, and that nothing short of a ten-ton crane could put her any higher. By throwing on full power I had already put her as high as she could go. Then I reflected.

no pleasing the artist, who began to prick off our course and tell us where we would have been at half past seven if we had not struck.

Less than half a mile upstream there was a cable ferryboat, and it seemed most probable that the ferryman would have a big grapnel with hawser and tackle. The proper wrecking operation was obvious: that was, to put the grapnel at the end of a long, stout hawser in the stern of a

pulling boat, hang to the ferryboat until she got opposite the *Beaver*, then cast off, drop down with the current, let go the grapple well upstream, and bring the end of the hawser aboard the *Beaver*. With a good purchase and four or five men to heave, something would have to move, and if the anchor were big enough it might be the boat.

In the meantime, knowing that all swift rivers are capable of quick rises at times from rains higher up, it seemed a good plan on general principles to get an anchor out astern. I had grave doubts of my being able to pull our sampan against the current, but decided to have a try, so we threw her overboard, first taking the precaution to make a heaving line fast to the painter. But pulling my hardest I could not even hold my own, and was whisked downstream and hauled back by the others, incidentally getting capsized in the process.

"That," said Pomeroy, "is a failure."

"It is more. It is a farce."

"What next?"

"Comedy. I will disrobe and walk upstream to the edge of the shoal with the anchor."

That job was like a clog-footed night-

mare. The water was only waist-deep, but the current was so swift that it took me downstream on the run. With *ski* one could have reached Vienna in time for dinner. I soon found, however, that with an eighty-pound anchor on one shoulder I could get to windward, but I did not get it far enough, for when we all took a strain we found that we could not heave the anchor home through the loose gravel. I tried again, and at the end of half an hour's hard work succeeded in getting it out in slightly deeper water. The others watched me with languid interest.

"Do you need any help?" asked Pomeroy, politely.

"Oh, no; thank you. But do come in; the water is fine!"

He came and we tried it together, I carrying the anchor, and the artist behind me and buttressing us both against the weight of the current with the boat hook. But it was not a notable success. The artist was not as "deep-draughted" as I, and twenty years of French cooking and dining out had increased the dimensions of his submerged section. Once below the Plimsoll mark he went to leeward fast. In the end I had the anchor in one hand, the boat hook in the other, and Pomeroy



R. Deland Williams

"The scenery is of a delicious, half-wild, half-pastoral beauty."



*"Winding tortuously between high, thickly wooded hills."*

was hanging to the hawser to keep from going to Budapest alone.

In time we got the anchor out almost to the end of the cable, went back aboard, and hove taut and made fast. The artist then produced a bottle of brandy, which he had procured in London, and kept hidden and untampered with. We needed it, for the water was cold.

Ranney and I decided to go ashore in the sampan and interview the ferry people. This sampan was the little tub which we had built in Pomeroy's studio on the *rue des Sablons*, and was eight feet long by two and a half beam. It had been drying out on the cabin house and leaked like a bait car, but Ranney bailed the water out while I pulled strenuously for the

shore. Crossing the channel near the bank it was touch and go, but we arrived, some distance downstream.

Ranney explained our needs to the ferryman, who said that the scheme was the proper one, and volunteered to conduct operations himself the following morning. He then detailed us a man with one of the long river boats, propelled like a gondola, to go out to get Pomeroy. Accordingly, we hung behind the ferryboat which tacked across the river, driven only by the force of the current and held in position by a trolley which traveled on a cable swung across upstream, and when opposite the *Beaver* we cast off and dropped down.

As we glided alongside there issued from

the cabin a cheerful burst of song to the music of the "Blue Danube":

*We're pollywogs fine . . . bl'p . . . bl'p . . .  
bl'p-bl'p!*

*We live in the slime . . . bl'p . . . bl'p . . .  
bl'p-bl'p!*

"I am cheered up at this moment, but I know that I am going to be awfully sad over this job in an hour or two. We shall get off all right of course, only I do not see how we are going to do it."

Our boatman directed us to a tavern where we found a huge, handsome woman,



"Some of these grim eyries are still in a splendid state of preservation."

It appears that the artist had continued to fortify his system against the chill of his immersion, and had passed from his state of acute pessimism to one of radiant optimism. But the shadow of calamity still lurked in the background, and as we sculled ashore he said:

cooking *schnitzel* over a charcoal fire. She was a blond, blue-eyed Brunhilde, and looked, even while frying *schnitzel*, as if she had just escaped from Wagnerian opera. Observing our admiration as she served our beer, she informed us that she was twenty-five years old, weighed one



*"There was not a single day's run where the scenery failed to be picturesque."*

hundred kilos (or it may have been two hundred), and was very lonely, as her husband was off in the Austrian Tyrol on his military service.

"Tell her," said I to Ranney, "that if he were any kind of a man he would desert."

Ranney did so, whereat she smiled at him. Then Pomeroy told her that we were from the motor boat which was hung up to dry in the river, and she replied that she had observed our predicament, and that we would never get the boat off.

"There!" said the artist, pessimist again, "that is what I told you."

"Tell her," said I to Ranney, "that since we have seen her we don't want to get the boat off."

Ranney told her, and she smiled and turned her blue eyes on him again.

"Tell her that I said it," I snapped.

"Tell her yourself," said Ranney.

I turned to Pomeroy. "You tell her."

"Do not annoy me with such trivial matters," said he. "This is a crisis in our lives."

I saw that his mind had gone back to the boat. I will never again travel through a country the language of which I do not speak and with two companions who speak it fluently.

Brunhilde told us that there was to be a dance that evening, and cordially invited

us to the party. Ranney and I accepted and had a very pleasant evening, but a presage of ill had descended upon the artist, who refused to quit the terrace, where he sat in solitude, imbibing large tankards of the spiritless beer of the country. Ranney, who is a very good dancer, made a great hit, and was strongly urged to execute the national dance of America, which they understood to be "dar kak volk."

The wrecking crew came off the following morning while we were cooking our breakfast, and placed the grapnel as planned. While we were rigging the tackle the local Herr Strommeister (stream master) came alongside and took command of operations. The men worked quickly and intelligently, getting a powerful purchase on the hawser. Making fast to the heavy samson post, which we had insisted upon having, five hands heaved away, and it was not long before we were afloat again. As the boat slid off stern upstream one hand had to get a sweep over the bow to keep her straightened out as the weight of the current jammed the rudder, and there was danger that she might take a sheer on the hawser, broach to, and capsize. As soon as possible we started the motor, then slipped the cable, and turned around under power, bucking the swift current again with great difficulty.



When we landed the crew at the ferry we asked for the bill.

"But there is nothing to pay!" said the Strommeister. "It is a pleasure to assist foreign visitors who find our river of sufficient interest to travel its length in a motor boat!"

The ferryman said also that we owed him nothing, but that if we chose we might give his men a few marks. In the end we recompensed them all, including the ferryman.

Bidding farewell to our friends in need we got under way at one-thirty, and by seven-thirty had reached Nussdorf, one hundred and eight kilometers below Melk and about six kilometers above Vienna, when the darkness overtook us. Through the influence of some Austrian friend Ranney had obtained permission for us to lie in the Donau Canal, which passes through the heart of the city. The following morning we dropped down to the canal, where we met with the first accident resulting in any damage to the boat which had happened since sailing from London.

The Donau Canal enters at right angles with the river, and the gates of the lock are at the end of a U-shaped depression in the bank. Ranney, on presenting his credentials to the Strommeister, was told that the gates would be open for us the following morning at nine o'clock, so that we might go directly in without being obliged to hang off and on in the swift current. Accordingly, a little after nine we ran down, when on rounding the shoulder of the bank I discovered that the lock gates were still shut. As there looked to be dead water in the little hole close up against them I edged in to lie alongside the wall until the lock should open. But instead of the dead water which I had hoped to find we were caught in a powerful back eddy and flung violently ahead. It was too late to sheer off, so I reversed hard, and put the helm over in an effort to hit the wall rather than the lock gates.

Pomeroy and Ranney were up forward and expecting every minute to feel the suck and jar of the reversed propeller and to see the headway checked. In still water we could, in emergency, stop the boat from full headway in twice our length, so

neither man even thought of getting a fender over the bow. The result was that we hit the wall a solid bump high upon the stem, bending the stock of our anchor, and springing the sheer strake sufficiently to open up two seams in the forward deck planking. The side planking did not budge, neither did Dan, who weighed a ton and a half, but was set down on bed plates which would have held the engines of a tugboat. The only damage was on deck, as the starboard side must have sprung slightly out, then back again, but the gaping fissures looked very bad, indeed, especially as one of the deck planks was splintered its whole length.

At the last moment the two up forward had simply hung on. When we had backed away and got a couple of lines to the wall Pomeroy came aft shaking his head.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"I think that we were going too fast."

"You didn't get me off!" said Ranney.

"I hung to the samson post!"

"Much damage?" I asked.

"Damage!" said the artist. "Her bow is crumpled in like a busted accordion, and there is a crevasse in the deck that it makes you frightened and dizzy to look into!"

It would have given us plenty of room to enter if they had opened one of the lock gates, but the lock keeper, who had observed my technic in coming alongside, opened both, and then requested us to let them haul us in by hand. Apparently he was afraid that I would take his lock with me and leave him out of a job.

"What will we do about those open seams?" asked Pomeroy.

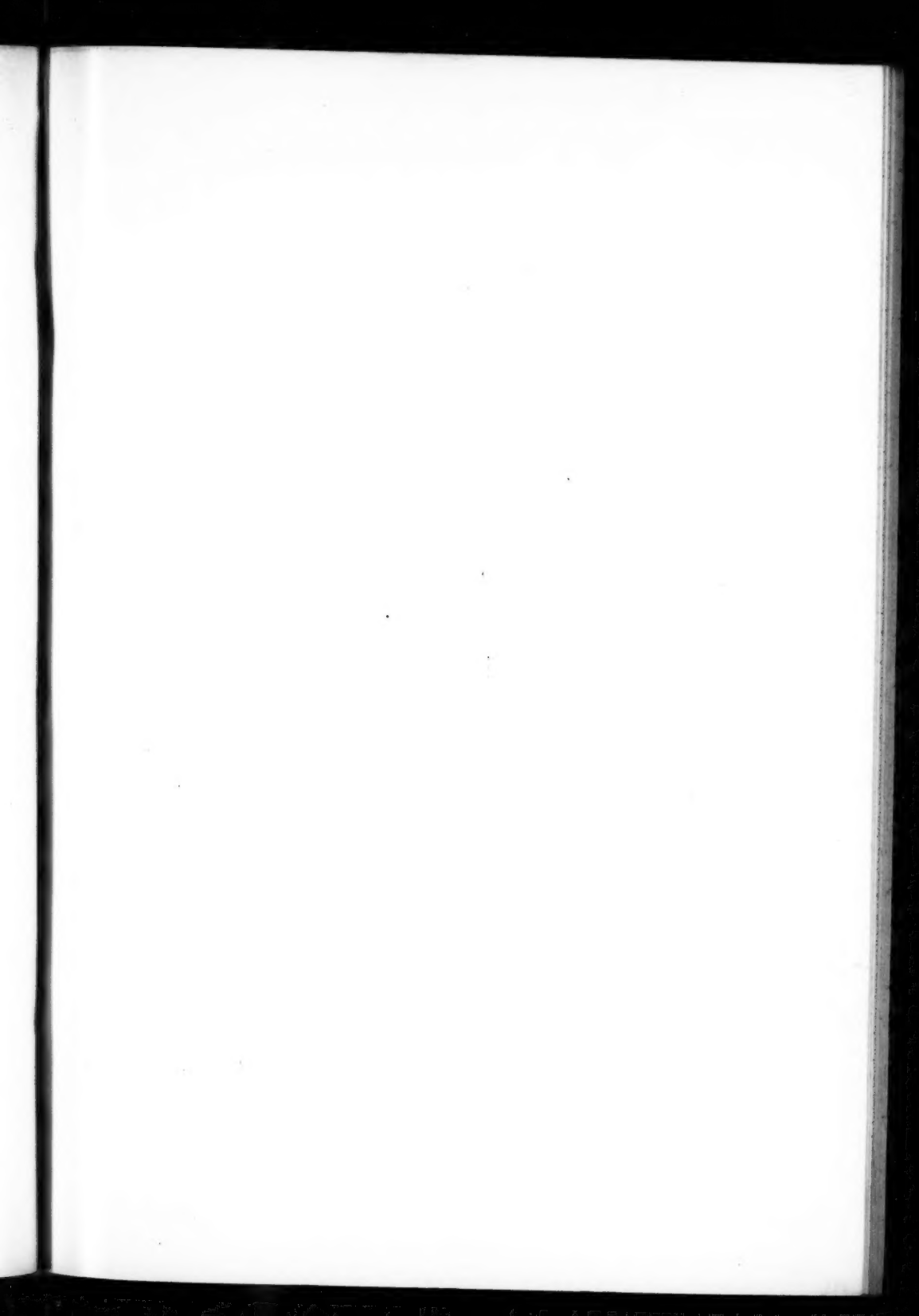
"We will wait until we find two stone-laden barges breasted a little apart and then ram in at our top notch and jam these cracks together again!"

"At Regensburg," observed Pomeroy, "I received a letter from a friend who said: 'How I envy you drifting idly down on the bosom of that glorious stream.'"

"Wish he were here!"

And so, saddened and chagrined we entered the stately city of Vienna, reflecting on the fact that our descent of the Danube was only just begun, and that there were still over twelve hundred miles of treacherous river between us and the sea.

*(To be continued.)*





*Drawn by Arthur Becker.*

*"'Valdini,' she repeated, very lightly, 'you have lost your voice.'"*